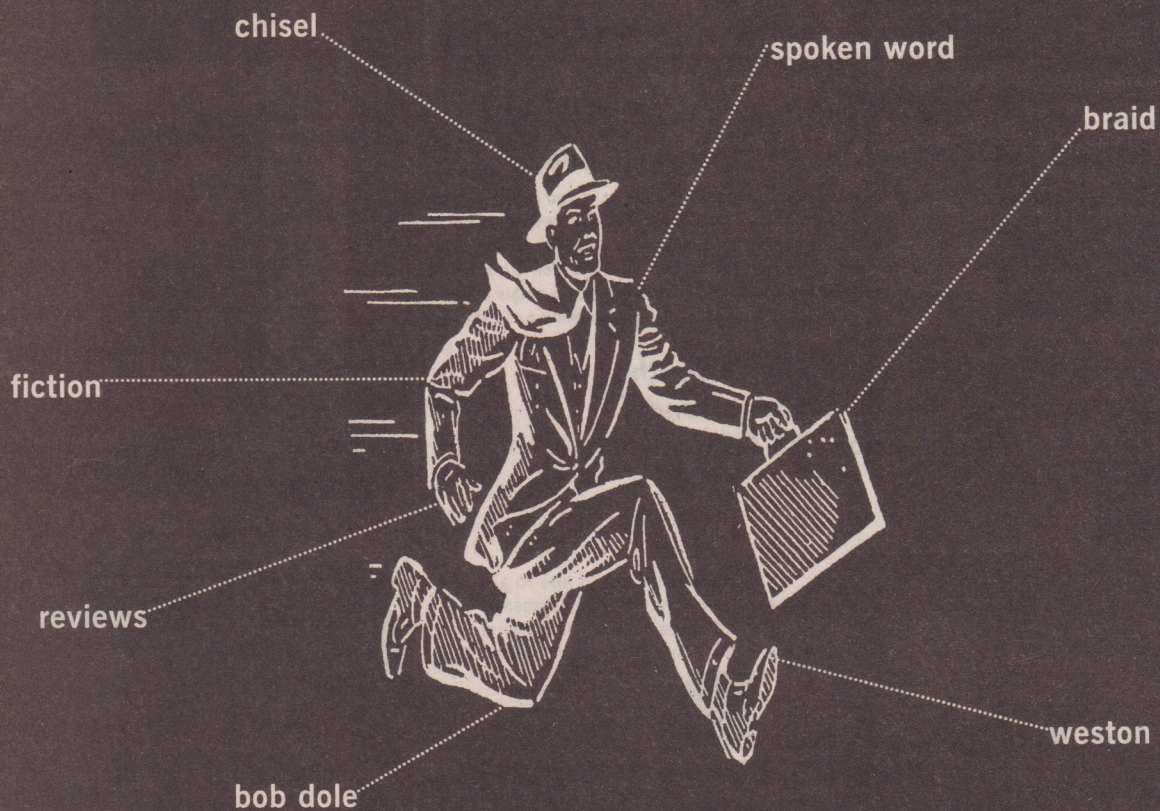




Issue #10 November/December 1995 Two Bucks



HERE



COME



THE



DOGS



too many addresses

All the answers as to where you should mail what you've got lie below. Just pay attention & read all the way down the list and you should know where things go. If yer still confused even after reading all this, then give the PPlnfoline a call & we can walk you through it.

Distribution information, Mailorder information, and Ads being sent in, go to

Punk Planet
P.O. Box 1711 Hoboken, NJ
07030-9998

make any and all checks & money orders out to JULIA COLE, not Punk Planet

Please send all submissions, ART and letters, and random acts of kindness to to:

Punk Planet North
PO box 1559 Chicago, IL 60690

to all people mailing in submissions: please, if you can send along a 3 1/2" floppy disk with your piece on it in a word processor file (it can be Mac or IBM so long as you tell us which one it is).

Also, to those of you that TYPE IN ALL CAPS, don't, it's annoying. If you're not sending a disk, try to send the best possible copy of your stuff, and if possible, use a 12-14pt serifed type. Thanks.

Fanzines & Records for review go to: **Punk Planet South**
c/o Will Dandy
Route 2 Box 438 Leeds, AL

For all you electronic whizzes (and really, who isn't) letters, submissions, and general correspondence can be sent to:

PunkPlanet@aol.com

And finally, the direct line to a good time: the PPlnfoline, reserve your ad space, find out submission information, and talk about distro

(312) 227-6114

Front Cover by Josh Hooten
Back Cover by Dan Sinker

Advertise in Punk Planet!

don't forget to reserve your ad space! Call the PPlnfoline

full page (8" x 10.5") \$110
1/2 page (7.5" x 5") \$50
1/3 page square (5" x 5") \$40
1/3 page long (2.5" x 10") \$35
1/6 page (2.5" x 5") \$20

Ads not reserved will get in, but you have no say as to what issue. Any ads received after deadline may run in the following issue. Those are the risks... Are you the gambling type?

all ads are due December 10th

no major label ads. Fuck you!

The Solar System

Dan Sinker

Day to day maintenance, planeteer recruiter, distribution boy, layout maker, dumb as toast.

Julia Cole

Day to day maintenance, money maker, mailroom clerk.

Jim Connell

UPS guru, box hauler,

Will Dandy

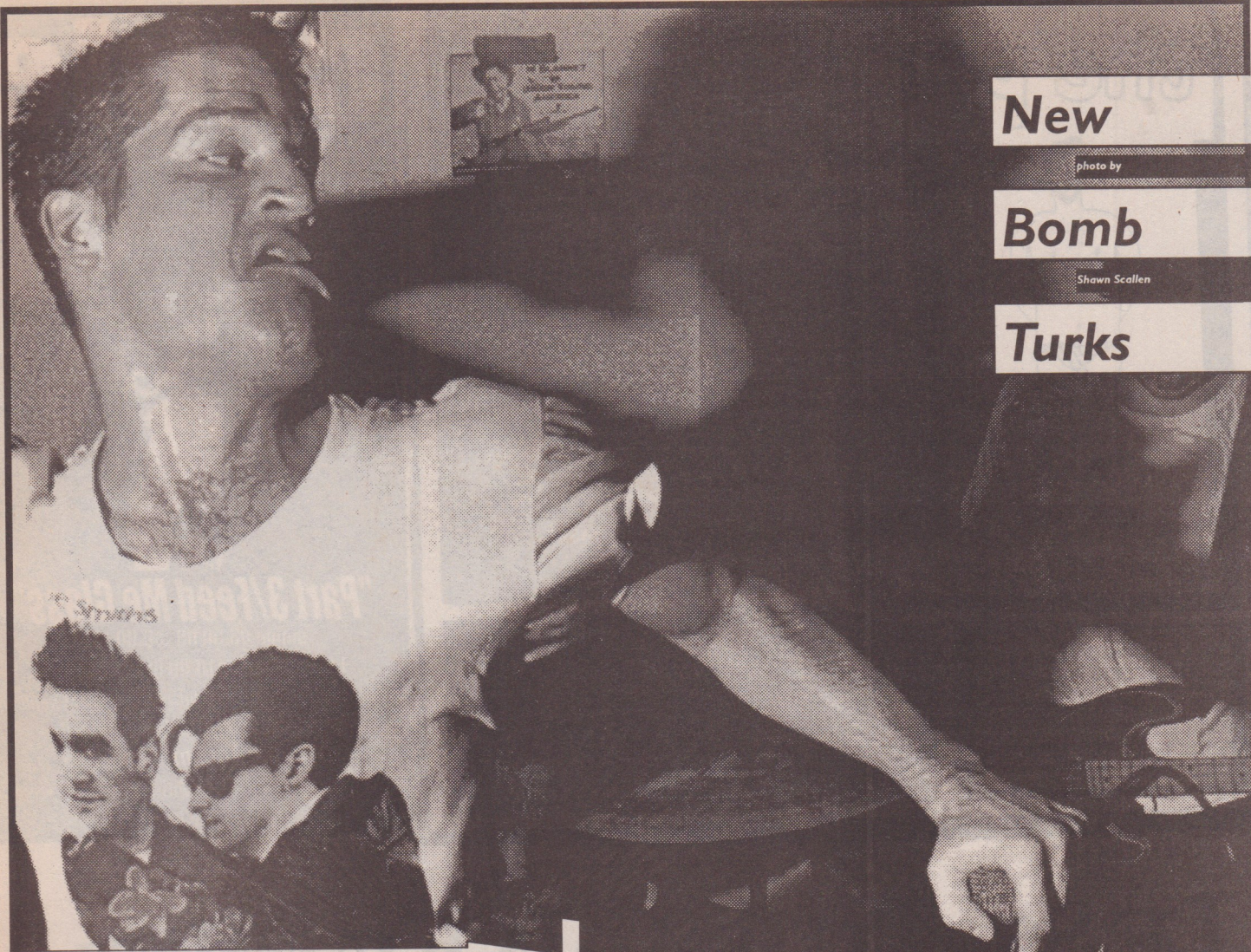
Zine & Record collector

Josh Hooten

Layout maker

Planeteers

Larry Livermore	Brian Czarnik
Dave Hake	Aaron Gemmill
Darren Cahr	Ray Hennessy
Leah Ryan	Bret Van Horn
Kim Bae	Scott Macdonald
Bob Conrad	Jim Testa
Kelley	Eric Action
Scott MacDonald	James Burnham
Alex Rodriguez	Marie Davenport
Jack Vermee	John Entropy
Henry Giroux	Greg Gartland
John Crawford	Mark Hanford
Janelle	John Malhausen
Davey G	Matt Mille
Matt Berland	Joan Pixie
	John Zero



New

photo by

Bomb

Shawn Scallen

Turks

Hello once again. This is Punk Planet. It's a zine dedicated to expanding the ideas & ideals of punk culture. Gotta problem with that? You may want to go elsewhere. If not, then enjoy!

People, we need you to write for Punk Planet. We depend on your writing for good, quality issues. If you don't like an issue 'cause it's boring or whatever, that's YOUR FAULT!! You should have sent us that exciting interview you just did with that community organizer down your block, or that incredible band you love... You get the picture, right? We ALWAYS need stuff. Send it in. Join our club.

I wanna take a second to talk about our review policy. We'll review anything! We like a whole bunch of music, and don't try to decide what's punk and what isn't because... well... who the fuck cares?? If you think it should be reviewed in a magazine that has the word punk in its title, then that's good enough for us. Oh, unless you're a major label (a label owned by one of those nasty multi-national media corporations that are taking over our world & filling it with shit). Just send it into us and we'll be happy to review it. However, that doesn't at all mean that it will get a good review. If the person reviewing it thinks it blows, they have every right in the world to say that it does, and don't write some letter in complaining about a bad review, because it probably won't get printed. Take that, Batman!

That's about it for now, remember we hope you enjoy PP, and if not, we encourage you to make your own zine. in fact, we encourage you to make your own zine anyway.

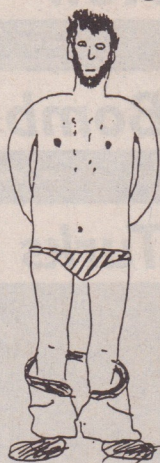
—your friends at PP

The Intro

Table of Contents

Mail	8
Columns	14
Interviews	32
Weston	
Braid	
Chisel	
Fiction	50
Matches Aren't Free	
Articles	58
Power of the Word	
Doleywood	
Comics	69
Beardo the Wierdo	
Because I Care...	
DIY	74
Record Reviews	78
Fanzine Reviews	100

the plan



Yo me desvisto

JEN: HEY BEN.
BEN: YEAH, JEN?
JEN: WHAT'S the plan?
BEN: I DUNNO, WHAT IS the plan?
JEN: IT'S A MASS RAD KINDER

(AS IN KINDERGARDEN)-CORE

BAND FROM REDMOND, WA.

JEN: HEY BEN.
BEN: WHAT JEN?
JEN: WHAT IS "YO ME DESVISTO?"
BEN: I DUNNO, WHAT IS "YO ME DESVISTO?"
JEN: IT'S THEIR NEW FOUR SONG 7-INCH!
BEN: WHERE CAN I GET IT?
JEN: FROM hair hurt records.

FOR \$3 p.p.d. BUT MAKE CHECKS

PAYABLE TO DANNY ADAMSON.
BEN: O.K. DOOD.
JEN: HEY BEN, WHAT'S YELLOW
AND WEARS A MASK?

BEN: BEATS ME?
JEN: THE LONE LEMON!

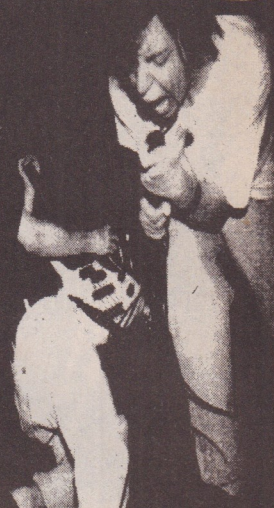
hair hurt records.

P.O. BOX 201

REDMOND, WA. 98073



cable



"Part 3/Feed Me Glass"

single: \$3.50 US / \$6.00 Air

T-Shirt (XL or L): \$10.00 US / \$15.00 Air

Send stamps for catalog lots of new stuff including
Soul Side CD, Cable CODEP, Third Age CD/EP & more!

Atomic Action! Records

2030 West Main Rd. • Midd. RI • 02842 • usa

Make Checks payable to: Brian Simmons

LESS THAN JAKE

"making fun of things you don't understand"

power pop ska-punk

-8 song 10 inch \$7ppd-



AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY



"ABOVE THE LAW"
PUNK AS FUCK SKA
4 SONG 7 INCH \$3PPD
T-SHIRTS \$9 PPD



FAR OUT RECORDS

P.O. BOX 14361 FT. LAUD., FL. 33302

HUDSON "OUT OF GAS" 7", BINGO MUT "THE MEANEST MAN" 7"
ONE EYED KINGS "WELL WOT IS YOUR MOST FAVORITE TUNE" 7"

ALL \$3ppd from FAR OUT RECORDS

STORES CALL 1000 FLOWERS, ROTZ, CARGO, CHOKE inc., etc.



RESIST

EUROPEAN

TOUR '92

SWITZERLAND GERMANY BELGIUM AUSTRIA
THE NETHERLANDS POLAND CZECH REPUBLIC

Live Video 60min HI-FI Stereo
Includes lyric/ photo booklet

\$12.00

Overseas please add \$5.00

MEDIA BLITZ
P.O. Box 86493 PDX, OR 97286
Productions
Send S.A.S.E. for FREE catalog!

SLEATER-KINNEY

you're the biggest band you're everybody's honey
you just watch while i scream and watch out do i make
don't even shit to me
around you're the honey
and you got a hammer
good w... now with it... but you're not that fast home

Sleater-Kinney 10 songs on 10" black vinyl \$7 ppd **IN USA**

Sleater-Kinney is Corin Tucker (ex-Heavens to Betsy), Carrie Kinney (ex-cuse 17), and Lora MacFarlane (from Australia). This record was recorded last year in Melbourne during their sexy Australian tour. Sleater-Kinney will be touring the West Coast July/August 1995 and will play at the Riot Grrrl convention in LA.

Villa Villakula records

p.o. box 1929 Boston Mass 02205

Send Stamp for catalogue
of JRC

distributed by Surefire 617-542-2929

cd CHAINSAW
PO BOX 41600 PORTLAND OR 97242

HI! if anyx of you bought the sleater-kinney record and it's missing its liner notes, you can send a s. s.e. to vvk and we will mail one to you. It was a factory mess up. sorry for any inconvenience. -t-

Icarus Was Right. #2

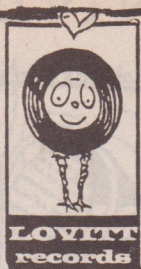
80+ pages . offset . split two-sided clear six inch flexi

*there is no greater sorrow
than to be mindful of
the happy time in misery*

comic books, literature, music, essays,
articles, interviews, zines, anime, split
flexi, art, writings, film, etc. two dollars
ppd. add one dollar more for number one
and number two, send to: icarus was right.
-po box 191175-san diego ca 92159

call (619) 461-0497 for distro or whatever.





pUnK mAiL oRdeR aNd DistRIButiOn

Angel Hair 12" LP (Gravity) \$6.00
 Avail "Sariate" or "Dixie" CD/LP \$8.00/\$6.00
 Backlash "The Lost New Start Record" \$3.00
 Bikini Kill "First two LPs!" CD \$8.00
 Bikini Kill "Anti Pleasure..." 7" \$3.00
 Born Against/Screeching Weasel Split 7"/CD
 \$3.00/\$4.75 (6 tracks on CD!)
 Born Against "Rebel Sound" LP/CD \$6.50/\$8
 Crownhate Ruin/Karate Split 7" \$3.00
 Damnation "No More Dreams" LP/CD \$6/8.50
 Embrace CD \$8.00
 Fifteen "The Choice of..." CD \$8.00
 Frodus "Fireflies" CD (DC Spazzcore!) \$8.00
 Frodus "Tzo Boy" 7" \$2.50
 Fuel "Monuments to Excess" CD \$8.00
 Fugazi "Red Medicine" CD (is good!) \$8.00
 Fugazi "Repeater" "13-Songs" "In On
 the Killtaker" CDs \$8.00 each
 Lungfish "Pass and Stow" CD \$8.00
 Main is Bastard/Sinking Body 7" \$3.00
 Moss Icon "Ilybumum" LP \$5.50
 Naked Angels "Smiling in..." CD (yeah) \$8.50
 Naked Angels "No More Heroes" 7" \$2.50
 Project X 7" (limited to 300) \$3.50
 Queers "Move Back. Home" CD \$8.00
 Rights Reserved "S/T" 7" \$3.00
 Second Story Window 7" (Gravity) \$3.00
 Slant* 6 "Inzombia" CD \$8.00
 Step Aside "I'll Take The..." 7" \$3.00
 Sunspring "Slinky" 7" \$3.00
 Swiz "No Punches Pulled" CD \$8.50
 Trusty "Goodbye Doctor Fate" CD \$8.00
 Universal Order of Armageddon 12" \$4.50
 Unwound "Fake Train" CD \$8.00
 Young Ginns 7" (Gravity) \$3.00
 Young Pioneers "First VA..." LP \$7.00
 V/A "Camel City Bomb Squad" 7" \$2.50
 V/A "A Slice of Lemon" 2xLP \$7.50
 V/A "Whirled Records Kit" 7" \$3.00
 V/A "WGNS Gots No..." CD \$8.00
 V/A "State of the Union" CD \$8.00



PRICES DON'T INCLUDE POSTAGE!

U.S. RATES : First item if LP/CD \$1.50, \$.50 each
 additional item. \$.50 first 7", each additional 7"
 add \$.50

International Rates: Add a couple bucks and use
 common sense.

If Sending Cash, Wrap it Well! Checks and M.O.s
 made out to BRIAN LOWITT (NOT Lovitt Records),
 Orders sent within two days of being recieved. List
 Alternate Items, or you'll get credit if we're out.

LOVITT RECORDS c/o Brian
 5800 W. Friendly Ave.
 Box 17358
 Greensboro, NC 27410

Soon Lovitt will be putting out its own records! Labels - get in touch!

what do you get when you mix bank williams and the new bomb turks?
 probably...

Frontier Trust

speed nebraska lp/cd

good cup punk??

11 new punk ditties from the dustbowl

also:

Giants Chair "red and clear" lp/cd

Christie Front Drive cd

Opium Taylor "boy-white city" lp/cd

and check out

Sideshow "lip read confusion" lp/cd/cd

on flydaddy/caulfield

these records are lp=7 cd=\$10 (cd cd=\$8)

Distributed by Lumberjack, Cargo,
 Revolver, and Dutch East

caulfield
 records
 pob 84323
 lincoln, NE 68501

a new giants chair 7" is in the works.....

stone entertainment's

debut release:

ten dollar
 nine song
 cds available

po box 3663

newport beach ca

outside u.s. \$13

92659

stone

en'ter-tain'ment

ask for it at your local record store or anywhere volcom clothing is sold

Fall is

HOPELESS



BEHIND BARS

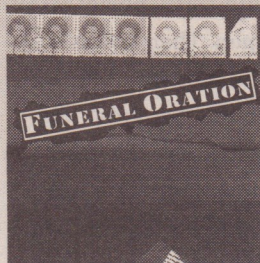
88 FINGERS LOUIE
"BEHIND BARS"
HR607 • CD/LP/CS



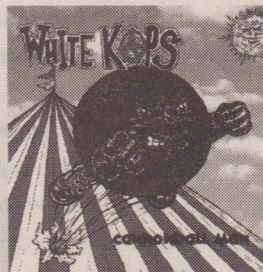
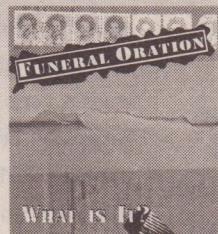
15910 Ventura Blvd, 11th floor • Encino, CA 91436-2804

mailorder: 7" vinyl \$4 • LP \$7 / CD \$10 / CS \$7 • WHITE KAPS 12" EP \$5 / CD \$8 / CS \$5
VIDEO [VHS] \$12 • all prices are US postage paid, other countries please add 25%

FUNERAL ORATION
"FUNERAL ORATION"
HR606 • CD/LP/CS

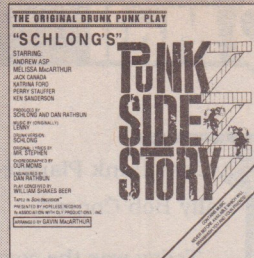


FUNERAL ORATION
"WHAT IS IT?" HR605 • 7"

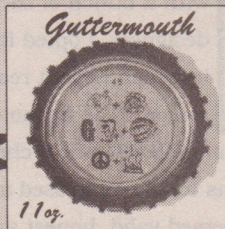


WHITE KAPS
"CANNONBALL MAN"
HR604 • CD/CS/12" EP

**new
punk video!**



SCHLONG
"PUNK SIDE STORY"
HR602 • CD/LP



GUTTERMOUTH
"11oz." HR601 • 4 song 7"

**V/A "CINEMA
BEER GOGGLES"**
HR608 • VIDEO COMP • VHS

featuring NOFX ♦ 88 Fingers Louie ♦
Guttermouth ♦ Face to Face ♦ No Use for a
Name ♦ Circle Jerks ♦ Jughead's Revenge ♦
Funeral Oration ♦ The Goops ♦ Bollweevils ♦
Blink 182 ♦ Tiltwheel ♦ 10 Foot Pole ♦ White
Kaps ♦ No Fun At All ♦ Vandals

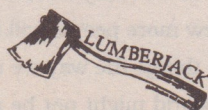
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VOIR • GO KART • RINGING EAR • SUNNY SINDICUT

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please send a stamp or irc for a mailorder catalog. labels, get in touch.

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Dear Punk Planeteers, especially Bob Conrad,

Today was the company picnic, but instead of hanging out with a bunch of corporate graphic designers, I opted for a long lunch in which I spent reading Bob's article, "The Economics of Punk Publishing," [PP8] over a cheese sandwich.

I was totally impressed and everything I read seemed valid, honest and sincere. Every fact and opinion from different sides was well presented. In my opinion, PP hasn't had a better article yet. I may be biased, because I can understand each facet to the issue. I decided halfway through that I had to write and share a few of my own little adventures with my own zine.

I've been doing EXTENT for about 4 years now. My 4th issue was the first to make it to newsprint in quantities over 1,500. Since then, I've been taking paid ads, and releasing issues more regularly and dealing with distributors, big and small. Everyday is a new problem to be dealt with, and the overall lack of support from kids hurts mine as well as every other zine.

I work hard on my zine. Most days I work until 2 am, after working 9-5 at my day job. So, naturally, I like this work to pay off. Not in the form of profit, however. My only goal is to do my zine well and to have it read by as many people as possible without going completely broke. Therefore, I have restored to distributors and stores to get my zine out to the people. Recently, I started using distributors like Tower Magazines and the like. Unfortunately, some people didn't like this, and questioned its "DIY-ness." One distributor went as far as to discontinue EXTENT in their catalog. This distro's leader, who self appointedlly polices the DIY distribution scene, has yet to pay me for the 30 zines she took. This debt has been due over 6 months, which can be

added to the 6 month consignment terms that were agreed upon. That makes it at least a year that they have owed me. Basically, I'd love to the "the kids"" distribute EXTENT exclusively. However, there are no DIY distributors that can handle the volume that Tower does, especially ones that I can trust to never miss a payment, which Tower hasn't. Not that I am suggesting that this distro or any others straight up rip people off. It boils down to the fact that the bigger distributors usually have their shit together, and I should hope so. If you had to deal with what I and other zine editors have to deal with, you'd appreciate the organization.

What I really can't figure out is all the arguments to back up these claims. For instance, I was told by one person not to use Tower because they "rip you off," well they haven't ripped me or anyone I know off. But, if they did, who's business would it be? Mine! The distro person mentioned before also argued that a hardcore zine is for hardcore kids, and that it shouldn't be distributed in a non-hardcore environment. Well, doesn't this sound a bit elitist? Yes, I think so. My zine doesn't push the fluffy mainstream Seventeen magazine version of hardcore, which lowers the chances of any non-hardcore person buying it in Tower anyway. But how could presenting things the way they are to everybody and anybody cause any damage? As a comrade recently said, "god forbid some non-punk becomes enlightened," or empowered, I say. We've got to realize that there is a world beyond hardcore that is destroying itself. If we really think the hardcore way is the right way, then why don't we present it the way it is to the real world? If we really have something, maybe a few more people will understand why we do things the way we do. You never know, the world might not be a sucky place someday. Fuck, what a dream.

John La Croix, Extent Fanzine

Dear Punk Planet,

I just wanted to thank you for trying to maintain scene unity at all costs. I mean, a less committed punk zine might have asked Rev. Norb why he thinks it's ok to use racist slurs in his columns for MRR. Or why he thinks it's ok to put out a record talking about how he wants to "violate" a well known woman in the punk scene who has argued with in the past.

I also appreciated that you edited out the minutes of laughter that must have followed the guy from Earth Crisis comparing his bands ideology to the Black Panthers. Also it was a good idea not to ask them any questions about hardline and their anti-abortion ideology. It's important to the scene that we don't backstab each other.

Hopefully in future issues we'll get to read an interview with the surviving members of Skrewdriver on how they're dealing with the loss of Ian Stuart and what they're future plans may be. I think a lot of people are tired of hearing that Nazi stuff dredged up over and over again.

Keep it up. With puff pieces like the ones in the last issue you could soon qualify for jobs writing those in-store magazines for mall chain stores.

Unity,

Gordon

c/o 475 Valencia, SF 94103

Hi there,

I've been a PP distributor since day one (well, okay, maybe it was day two) and one of the reasons why I've always liked the zine is because it offers some interesting and refreshing angles on what punk is/could mean today. Punk does mean a lot of things to

quite a lot of different people and although our concepts of punk might not always be the same, it is interesting to see how at least parts of the punk ethic has found its way into areas where one—at first—wouldn't really expect it. On the other hand, something that has always bugged me is that PP kind flirted with Epitaph (band interviews, the Red Aunts flexi, and lets not forget the interview with the asshole himself). I've never liked the label, their way of doing business, the bands, whatever... It was all kinda fishy to me, although they always upheld the facade of being an independent label. Now, anyone who has read Dan's column in Profane Existence number 25 will know that Epitaph has licensed the production and distribution of their records for Japan to Epic/Sony. When I read the column I was kinda relieved coz now there could be no doubt and we could draw the line (concerning Epitaph) and could easily say "they are the enemy." Now, I know that the subject of major labels has been heavily debated within the pages of this here zine already, so I won't go into that. I'll just stick to "reminding" you of your own policy. Will you continue to run their ads, to review their stuff, to give them the "punk credibility" they obviously want so badly? I hope you do not. I'm not telling you what to do, coz it's your zine, I'm just telling you I give a fuck and that your decision will have some effect on whether or not I keep distributing your fanzine. I really think it's a shame if I had to stop doing it coz I really like it and I think that it has things to offer that MRR, HaC, and PE hasn't, but I won't distribute a zine that misinforms and deceives their readers by having a policy of non-cooperation with majors, and at the same time running and reviewing Epitaph stuff. I'll be anxiously awaiting the next couple of issues. I hope I didn't come across too accusing,

this was not my intention, you didn't know (at least I hope you didn't) and you would've probably come to the conclusion I want you to come without me ever writing this letter. Like I said, I'm just letting you know I give a fuck.

Joeri Hoste
Paper Mill Distro
Astridlaan 341 / 8310 Brugge
Belgium

Joeri,

I appreciate your honesty & frankness concerning this issue. I think it's good for people to come out & say how they feel about stuff, instead of just saying it behind our backs, or letting it build up & fetster inside of them. And since you've been honest, I will be to.

I don't appreciate the position you've put me in. Even though you did it nicely & respectfully, you've made an ultimatum: If we don't cease & desist dealing with Epitaph immediately you won't distribute our fanzine. This is what's known as a power play. You're using your leverage (which as one of our only European distributors is fairly high) to influence our decision in your favor. Congratulations! You're a lobbyist.

I read Dan's letter to Epitaph in Profane Existence #25 when it came out. I respect Dan a lot, and his opinion on the issue is definitely a good one. PE distributes (or I guess they used to distribute) Epitaph stuff. They also distribute huge volumes of stuff in Japan. His anger makes some sense. We do neither of those things (although I'd love to get some direct Japanese distributors—get in touch!). Thusly our perspectives are on the Epitaph issue are pretty different (well... they're probably different on a lot of things).

So what is my perspective? I'll try to lay it out for you. First, I think that 90% of the bands on Epitaph are complete crap (that's down from 100% a few years ago before they signed Rancid), but not because they're on

the radio or Mtv or whatever, because I don't care for the music they're playing. I do, however, respect Epitaph as a business. They have managed to pull off the unthinkable: they've been able to achieve a great deal of success and still retain their morals. Epitaph hasn't ripped off their employees or the bands on their label. They continue to support the punk scene by paying for advertisements in almost any zine that asks for an ad (and some people may counter that they're just buying allegiance by doing this. To this I answer: get real! Compared to the sales generated by their ads in larger magazines, they can afford to lose the scant number of sales they may make by advertising in Little Jimmy's 10 copy punkzine... or Punk Planet for that matter). They have proven that it is possible to retain punk beliefs & beat the multi-national corporations at their own game.

But, that's not the issue, is it? The issue is whether or not Epitaph is a major label, and then if they are "the enemy," as you stated so heavy handedly. Yes, Epitaph uses Sony to get into Japan, and yes, that's fucked up. But I don't think that makes them a major label, or even a subsidiary of one. It's a compromise they made many years ago (yes, they had this deal long before they became huge (and if Dan from Profane didn't know about it before now, one has to question his sleuthing abilities, since all you have to do is ask Epitaph who distributes them in Japan & they'll be happy to tell you)). Think about it. It's pretty hard to get distributed in Japan today. It was close to impossible five, six, seven years back. Now think about the volume of records Epitaph must ship to Japan. What punk distro could handle that today? Probably none. What about a few years back? Absolutely none at all.

"But they still deal with Sony, thusly they're a major label!"

Who owns Epitaph? Brett. You can call him up on the phone & talk to him, he's a nice guy, try it! Who works there? Like 20 people. Are they well paid? You betcha! Who

owns Sony? Hundreds of thousands of stockholders. Call them up. Who works at Sony? What part, the factories, the stores, the offices, which country? Which division? Which floor? Are they paid well?? I'm sure the CEO is, but I'm sure the factory workers assembling your walkman most definitely are not.

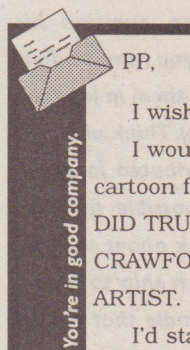
Do you see what I'm getting at?

Think about what you're saying. You're saying that a small business that happens to be successful is the same as a multinational corporation that is screwing more people than a high priced call girl. That's pretty fucked up.

I think I've rambled on for long enough. In short, we're not going to stop dealing with Epitaph. We're going to keep on dealing with them in the way we have before: they get the same number of ads (one) as anyone else that advertises in PP. They will get their stuff reviewed if they send it in. Their bands will continue to get interviews run if people continue to do them & send them it. If that means that you will no longer distribute us, then that's really too bad, but I don't want to be forced to do anything that I don't agree with.

I hope you can understand my position,

Dan



PP,

I wish I could draw.

I would simply love to do a cartoon for y'all called THE SORDID TRUTH ABOUT JOHN CRAWFORD, CHEAP SHOT ARTIST.

I'd start with a panel showing a starry-eyed young John, back home in Kinnelon, NJ in the early 1970s, rapt in attention to a political speech being given by his political idol, a long-haired radical named Tim Yohannan.

Yes, that Tim Yohannan.

You don't believe that this buffoon of a

cartoonist, the man who has drawn (and published) the same basic anti-Yohannan cartoon thirty times in the past year, was a follower of Yo Chi Minh??? Hey, listen to his own words, pulled verbatim from his own 1983 fanzine: "Have you ever heard Tim Yohannan (sic.) give a real political speech? He's great with the kids. He can inspire you, he's inspired me. After I heard him speak I wanted to be a revolutionary just like Tim Yohannan (sic.)."

I'd show this young Yohannanite going on to start an underground newspaper in his school, like he actually did. I'd show him aping the line of him mentor without adding his own critical analysis, as green youth are wont to do when they first dip their toes into political activism. And then I'd show Yohannan leaving for graduate school in California as the radical activism of the period drew to an unsuccessful close. In the panel, Crawford's eyes would start to glaze over—how dare Yohannan abandon HIM?!? The great student radical JOHN CRAWFORD?!?

Imagine the injury this young radical must have felt—the trauma would cause this fifteen year vendetta, this never-ending torrent of character assassination (verging on slander) delivered upon Tim Yohannan? Yohannan left for grad school (sob!) and Crawford was.....(sob!) LEFT BEHIND!!! "The Great Betrayal," Crawford calls it in his zine—clearly a bloody, oozing wound on his psyche. John Crawford's entire life has been ruined by hero worship gone bad...

GET A LIFE, CRAWFORD!!!

So what do you know... Yohannan moves to California and the first thing you know, John Crawford surfaces in California. An amazing coincidence! And Yohannan starts a political punk rock fanzine and the first thing you know, John Crawford is involved in punk rock record distribution. Wow, another amaz-

ing coincidence! Almost like the shit you see in scary movies—INSANE OBSESSION! (I hope Yohannan doesn't own a bunny rabbit!)

Do you see what a good cartoon this would make, this borderline psychopathic behavior of a jilted teen radical? Delightful!

Well if you readers are trying to figure out what the fuck John Crawford was going off on in his kooky anti-Tim Davenport cartoon in PP#9, I'll clue you in. I've figured this fucker's problem out and he can't deal with it, so he has trained the campaign of character assassination on me. Hey, I can take it, I've been red-baited before... There's nothing that a pipsqueak like John Crawford can dish out that I haven't heard before...

Lemme tell you about my dear sweet friend...

John Crawford lives in Beverly Hills, California. The cutting edge of international punk rock, if I do dare say so myself. HOW DARE HE INSULT MY TOWN?

John Crawford works for the Sony Corporation in their record distribution arm, selling overpriced CDs to chain stores. HOW DARE HE INSULT MY JOB?

But do you know what? The thing that really pisses me off is the way that John Crawford intentionally misdrew me. He knows what I look like, he has seen a published picture. I am 34 years old, 6'4", head of hair, no beard. He drew me as a dumpy 50 year old in a bow tie with a bushy beard and a bald head. Why?

John Crawford may be obsessive and unstable, but he is also intelligent and astute. He knew damned well what he was doing by drawing me incorrectly.

The beard hearkens back to the anti-Anarchist propaganda that flourished around the turn of the century, in which conservative cartoonists—Crawford's intellectual forefathers—attempted to dis-

credit the political ideas of the International Workers of the World (IWW) and other organizations that sought a fundamental restructuring of the nation's economic system by drawing them as bearded bomb-throwers. Foreigners. Anti-Americans.

As for drawing me as a balding 50 year old, Crawford is clearly attempting to exploit ageist prejudice. Never mind that he is actually older than me... Here is the logic he attempts to foist: old people are out of touch and obsolete; Davenport is old; therefore, Davenport is out of touch and obsolete.

Simple. Transparent. Intellectually dishonest.

Your readers might find interesting the fact that after you published John Crawford's cartoon of me, our little Sony rep made a point of writing me a gloating letter. Well, John, let me thank you here for the free publicity, 'cuz I can say BUY MUTANT POP RECORDS BECAUSE THEY'RE GROOVY free of charge, and it's all thanks to you. Pretty cool. Please slag off on me in Flipside!!!

I'll match creds with you any day of the week, asshole...

In the meantime: GET A LIFE!!!

Tim Davenport
(T. Chandler)
Mutant Pop Records
Corvallis, OR

Tim,

mmm, oohhh, honey... Was it as good for you as it was for me?

John

Hey Punk Planet,

I'm writing as a follow up to a letter you printed in #9 by Drane Blackthorn. Mr. Blackthorn's band, apparently, get a bad

review. It is a very amusing letter, and no I can't tell whether or not it is a joke either, but I think it it's a totally valid point being raised—e.g. why print a bad review? Constructive criticism is one thing. But all too often I just see venom and a "fuck-you-stop-making-records-shithead" injunction. I expect that kind of childishness from MRR, but PP deserves better. The argument often goes that your zine has an obligation to be honest, etc.. So the record buying public isn't ripped off blah blah blah. I call bullshit. Reviewers, (like many Americans) love to put others down within a socially-accepted forum. Personally, I'd rather be harassed b/c of my race than b/c of my band (I'm not white, sorry). At least a racist looks like an idiot; a reviewer gets to put on airs of "discriminating expert." Fuck that, if that's "punk" you can keep it.

You can still tell the truth about records, even ones you dislike. Simply put a section in the back of the reviews saying, "for one reason or other, PP finds it impossible to recommend the following records for consumption. Some of these are promising bands but fall flat, some are outright lame." Gets the message across without the personal bullshit I've seen on record review pages.

Thanks

Srini
Srini,

I dunno about you, but I'd rather a reviewer talks about my record, good OR bad, then to just have my name show up on some kind of list. Talk about demeaning!

Our review policy has been stated from the beginning: we'll review anything, but if we think it sucks, we'll say so unapologetically. We aren't "discriminating experts" at all, we're a bunch of yahoos that write about records. We have our opinions, and choose to express them.

Thanks,
Dan



Hello,

Truth or Dare?

It has come to our attention that a number of publishers are concerned over our handling of Answer Me! Yes, we did drop the title, the decision was purely economic. It had nothing to do with the content of Answer Me! number four. Fine Print had been

handling Answer Me! since the very first issue. The deal was a verbal one, and the terms were unfair to us.

When issue number four showed up in our warehouse, and we discovered that we didn't have a contract with Answer Me! we sent Jim Goad a letter telling him that we would handle Answer Me! but we had to have a contract. And, the contract had to be under our standard terms. Mr. Goad responded to our request by asking for the 1000 copies of issue 4 back, we complied. Unfortunately, they had been stickered and polybagged, since we did anticipated distributing the copies.

The accusation of censorship from Jim Goad is particularly painful to us, for a couple of reasons. First off, Fine Print actually paid for the printing of the Answer Me! book. This is a product that we continue to distribute today, and will continue to distribute in the future. Secondly, Jim Goad knows that Fine Print will handle Answer Me! in the future, if he agrees to our standard terms.

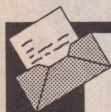
Fine Print's position on censorship is simple, we won't do it. Our stores tell us what they do and don't want. The ultimate decision is theirs to make, not ours.

Thanks,

Fine Print Distributors

Hey, you look like you've got opinions, or just something on your mind! Send letters to:

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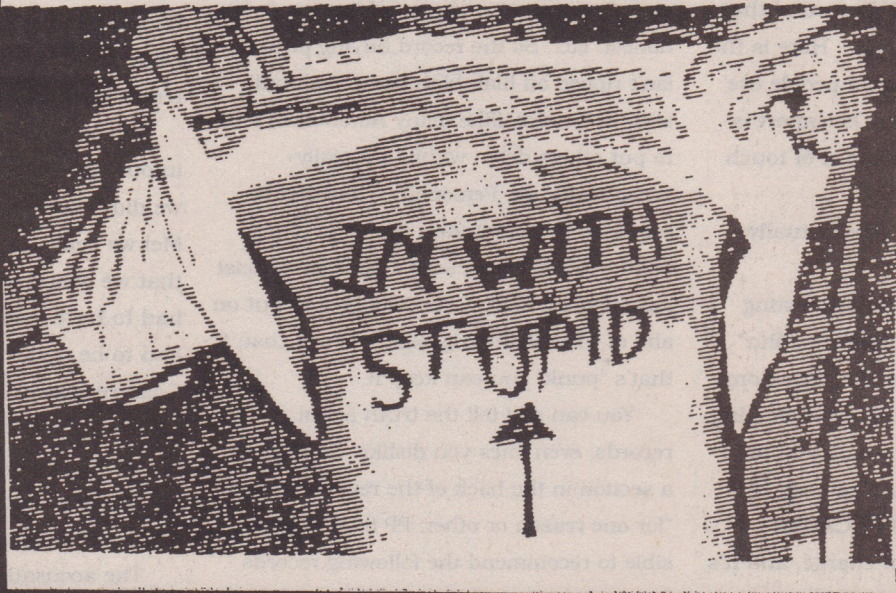


Hmm...

wheatpaste this ad to your mom's fridge

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And who the hell am I you might ask? And to everyone's surprise I return with my reply in just under four hours of deliberation, and my reply is thus: I am the cool kid. Remind me to tell you my Pocahontas cup full of piss story.

But back to the pressing question. Who the hell am I?

My name is Indigo Montoya. You kill my father. Prepare to Die. But you can call me Josh. I'm 22 years old. I'm almost out of school with a degree in Graphic Design. I do Commodity magazine with my friend Tony. I live in Boston. I honestly believe I belong in outer space. Why am I now writing a column in Punk Planet? Um...because I'm funny? Probably not. Maybe because Dan Sinker sensed an imbalance in his columnists? Perhaps. Maybe he needed me to equal out a disturbing equation he saw being built in the pages of Punk Planet. Maybe the scale was tipping too far in one direction for him. Dog people vs. cat people. I'm the proud half owner of a so-new-he-still-can't-hardly-walk-right-puppy. In Love With Pets. You should see him wobble along. Everything is right in the world when I watch him wobble. CUTE. And the way he pee's all over everything. CUTE. (yeah, well for now) No, I don't think that's why I now write this column. But I guess it doesn't matter much why as it does that I do. So if you're still reading Pleased to meet you, gabba-gabba.

And thanks for reminding me...

My brother lives in Miami and about once a year I get down there to see him for about four days. He's busy with school and a job, and as I'm remarkably unremarkable his boss and teachers don't petition for a state holiday when I come to town so he doesn't get those days off. This means I spend most of the daytime hours by myself. Fine by me, I hate that bastard. That's a joke son. I love him like a brother (odd, you say) but I don't mind being alone. I quite like it. Being in a town where nobody knows you, you can walk around without fear of running into anybody who you only really want to run into with a mack truck. Like the high school football team. (hey man, sorry we kicked

your ass back in high school cuz you were a punk, we never thought we'd be ones too. Hey man, if you ever want to fill up your mom's van for free stop by the Shell station. I work nights Tuesday thru Saturday) And you can sing in your (or your mom's in my case) car in traffic and not care that everyone is staring at you because you're pretty sure you don't know them and never will. That's particularly good when singing means screaming your head off to the likes of Angel Hair or what have you. Yeah... yeah you look a little scary. Good stuff. Love it.

I drink a lot of soda. Yes this is part of the same story. When I'm driving and singing/screaming I am constantly stopping at drive thru's for soda. Good stuff. Love it. Of course this means I have to make pee-pee like every 20 minutes or so. The price I pay for my addiction. So one day I'm driving around, and I won't lie to you, I had a few in me. Assuck's playing much too loud and I'm screaming along, pretending I know what the hell he's saying, and bbbrrriinnnggg the phone rings, "hello?" "hello, it's nature. pull over."

So I start looking for a place to pull over. I kind of wanted to park for a while and explore on foot anyways so this was pretty convenient. That is usually not the case. "I have to pee." "Now?" "Yes now." "But we just got the top of your skull detached from your head so we can poke your lobes with electrical stimuli to try and delineate which lobe it is that makes some people like dogs and some people like cats, can't you wait?" "No, I've really gotta pee." "Well you won't collect your stipend for this study." "O.K. please put my head back together." That's how convenient it usually is.

So anyways, I drive and drive and it's a half hour before I find a place to stop. I pull onto the Miracle Mile in downtown Miami. The Miracle Mile is one of the richest streets in America. It's like the Rodeo Drive of Miami. Furs and jewelry and shoes. And swimming pools and movie stars. And I'll be playing Jethro Clappett. The episode where he's cruising around in granny's astrovan singing Assuck while desperately looking for the out-house. So Jethro, um, I park and start looking. Damn I've gotta pee. Keep looking. Damn I've gotta pee. Keep looking. Motherfucker I'm fixing to explode. And even though I cursed, a little boys room fails to appear. O.K. you rich, non-urinating fucks I'll show you how we do things back in Tennessee. I walk back to the old family truckster which conveniently has little shades on the

windows, windows that are already tinted ("a belt and suspenders mom," "what son?" "never mind.") I crawl in the back and close the door.

I won't be too discript at this juncture, I'd just like to get this part of the story over with. I peed in one of those Pocahontas cups that you could get at Burger King. You know, the really huge one? The Tub-O-Coke? Well I peed in it. And not to be overly disgusting, I swear I was a half inch from filling it. But I guess that shouldn't really surprise me, I mean, you drink the whole thing, it's gotta go somewhere, right? So anyways. Now my impending dilemma elevated, I'm struck with a new one. What exactly does one do with a very large, very full Pocahontas cup full of pee-pee? I can't just dump it on the ground. It's not like I'm out in the woods or something, I'm standing on one of the richest streets in America. In the middle of the day. With a lot of people around. I could have tossed it inside a fur store yelling "Earth Crisis finds you GUILTY" Yep, fur stores in Miami. I could have accidentally spilled it on someone. "Whoops!!! That was piss, I'm sorry!" I could have divided it up into different cups and tried to sell it as "Urine of the Stars. I've got Madonna here, I've got Stallone! Take home your own little cup of DeNiro!" I've gotta tell ya, the possibilities were mind boggling. It may have seemed like just another cup of urine, but to me it was POWER. I could have ruined, I mean really ruined just about anyones day that I wanted. I could have probably closed down a store or two. I could have maybe stopped traffic for a while. Or held a hostage. That would have been pretty dope, "Back off fuckos, or I'll pour it all over grandpa here" (who of course I would have had in a head-lock) Or maybe I could have mugged someone. "Give me the cash or that blue Armani will be green you non-peeing son of a bitch, and it's gonna smell like a New York Subway." But on the other hand, I could have gotten arrested, thrown in jail and perhaps subjected to somebody else's idea of fun with bodily fluids, so I disposed of the pee-pee the only way I could think of. I drank it.

...

Now is the section of my column which will more than likely become a staple as the next to last section of my column. In many a column there is a section where the author mention bands, or zines or labels, or people who they like, and feel deserve a little attention. I do it, you'd do it. It's a good thing. But that is not what this soon to be staple of my column section is. This section is

where I give bad reviews to bands, labels, zines, or people I feel deserve a little attention.

The Golden Knucklehead Trophy (much coveted, I need not mention) goes to Earth Crisis. Hi, I'm Josh and I pick easy targets. In the Punk Planet interview of the issue last, the singer when asked how he reacts to people who are smoking or drinking he responds "I wouldn't really impose unless someone is smoking...in a bar and it's getting around me." Hello. If you're so interested in "commitments and what will actually make a change in the world by making sacrifices and facing reality" maybe you shouldn't be playing bars. Duh.

Split Lip covering Talking About a Revolution or whatever it's called by Tracy Chapman (I think). To quote Dan Sinker "Yeah, the white mans gotta rise up!!!" Come on you honkey ass good for nothings, get up and fight the man!!! Whoops, WE ARE THE FUCKING MAN!!! Whatever shall we do? It sucks. It really sucks not being oppressed.

Antioch Arrow Gems of Masochism. This band is one of the most brilliant bands I can think of, and they prove it beyond a shadow of a doubt on this record. Totally unlistenable goth dribble. I'm not kidding I swear I think this is brilliant. I can't stand this record, yet it's brilliant. They've finally done it. They've put out a record that NOBODY is hip enough to get. Antioch Arrow is a state of being, not a band, and by the time you think you've got a handle on what that state of being entails, they come out with something that knocks you back to the starting line. Great band, great concept, horrible record, just like it should be.

The Riverdales interview in Suburban Voice No. 37. And I quote "My whole thing is, yeah, I'll admit it, we sound like the Ramones and I'm not ashamed to admit of that." Those being the wise words of one Dan Schafer. Well... now that you've finally come out and admitted it the healing can begin. You've sounded like the Ramones for like 13 years. My Roget's defines Vapid thus: Lacking the qualities requisite for spiritedness and originality. Yeah, no shit you sound like the Ramones, was that some sort of secret?

Patrick from Change Zine liking the Knicks, especially Anthony Mason. Patrick does one of the only zines worth reading in all of punk rock, but he likes the Knicks. I know I'm going to get my ass whipped for calling him on this, you know how us sports fans are. The Knicks are the NBA's

equivalent to kick boxing tough guys in punk rock. Ewing is a class act, but the rest of them? Kickboxers on the hardwood pit of the NBA. Look at Oakley. C'mon Pat!! If you're going to take a non-violent stance, you've gotta be consistent. You've gotta pull for a team full of Kurt Rambiss-es. (would that be Rambi?) or Will Purdues.

...

O.K., I hope I've talked enough shit to gain a few readers and a reputation as some sort of bad ass or some god damned thing. Take care everybody, and remember the fun you can have with bodily fluids.

You can get in touch with me (you're dying to do that I'm sure) at astrocomm@aol.com.



Before I begin my official column, there are a few items I'd like to comment on.

..1..

In addition to writing a column, I also do zine reviews. Recently I received an e-mail from an editor who was understandably upset about the negative review I gave his zine. Not-so-understandably, however, he also sent the same (hostile) message to Dan (editor of PP) and telephoned the PP hotline. In his message he declared that he expected an apology/recantation in my column and that he was experiencing doubts about remaining a supporter of PP (being an advertiser and distributor). I don't know how we can make the review policy and more clear but I'll try: reviews are the opinions of one person. It doesn't matter who the hell you are whether a friend, advertiser, contributor, someone unrelated to PP, someone famous, or someone not so famous, you will still receive a review based on one person's opinions and bias. We will not and can not juggle your zine or record around between reviewers until we find someone who likes it. That defeats the purpose. If ever there is someone else who feels unjustly judged in a review, do not drag all of PP into it, please. And if you choose not to support PP based on a negative review, that's your business. We're not

gonna cry at your feet, not to sound bitchy or anything. I'm not trying to talk down to anybody, I'm just trying to clarify.

..2..

I'm still trying to get used to the fact that 95% of the human race is comprised of morons so I'm continuously surprised by stupidity. I'm getting really annoyed by this burgeoning elitist attitude taking over punk. I really don't care much if someone thinks I'm not punk or thinks my columns are stupid but I genuinely laughed out loud in disbelief that someone could interpret my sarcastic remark about the Fireside bowl being mentioned in Sassy as meaning that I refer to that shitty waste of paper for cool places to hang out. Like I said, I'm still amazed by people's idiocy. (If you have no clue as to what I'm talking about, refer to the letters section in PP #8.)

..3..

My friend Dave and I have put out a calendar for the past 2 years and are supposedly doing another one for '96 that will consist of 12 different zine editors. So far, he (who does Dumpsterland) and I, Velour, No Longer a Fanzine, (Sic) Teen, Greedy Bastard, and Rocktober have said yes. Keep in mind this was written in September. The calendar, which will feature one zine editor a month, will (if all goes as planned) also include a zine comp with contributions from all 12. If it works out, it will be pretty cool and will probably cost around \$2-3 ppd. Please write me about details as I should know more by the time this sees print.

..4..

I did not write the column about religion. For some odd reason, I've gotten several letters asking me about it or making some kind of reference to it. I believe it was Julia Cole who wrote it in PP #8.

..5..

Choc-ola has got to be the best drink in the world aside from maybe Ginseng Arizona Ice Tea.

..6..

I'm doing a story about my trip to Ohio with Los Crudos for the next issue of No Longer a Fanzine. No details are available yet (when it will be out, how much, and the format) so keep your eyes peeled for reviews.

NOW FOR MY OFFICIAL COLUMN...

Ahhh...teen angst. How bittersweet, how invigorating...how pathetic. As I anxiously

approach my twentieth birthday and the death of teenhood, I find myself mired in the symptoms of adolescence. Along with a myriad of other reasons, this maturity regression led to my decision to break off a nearly two-year relationship which subsequently led to more feelings of confusion and anxiety.

Ever since I've grasped a rudimentary understanding of love, I've had specific ideas about what it would entail: romance, obsession, sex, passion, friendship, undying devotion, etc., etc. and that I would never experience it, that I would spend the rest of my life alone. I suppose to a certain extent I'm still right but this relationship has rattled my previously unshakeable belief that love has no place in my life. (I'm trying to make this *not* sound cheesy, believe it or not.) Shane represented everything I thought love meant and he possessed almost every type of positive, likeable quality I ever could have hoped for in a man. Unfortunately, he also possessed his share of hideously monstrous qualities that alienated me to an extreme.

These marks on his character allowed him to make mistakes that would have obliterated many basic foundations in any relationship and, of course, that is what happened to ours. Over time, I became bitter and fell into a pattern of thoughts that only increased my unhappiness further. I began to question the worth of our relationship, wondering how he could be so insensitive to me while claiming that I was the only thing in the world that mattered to him. He was unable to see that my frustrations were so deeply entrenched that a year-old incident could still affect me and he could not understand why I would get upset by some of the more shitty mistakes he'd made. I knew even during our relationship that he was blind to this because he did not realize how much he was taking me for granted and because on a parallel track with his selfishness was also his love for me, his declarations that he wanted me to marry him and spend the rest of my life with him because he knew, and always knew, since long before we began dating, that I was the one for him, his true love. Everyone except for those who knew either of us well poooh-pooohed the notion that he really loved me because of the way he treated me or perhaps because of the rampant misuse of the word "love" to mean "sex" or "liking a lot".

I can't say that I ever loved him though I really had myself convinced for a while that I did. I enjoyed starry-eyed fantasies of a marriage that

would never lose its spark, having beautiful kids, and living the rest of my life in bliss with someone who truly loved me and who was also my best friend. Needless to say, by the time summer rolled around, I had landed squarely on my feet from a long, difficult fall from cloud nine. Part of the reason was because for the past two years, my parents had been separated and this summer, they finally got divorced. I began to realize that there was no guarantee that I wouldn't eventually share the same fate, that twenty years and two children later I would suddenly comprehend that I had made an irrevocable mistake. It broke my heart to see the pain both my parents were suffering and had been accumulating throughout their marriage. It stunned me to learn that one of them had been carrying on various extramarital affairs since I was in grade school. Yeah, divorce is a fact of life 50% of the time and after my parents joined the ranks I was forced to really confront the issue for myself. I didn't want to make the same mistakes and spend half of my life stuck in an emotional prison.

After a few more weeks of deliberation during which time the problems in my own relationship escalated, I decided that we should temporarily separate. By that time, I felt beaten down. I didn't hold any hope that he would ever change because he didn't think he had to; according to him, our problems stemmed from me, I was overly sensitive, I blew everything out of proportion, I treated him coldly and dispassionately.

About a week after we separated, he told me what I had always wanted to hear: he realized that he had ruined our relationship, that he was shocked by some of the shit he did to me, and that he'd show me if we got back together again that he could make me happy. Unfortunately, it was many months too late and when I returned to school in the fall, we were still separated by my choice. Then being geographically separated from him (he is in Chicago and I am in Champaign) hit me with the realization that we are really worlds apart. I am nineteen, he is twenty-four. I'm in college just beginning my life and he had begun his seven years ago and already has a full-time job. The next step is predictable enough: I broke up with him. Enter adolescent whirlwind, stage left.

Now I'm facing a whole new set of questions and doubts. I am certain that I do not want a serious relationship; the thought of being intimate (and I don't just mean sexually) with someone the way I was with him makes my stomach turn. I want

to be able to just experience life without any commitments but I don't even know where to begin. Accompanying this is the typical and pitiful self-doubt: am I attractive? Why isn't anyone interested in me? The stuff young adult romance novels are made of. Some of my friends think I'm being too harsh on myself and that I should relax and let things happen while others are enjoying being able to hang out with me for once and live up the single life with me. However, they all agree that I made the right decision.

Invariably, I believe that if he and I are meant to be together, we might be some day but neither of us can force that to happen. As much as everybody likes to fancy themselves mature enough to handle anything (especially people my age), I realize that is most definitely not true for me. As one of my friends said to me who is experiencing a similar situation, I'm too preoccupied and busy with my own life to be able to take care if somebody else's.

However, I am still bowled over by bouts of loneliness and depression, particularly when I am alone late at night, trying to fall asleep. All of the anger and pain I experienced in the relationship merged and metamorphosized into self-doubt and sadness. I can't imagine anyone knowing me the way he does and I wonder if I lost the only chance I'll ever have to be with somebody who truly loves me. All shitty treatment aside (because I still get upset when I think about some of the things he did), I really miss him. He was my best friend, lover, mentor, and counselor all in one and every night that I return to my cramped one-room apartment, I'm reminded that I'm very much alone. For now and, I suppose, for the future, I can only hope to be with good friends and maybe, just maybe, meet someone who can show me again what it feels like to be happy without the worries and burdens of a serious relationship.

...

If my column didn't depress or annoy you too much with its blithe naivete, please write and tell me what you thought of it. I really am interested in getting feedback on this particular column. Admit it, punk. You've had your heart broken at some time or another. k-bae@ux5.cso.uiuc.edu or 307 E. Armory #101 * Champaign, IL 61820



I was a bad boy and didn't get my column turned in last issue. Time flies by so fast I don't know where it goes. I wish somebody would tell me. I never seem to get anything done, treading water in this life, no new ideas, no inspirations, stagnant. My birthday was yesterday, now I'm 28. Just got back from a month-long tour with my band and the Thrones, which is just one guy, my friend Joe. It was horrible. The people I went on tour with were great, and seeing parts of the country I'd never been to was cool but the shows were hard to do and embarrassing for me. I've been trying to get my shit together for 10 years to go on a US tour, it was one of my biggest goals, but by the time I finally managed to get my shit together to do it my band totally sucked and I couldn't get my mind off of all the usual problems at work that I was hoping to leave behind. My band's record came out and I hate it. I know I could do better if I would just try harder but I never seem to have any time, my job just seems to take up all the time I have and suck all my energy. My friend Evelyn is starting a magazine called Resister (Re-Sister ?) and I wanted to contribute something for the first issue so I suggested that I interview Jean Smith from Mecca Normal. Jean didn't want to do the regular interview thing, she wanted to have a conversation and tape it and lay out parts of our dialogue, sort of like me interviewing her and her interviewing me at the same time. Jean is in two busy hard-working bands, does all their bookings and business stuff, does layouts and graphics for her bands and many others, and is a published novelist and political activist, and I am in a band and run a record label and sometimes put on shows, etc. so Evelyn wanted us to talk about aspects of wearing many hats at the same time, especially being an "artist" and a "business-person" at the same time. We had a very interesting conversation about it. Jean insisted that Mecca Normal didn't start out being so DIY as a matter of philosophical or ethical choice, but just because they didn't know how to get anybody else to put out their records or book their shows

and whatnot, so they learned out of necessity. I could identify with that, I think that's where DIY came from and still does most of the time. Most people who have people offering to do stuff for them that they don't know how to do usually understandably jump at the opportunity, although some people wish later that they had kept more control. But Jean seems to be so charged up about doing all that stuff for her band, which I couldn't identify with at all. It is so hard for me to do stuff for the benefit of my band, it took me four years to get around to putting out our record because it always seemed like somebody else's record was better, and it was really hard for me to book shows for us and ask for guarantees and such. I felt like saying "I know we suck but please have some pity on us." I feel totally different when I'm helping other people with their bands and their records and tours and stuff, that I can really get into because I feel like what they are doing is totally important and cool and nobody should have to do everything, it's too hard. But I feel like I spend so much energy and time focusing on business crap that I don't really like to do but that I think is really important to do for these cool bands and cool people, I spend so much energy on it that it just wipes out my creativity and energy to do my own thing, I remember when my band started 5 years ago, I had a lot of energy for it and a lot of cool ideas and our shows used to be a lot of fun, now I'll be standing on stage singing and I'll be lost in thought about somebody's recording budget or something. I just feel like I'm at this point where I need to decide if I really even should be in a band or not, maybe I was just born to help other people do their music, not to do my own, I don't know. I really love to be in bands but I also hate to suck at it. I wish I could get a new band started where I was only 1/4 or 1/5 of the creativity dept. instead of the whole thing, maybe that would help me be more excited about it, but there doesn't seem to be anybody in Olympia to start a band with, I'm just too old, nobody wants to be in a band with a guy that's pushing 30. Oh well, I guess I'm feeling sorry for myself today. Whine whine whine. Anyways, I don't like Nine Inch Nails and I don't like Tupac Shakur and Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre are icky sexists, but I still think the Warner Music Group is ultra lame for dropping Interscope just because they are afraid of Bob Dole. Censorship in music

fucking sucks, especially censorship motivated by the quest for profit. Warner's isn't morally outraged by Interscope and Death Row, they just want congress to pass laws making it easier for their cable company holdings to make bigger profits. Lame! There are a lot of scary new laws and de-regulations and mergers happening that are putting more and more of the information and information technology in this company into fewer and fewer hands, but that should probably be the subject of another column. Maybe next time, when I don't feel so sorry for myself.

DARREN CAHR



I'm now old. I can tell, because I have a 30 year-old girlfriend. I still listen to the same music, though I look different. I still read the same books, though I live in a better apartment.

Yep, I'm old.

I won't bore you with the kind of self-pitying drivel that baby-boomers torture us with every day (The litany is long and annoying). To baby boomers, everything that happens to them is the most important thing ever to happen: "I'm protesting the Vietnam war — isn't that significant?" then "I'm dancing to disco now — isn't that significant?" then "I'm voting for Reagan now — isn't that significant?" then "I'm married now — isn't that significant?" then "I'm having babies now — isn't that significant?" then "I'm old — isn't that significant?"). I think that Larry Livermore or Tim Yohanan are probably better suited to talking about whether you can remain a punk at heart while getting old — I'm just some random 27 year-old. I'm not actually old. I'm just getting old. There's a difference, trust me.

My girlfriend actually does have grey hairs. She was sixteen when she bought her first Necros single, on Touch & Go records, back when it was still named after Tesco Vee's fanzine. She grew up in Michigan, near Detroit, and had blue hair. She had friends in England who'd send her the newest ska records back in the late '70s. Now, she's a lawyer. I used to have no hair, and a goatee. I remember buying the Minutemen's Double

Nickles On the Dime, and thinking that it was the coolest thing I'd ever heard in my entire life. It changed my life. Now, I'm a lawyer, too. Things change.

Life is long, and I can't say that I mind. I think the primary reason that I enjoy waking up every morning is an almost voyeuristic desire to know what's happened? Every day, something genuinely amazes me, and I'm glad that my jaded, cynical late '80s self has been replaced by someone who actually thinks the world's a fairly interesting place. Not to say a pleasant place — anyplace with Gap-wearing baby boomers driving Chrysler mini-vans around with "baby-on-board" signs can't be heaven — but at least a place that isn't boring.

The worst thing that I can imagine is boredom. That's why those early Black Flag and Dead Kennedys records were so powerful. They took that boredom, that suburban, lame-ass, unrelenting boredom, and transfigured it into anger — a much more positive and endlessly entertaining force.

When I was in high school, I was bored. Very, very bored. I'd come back from school, read, put on some SST band on my record player, and get really pumped. I couldn't get to the city, so I never saw any shows. No one else I knew liked the kind of music I liked, no one read the kind of books I read. I was bored and alone. But listening to that music made me feel connected in a way that it's difficult to explain now. When I'd listen to Husker Du or Killing Joke or Big Black, I felt like someone out there was inside my head. It was (to make a terrible analogy) kind of like the way born-again protestants feel when they discuss their "personal relationship with God." God has far more important things to do than to concern itself with the decision of whether a housewife in Des Moines should buy three or four lottery tickets. But to that housewife, her words are from her lips to God's ears. Which is not to compare Jaz Coleman or Grant Hart or Steve Albini to God (God forbid) but to describe their importance to me. The authority of real art (and this stuff is, by every definition, art) effects you in a profound way. Just as the born again christian was saved by the Gospel of John, when I heard these lyrics (a much more reliable text than the new testament, I should add), I too was saved, in a matter of speaking:

*I was born in this town/lived here my whole life
Never anything to do in this town/lived here my whole life*

Nothing to do but sit around at home/sit around at home and stare at the walls

Stare at each other and wait till we die/Stare at each other and wait till we die

Never anything to do in this town/lived here my whole life

There's kerosene around

There's something to do

There's kerosene around there's something to do/there's kerosene around we'll find something to do/there's kerosene around we'll find something to do/kerosene around

Set me on fire.

Now, I'd be lying to you if I told you that I had any idea why that song made me whole again (probably made me feel as though my experience was not unique—made me feel part of a larger whole, a community, even though I'd never met the rest of the community), or why some other song meant something to any of you. But it did. And as long as I remember how that song made me feel (and how it still makes me feel) I can't possibly be old.

Or so I like to think.

I was handling some cases for a legal clinic recently, and I came across this old woman who was completely illiterate, and dependent upon her kids, who ignored her. She lived on Social Security, in a hovel. She was crippled and could barely walk. And she was being hounded by a collection agency, because someone had stolen her check, and when she tried to cash a newly issued one, the check bounced, and the currency exchange was coming after her. She was completely helpless — she could do nothing to stop the torment.

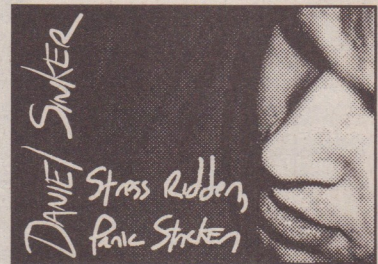
Being helpless, I decided, is the only thing which makes you old. As long as you can make your way in the world, and you can remain independent, you're young. As soon as you have given your life over to others, when you no longer control your life on a moment to moment basis, you are old, because you have lost the spirit of independence. There's an analogy here, I'm sure of it.

We all like to think that we're fairly independent, but we're not. We're all growing older as we get sucked in to the roles that we create for ourselves, as other people become more important in our lives. It's hard to differentiate independence from selfishness sometimes, or growing old and helpless with being part of a community. Sometimes, there is no line at all. That's why, in this world, one man's sell out is another man's security, and one man's security is another man's suffocation. Personally, I

like the fact that we're all interdependent, but it makes me nervous sometimes. A lot of the people are idiots all of the time, and all of the people are idiots some of the time, and I'm tied to all of them all of the time.

Sometimes, I feel like taking a shower.

Kerosene@aol.com



4:48 pm

I bought a watch today. For the first time in five years, I find it necessary to know exactly what time it is. The last three months have been a race against the clock, with the clock definitely a few laps ahead of me. But now I carry my secret weapon strapped to my wrist on my left arm. I have a watch, I know EXACTLY what time it is. Do you?

4:54 pm

"What time is it?" Morris Day asks, as the bass & gravy backbeat of ex-Minneapolis superstars The Time bumps away in the background. "It's killin' time Mo'is" Jerome answers.

That's right.

My phone rang last night as I was working on the layouts for the Braid interview. Shit... I was on a roll too. So it goes, I guess. So on the other line was a guy I know. While he'd probably argue me on it—because I guess that's the cool thing to do in these circles nowadays—I'm going to call him an emo kid, because... well that's what he is. Graduated from straightedge academy class of '94. So I'm talking to him & tell him that I'm working on a Braid interview.

"Oh..." he manages to sputter out. "They're gonna be big stars."

"Why's that?" I ask.

"Didn't you hear? They just got signed by Revelation."

"Good for them," I said, and I mean that too.

"Yeah..." he said, with that emo sense of irony dripping off his teeth.

Apparently, I had started off on the wrong foot, so I decided to steer the conversation in a more agreeable direction: Fugazi. I had just seen them (let me quickly interject that it was the best show I have ever—or will ever—seen: Fugazi,

Shellac, and The Make*Up playing together in—get this—a roller rink! Fuck yeah), and I knew he had gone to some emo fest in Indianapolis and had just seen them too. I figured we could rave about them together for a few minutes, and then I could get back to that Braid interview. How could I have been so stupid.

“Yeah... Fugazi are a bunch of rock stars.”

Huh? Apparently I slept through that lesson at Phuck U. Fugazi has been around for eight years and has continued to release challenging, uncompromising music, and have persisted in re-inventing themselves, and their sound, time and time again. They continue to seek out alternative places to play, even though that often means playing some pretty funky venues. They still insist on low door prices (lower, in fact than many shows for bands much smaller). Should I go on? I can. They continue to practice in Guy's parents' basement. They continue to release their own records, which continue to cost a fraction of those of other, much smaller bands. They continue to exclude the mass media from interviewing the band, while continuing to grant a really good interview to any fanzine that wants one. They continue to insist that every member of the audience is able to enjoy themselves at their shows, even if that means stopping in the middle of a song so that some bonehead can calm himself down. Should I go on? I could. This is the antithesis of a rock star. So what gives?

“They stayed in a separate room during the show... other people set up their stuff...”

I'm 21 now. At shows here in Chicago, that means I'm already tumbling down the steep slope of the show age bell curve. Thusly, I don't find myself attending as many shows as I used to. I can't imagine what I'll do when I'm pushing thirty, as everyone in Fugazi is. But I do know one thing: if I were in a band, I'd love to have a little room I could disappear into if I wanted to. I can't imagine a worse punishment for a life well spent than being thirty and being surrounded by backpack-clad sixteen-year-olds who want to talk to me, not because I know them, but because they believe the one great lie of punk rock: *that we are exactly the same.*

As far as setting up equipment goes, find me a band that really enjoys putting together drum kids, setting up amps, tuning guitars, and checking mics night in & night out for years on end, and I'll find you a band that hasn't been together for even six months.

So what gives?

“They played for an hour and a half... then they came back and played for another hour... and the whole time they were up there... like... rocking.”

And this is a problem?! Let me get this straight. You pay five bucks to see a band. They play for a total of two and a half hours—that's a low low two bucks an hour—and this is a bad thing? And the whole time, they were rocking (or as I would say, rockin') which, to me, means that they were totally into it & playing great. Yeah, I can see the problem.

Welcome to the wonderful world of emo-core, where being an incredible, successful band, which has never severely compromised any of its morals is a bad thing. This is the same world where a columnist in HeartattaCk magazine can rail against large distributors for allegedly ripping off zine publishers, while running her own distro that is doing just that. This is the same world where rich white kids can somehow, with a straight face mind you, talk about the oppression of people of color, the whole time managing not to implicate themselves. This is the same world where a band can print on their record insert that pressing up a record is an “inexpensive means of mass communication” knowing full well that it is neither inexpensive nor far reaching.

What time is it?

I find myself in the uneasy position of having to AGREE with one Benjamin Weasel. For those of you who have read his bio for the new Green Day album (I know... I know... but with the amount of major label promo showing up in my PO Box uninvited, I have to break down and read some of it sometime), he states my point precisely:

“Rock and fucking roll. You either get it or you don't.”

And how. Fugazi may not be rock stars, but they know what rock & roll is, and they know how to play it. They also—as opposed to the theory that Mr. Weasel states about Green Day—know how to push it to extremes, and they know how to reel it back in again.

Emo isn't rock 'n' roll. Emo kids just don't get it. The name alone gives it away. “Emo-core.” Doesn't that mean “emotional hardcore?” Can't we then break that down even further to say that emo-core is supposed to mean “music with emotion?” As if that was never a concept before!

Don't you see? Real rock & roll is emotion.

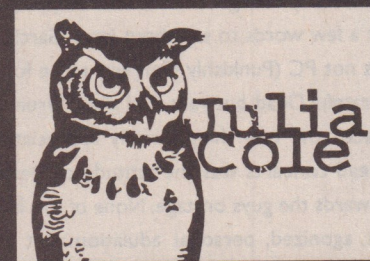
Don't believe me? Slap an Otis Redding record down on your turntable (yeah, some people may argue with me that Otis isn't rock & roll, but in fact, R&B—and in a way they're right—but if you look at it as emotion & beat, you can't get much more rock & roll than Otis Redding). Give it a whirl. Now take an Indian Summer record. You can taste the difference. To quote Wesley Willis, “ain't nothin' like the real thing.” And you know what he's talking about.

What time is it?

“It's killin' time, Mo'is.”

7:49 pm

Any and all correspondences with me can be sent to me directly at: Dan Sinker PO Box 1559 Chicago IL 60690, or e-mailed at TastySpydr@aol.com. Have a nice start to winter, I know I am.



No cogent, potent, plainly written topic tonight. Just a few loose thoughts clinking around my brain. Hope it is worth tuning in for.

Table of Contents

1. Crickets
2. Jerry Garcia
3. PC Update
4. Feedback

The noisy cicadas bloomed in those last heat-drenched days of August. Late night, early September, I actually heard crickets as I walked by Central Park. I was in the West 70s and when the red lights silenced the traffic I could hear them all the way across the street. All that concrete and steel, all those combustion engines and—Crickets. In Central Park. We don't get them in Hoboken.

If my life is a movie, then the orchestral soundtrack is a backyard full of crickets. They're the leitmotif, a chain linking glowing, limpid moments of self-awareness and bittersweet, solitary reflection. They're suggestive evidence that time, the world of the senses, is an illusion, that life is perhaps only one moment on which

consciousness imposes a google of different perspectives.

As a very young child crickets kept me company during long, dark nights. I missed them terribly in winter and was comforted to hear them again in spring. In my late teens they could make me cry because their constancy served to underscore how fast my life was changing, how little remains the same. "Time held me green and dying though I sang in my chains like the sea."

Last night, I found myself wondering where I'll be when I hear them again. Who will I be with? What will the world be like? Will they make me happy, or will they only remind me of happier times? Will I be blissfully in love on a moonlit walk? Will I be a bag lady sleeping on a Central Park bench?

Or will I hear them only in memory, living in some cricketless, concrete-skinned world? That will be one long Winter. One long Movement of rests.

Oh well, speaking of the music stopping, I have just a few words to say about Jerry Garcia. I know it's not PC (Punkishly Correct) to be fond of the Grateful Dead, but I am. And after "Drums" and "Space" the one thing I really appreciated about Dead concerts was the attitude of Dead-heads towards the guys onstage. None of this life-or-death, agonized, personal adulation that so many rockers cultivate in their fans. The Dead were just providing the background music for a little celebration. The whole experience gave intimations of what a working anarchic society could be like. No leader. Just some accompanists.

The weird thing for me is how similar punk shows seem, just a darker shade. Jim Connell took me to my first show last year and I remember thinking that the real show was in the audience—with ol' Henry Rollins and Sausage and Helmet providing the chamber music.

It's the beginning of October now (10/3—which means that my column is late), and last week I was visiting friends in southern New Jersey. (I finally got my swim for the "summer" in.) Mr. M. used to work in New York City and he and Mrs. M. retired to the Cape May area. I was having a good conversation with them and Mr. M. mentioned how surprised he was to find how many bigoted remarks, racist remarks, he'd hear at social events there in the South—things just mentioned casually, as if everybody listening would naturally agree.

I asked him what he did in those situations. (Obviously, if you let politeness or timidity bully

you into just accepting remarks like that then you become guilty of perpetuating the attitudes those remarks reflect.) He said that his response varied with the circumstances. Sometimes it was a genial "Well I don't agree with that." Sometimes it was a blank look which pointedly spoke his lack of assent.

Suddenly, I could hear (in my mind's ear) what some of those people must be saying behind Mr. M.'s back. They were shrugging off his response as Political Correctness. Now here's a man who hasn't even got a Personal Computer. The only need he feels for one is so he can figure out what his children and grandchildren are talking about when they mention 486s and Pentium chips. His views on race and the equality of man were probably formed in boyhood, and working in New York he probably has some experience to back up his beliefs. Now he must suffer the indignity of being thought trendy.

Earlier in the year I wrote about how the backlash against PC was being used to stifle people's enthusiasms for some issues. These people who dismiss Mr. M.'s views may know no more of Political Correctness than the mocking and giggling they see in newspapers or on TV—mocking and giggling probably directed towards the LANGUAGE of PC, its dogmatism and over-seriousness. But these bigots, of course, assume it's all just support for their own ill-informed views.

So be careful, the next person you choose to snicker with over the words "madam foreperson" may be taking your laughter as implicit encouragement to despise middle-aged, divorced African-American women and harassed, bearded Asian types.

Finally, just a note on the feedback I got from my rant in PP8. The gist of the column was that people (Westerners, especially) should read the Bible. I gave various reasons, but the most important one for me was so everyone could have some sort of basis for rebutting the sincere but horribly misguided policies of people like Reverend Wildmon, Pat Robertson, et alia.

I expected to get a lot of unpleasant correspondence from devout Bible-thumpers and irreligious punks. I don't think I got a SINGLE nasty letter. I guess anybody who was offended by what I wrote thought I was past help.

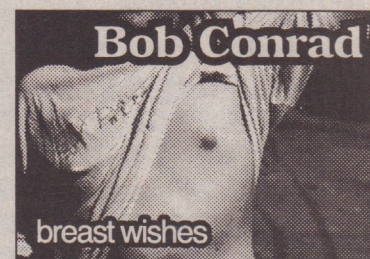
The letters I did get fell into two categories. There were the Unbelievers who nevertheless felt moved by my apparent thoughtfulness and were ready to defend my right to express it. And there

were the Religious Punks, who feel a yearning after spirituality—even more traditional spirituality—but who feel inhibited from expressing these feelings in the punk community. These latter types were grateful that SOMEBODY was lending some credibility to these things. (Yes, the punk next to you may be a closet Christian or Jew or Muslim.... What are you going to do about it? Nothing, I hope.)

Oh, I also got two other letters (e-mail actually). One from a guy who was worried that a reference I made to money-lenders might be interpreted as anti-Semitic—I certainly didn't mean it that way. The other letter was from our Steve "Doomsday" Cook who thought people should also be encouraged to read the Ba'h'ai scriptures, the Qu'ran, Bhagavad Gita, and so on.

THE END

JuliaPrime@aol.com



Bugs. Eek. Buggy, buggy, buggy, bugs. I hate bugs. Creepy crawly bugs. In one of my endeavors to provide enough sustenance (\$\$\$) for myself, I pull weeds at my mom's friend's house. I've crawled through her bushes, filled holes her terrier digs (cute dog, afraid of me, but not afraid of bugs) and raked her yard. When I pull weeds, every time a clump of crab grass gets uprooted, bugs squirm everywhere. I cringe. Spiders crawl up my arm. I fucking loathe spiders. Every time I can, I squash the little fuckers. Little icky bugs. Fuck you, bugs.

So, when walking through Reno's garish downtown, I equate the retired polyester people to bugs. The hand of social security uproots them from their suburban California trailers, and they squirm my way. To downtown Reno.

Downtown Reno beholds the ugliest people in the world. That's what I always tell the touring bands, who themselves always scramble toward the garish neon spectacles, some not minutes after throwing down their guitars.

Diane Arbus would've had a freak field-day in Reno — tons of trash, an occasional tard or deformed veteran or something, a few bums,

sometimes flocks of Orientals, and of course, the tourists — bugs — spending their social security and free time in Reno. They're all ugly little bugs.

But when I tell the bands that, I invariably forget the type of lowlife that hang out on Telegraph Ave. in Berkeley. I say the Reno bugs are the ugliest, then I go to Berkeley and get quickly reminded of the creepy crawly things lying on the sidewalks of Telegraph. Talk about ugly. Especially the bugs of the punk variety — the stinky, smelly, dreadlocked, modern-primitive bums (mostly by choice) that harass you when you walk by. (The Invalids call them Tuskin Raiders, or however you spell it, by the way.)

Well whatever, they suck, that's all I know. The point of all this is there is one bug in particular that often roams the streets of Berkeley that needs to be flicked around a bit. With good reason. This one being just one of a million examples why punk rock will never be able to sustain any sort of major cultural relevance, especially when it comes to radical politics.

I aim my now bug-trained eyes at the head of a dirty, anemic looking individual named Jeff Ott, front man of the punk band Fifteen. I choose only Jeff because in his band's existence I've seen them about four or five times, and he's the only one who remains a constant member. For all purposes, now and forever, Jeff is Fifteen.

Why does Jeff, who some would say even looks like a bug, need to be uprooted into the sunlight? You know, the peacey, sorta weirded-out hippie punk guy that played on all those great Crimpshrine records? The guy who writes so much about love, Mother Earth, "every man is my brother"...all that recycled 60s rhetoric that as far as I can tell nobody listens to anymore?

Well, that's one reason: His dated politics probably impress only lone suburban kids who want a cause to identify with. Fine, I say. I hope they'll get something out of Jeff's lyrics; my hope here is to shine some light on what a load of shit this guy produces, despite his well intentions, and how anyone with half a brain should take whatever he says with a grain of salt.

Analyzing Fifteen lyrics would be a great exercise in any critical thinking class. In Fifteen lyrics you find not only obvious contradiction but numerous flaws in basic rational thinking ability. A case in point is the celebration of the vaguely referred to "Rosebud" who "sailed the sky so blue she gave her life for me and you." I assume Rosebud was the woman who broke into a UC

regent's house with the sole intent to kill the regent. Police were able to intercept her attempt, so she went at a cop with a machete. The cop killed her in defense. And the Telegraph bugs attempted a bug stampede, what would be called a riot were they human. Fifteen celebrates this asshole's death while telling us to love and respect one another.

On a related topic, there's the Jesus Christ bullshit that's almost not even worth getting into. Other contradictions abound, it's entirely fitting Jeff's a Christ lover. He, like most, picks and chooses which parts of Jesus' so called moral ways to follow while disregarding the rest to fit his own personal vision. Often as an excuse to be nasty to someone or a group of people. An all too fitting example rests in the misspelled lines of the latest Fifteen thanks list. Jeff thanks "Paul Think for giving Ben Weasel what he deserves." What Ben apparently deserved was a can of mace in his face courtesy of Think. What Ott neglects to mention is the brutal ass-kicking Think received for that little stunt. Ben, on the other hand, came out of the incident only a little shaken. Nobody's disputing the fact that Ben's an asshole. Aside from the above, I've never heard of Ben ever actually DOING anything to anyone. Big deal, you say? I'm not going to bother to argue about what happened at the now infamous Dummy Room incident only to say both sides were completely out of line, but what's equally as fucked up is Ott's sense of violent retribution (we're reminded again of his Rosebud fixation). Wiping away the glossed over, bullshit hippie rhetoric we discover that Jeff is really no different from most people who believe violence is an appropriate tool for getting across a point. To those who "deserve" it.

Too much of history is inundated with this kind of thinking. This paradoxical justification results in the killing, wars and bullshit fighting going on in the world, the shit Jeff spends so much time "writing" lyrics lamenting.

All of the above I note with some feeling of gross amusement. Nothing new, really. I find Jeff's work to be aptly typical of many punk rockers with political agendas: sloppy, ill-thought out (if pondered at all), poorly conveyed and therefore taken seriously by just about nobody.

Funniest of all, I like Fifteen's music. Their second full-length was one of the best records of that year. Their third wasn't as good and

eventually left a bad taste in my mouth, especially with all the references to BLOWING UP cars (duh) then bikes not BOMBS, ad nauseam. Their latest CD I bought giving the band the benefit of the doubt. It sucks. Poor production, stupid-ass lyrics, a know-all aura of fake activism, and my pet peeve: shoddy presentation. Getting 20-grand from Dutch East apparently gave Fifteen incentive to Do It Themselves. As is often the case with those who Do It Themselves, Fifteen's efforts translate into a CD/LP package that looks like shit. It's chock full of spelling and grammatical errors. On the text is enlarged rubber-stamp art of the hippie variety: stars, the moon and sun. These aquarian-age hieroglyphics are printed in dark ink OVER the lyrics, making parts of every song illegible. (Note: The printing outfit that allowed this mess to go through its production department, proudly credited too, is none other than Punks With Presses.) If you have something to say — Fifteen apparently does NOT — at least make it readable. My only thought now is to forewarn the kids as to what they're getting into if anyone actually likes this band anymore. It is time, kids, for the bugs to crawl back into their holes. When people like Fifteen are allowed, praised even, to get away with shit like saying "high guarantees and high door prices are only necessary for coke habits and retirement funds" is when I start thinking about SUPPORTING bands with high guarantees and high door prices. At least those bands by their representation are automatically more honest.

While Ott and cronies are bumming change (they expect others, who work, to pay their way through life) for their careers in bug land, I'll be making sure I stay the fuck away. I've got enough bugs elsewhere to contend with.

...

Joe's not a bug, but I was somewhat alarmed by his attitude in his Internet article in the last issue. Even though Joe's a right-on guy, his overall tone was problematic. He overlooked Internet criticisms in favor of pointing out what he sees as virtues of today's technology. Why this struck a nerve is because his article was devoid of a couple of characteristics commonly associated with punk: a questioning nature and a critical stance, especially of established authority.

Joe, instead of addressing some of the issues he raises (i.e., Internet users' "moronic opinions"), almost cavalierly says the Internet is full of all that

is stupid (sans the slim exceptions he provides), so sign up today! Although I appreciate his advocating the democratization of information, he didn't expose the Internet's downsides for what they really are.

The Internet is an extension of our pol-yarchical social, political and economic structure, and not a positive one at that. Sure, Internet access is obtained by anyone who desires it, and anyone who wants to and knows how, can turn on, tune in and boot up. Five years ago, pre-AOL and the media lauding this new use of technology, this might have meant something. Today, just about everyone is on-line and typing away. The significance of this? I fail to see any. With so many people talking, and engaging in what amounts to worthless gossip, ass-kissing, and arguing, nobody is listening. (This is also a symptom of the problem known as the "zine explosion," a thesis which is provided for us by the anarchist journal *The Match!*. More on this later, I promise...) It boils down to wasted bandwidth. Gone is any real critical thought, accurate exchanges of information and constructive discussion. Thanks to media over-hype (a few years too late I might add) and AOL (may it rest in peace), the Internet — which was once functioning anarchy courtesy of some sub-branch of the federal government — has denigrated into a mass of functionally illiterate static noise. If you don't believe me, tune into alt.punk for an all too clear example.

Bear in mind, I've been a heavy Internet user for over five years. I've contributed to both the good and bad aspects of the Internet: from insulting flame wars (usually to observe, with sick fascination I admit, how people acted/reacted when their politics and beliefs were called into question in various ways; needless to say, I've had my life threatened more than once over the Internet, for calling people on their shit, or just plain calling them shit), to advertising, personal correspondence, transporting data and research.

Today I spend less time on the Internet than I ever have. My time there is mostly restricted to correspondence it would have otherwise cost me money to send. I rarely contribute to what passes for "discussions" anymore. My last attempt at doing so was an interruption of a flame war between zine scenesters who were arguing presentation aesthetics and how they affect sales of publications. In between the petty bickering I threw in what I considered to be valid points addressing the issues at

hand, only my contribution was devoid of any sort of accusatory tone or insult (don't appear surprised). Nobody bothered to reply. In fact, for all intents and purposes, the argument was effectively ended because I tried to bring the debate down to a level where reason and insight were valued more than name-calling and virtual sparring. In a way, I monkey-wrenched the ego-boosting associated with the "discussion" by stripping out high-mindedness in favor of a constructive tone. Nobody gave a shit. Like in real life, people want dirt, they want flare, they want name calling. Punk Internet users in particular have turned this fascination into a virtue — see again alt.punk and its idiot tendencies.

I don't get a kick out of this shit as much as I used to. Part of it is getting older and growing away from that level of immaturity (though, I still engage in it periodically if it suits my purposes). I just don't have the time to wade through pointless battles when I have much more productive things to do. More importantly, computers are a hazard to my health. Every single time I press a key on the keyboard, pain is felt in my fingers, wrists, elbows and arms. I have Carpal Tunnel Syndrome from only six years of using a computer. Since so much of what I do — namely, writing — is reliant on computers, I am forced to make the absolute most of my time at the keyboard. Even then I'm not sure how much longer I'll be able to keep this up. (Out of anything in life, this is what bums me out the most. Writing is what I do, it is what is important to me, and the prospect of having my capabilities to write severely curtailed is nothing short of depressing.)

Finally, and this concerns just about everybody, the main reason the Internet and its hype is problematic is that the Internet's physical infrastructure extends the level of control corporate and governmental entities have over common people. While the medium itself is utilized and made relevant (or irrelevant as the case is) by the masses, the populace is NOT in control of the medium. An article called "Cyberspace: The New Feudalism," by Xan Karn, appears in Issue 1 of *Contagion* zine (available for \$1.50 ppd. from Hard Pressed Books, 1430 W. Foothill Blvd. #34, Upland, CA 91786). In the article, Karn equates the Internet to feudal modes of subsistence. He says: "Telcos hold a distinct advantage over the taxpayers because they own the phone and cable lines through which the Net is routed. The telcos, in other words, control the media of production. In this light, the relationship between Net users and

the telcos might be compared to the long outmoded feudal structures of Medieval Europe."

Karn goes on to say: "Assembled on the land which does not belong to them (data transfer lines), peasants (users) are granted subsistence wages (i.e., protracted dependence) for the work which they undertake while the bulk of the profits (largely in the form of service fees) go straight into the purse of the landlord (telcos). Despite the fact that users cultivate the Net by constructing new interactive sites, by maintaining bulletin boards, by assembling data archives, etc., the telcos are poised to reap the big rewards." At this point, everyone reading this should be ordering *Contagion* #1 for a more complete perspective on this issue, one with a critical stance that Joe's article was gratuitously absent of, not to mention you'll be giving your cash to something tangible, not blips and bleeps of absolute shit from punk kids with too much time on their hands. I guarantee the time you spend ordering this worthwhile publication, and others similar to it, will give you more brain fodder than 10 hours worth of alt.punk, the punk-list or most any other virtual locale of tardness. But, given the limited success of publications that publish real, in depth insights versus the immense popularity of the Internet's (punk) boards, it's quite clear where the punk planet's attention is going. If the Internet is what the individual makes of it, the Internet sure has a sorry track record to account for. I don't consider this something that should be viewed in positive light, especially not without some level of critical analysis. The Internet is a tool; it can be utilized effectively, but there is also present an element of danger if we don't analyze our own reasons for using this tool. And more importantly, why.

The options are there; it's up to you which way you want to run with them.

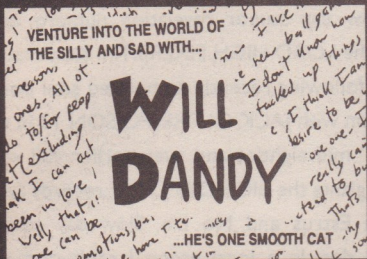
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CORRECTION: In my *Economics of Punk* Publishing article in the Aug./Sept. issue, I said that *Maximum Rocknroll* was distributed through chain stores like Barnes & Noble. Tim at *Maximum* was unaware of this. I sent him a draft of that article because he was "interested" in printing it in *Maximum*. (He rejected it because Larry Livermore criticized him and because "it was too long," even though he printed a few months previous *Jen-Angel's* how-to on show production of equal length to my article.) It was then that he realized *Fine Print Distributors* was without his knowledge

or permission putting bar-code stickers on Maximum and selling it to Barnes & Noble.

He told me this over the phone, and I was unable to correct the original version of the article in Second Guess #12 (it was already pasted up), and I neglected to take it out of the version printed in Punk Planet. For the record, Maximum is no longer distributed to Barnes & Noble. It is still sold to the Tower Magazines chain however.

Merited beatings can be delivered to: Bob
C., PO Box 9382, Reno, NV 89507 or
bobc@cs.unr.edu



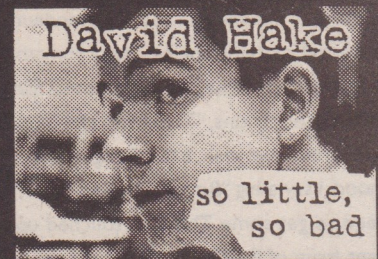
I must admit to not understanding it one bit. Right when things seem to be going down the gutter all of a sudden things are great and then when you've reached the top of the mountain someone's waiting to throw you off. Quite a bizarre little pattern I say. The only way I've found to handle it is a mix between defeatist and trying to beat it at it's own game. Whatever direction life seems to be shoving me in I let it, but if I can shift something minor along the way that seems for the best then I'll make my stab at it. Big things that happen usually are gonna happen no matter what. It's kind like choosing your battles. Or maybe avoiding the wars while sticking out the little skirmishes. As I was saying though, I haven't quite found a way to turn the roller coaster into Mr. Toads Wild Ride (you know, pretending to be scary, but really you always comfortably know what's going on and that it'll be just swell in the end) and believe you me when I do figure it out I'll let you know. In general playing along with the flow of things seems to be working out in my favor. Doing what feels right (not necessarily good, but right) at the time has put me in some pretty good situations and surely kept me out of some bad ones. The real trick that I haven't gotten over though is not worrying about it at all which I'm sure is the other half of the battle that Gl. Joe was always looking for. Me and my over-analyzing.

over-worried, extra-cautious self will probably never make that last hurdle to winning the game of life (and retiring a millionaire in a red car with a nice pink-peg wife and two little peg kids). I guess that this little column is just further evidence of that fact. Presently I'm working at being happy for more than oh, let's say a day or two at a time. Maybe after that I can move up to life. The thing is that even when things are going great (or maybe I should say especially when things are going great) the least expected worst thing happens. You know the usual car breakdown, argue with a friend, get sick, anything. Happy-streaks seem like a fairy tale adventure. There was a time when I was happy so much people were sick. I'd go months happy then spend an hour pissed off and the cycle would repeat, but then again I don't consider the person that I was at that point to be an incredibly exciting person, so that could do it. The more I truck on this roller coaster the more things get piled in my little buggy to spill out on the big hills, before I only had to worry about keeping my hands in. Ha! The fearlessness of youth, eh? It seems kind of masochistic too because whenever my pile seems to get to a comfortable load I add on more to make it all the more perilous. I seem to like it being not easy. For example, at the moment I'm starting another zine and maybe doing some sort of record distro because I don't feel like I'm busy enough, and I already have no free time. The real beauty of it all though is the fact that everynight I stay up till I can no longer function. I had to take a nap today because I was so out of it. A nap! That's practically giving in! I have made sleep my life-long enemy. Anyway that I can avoid it I do. If I could fit more hours into a day I would, of course not so I could enjoy them, but so I could find ways to make myself miserable with them. A good kind of misery though (like the band!), because at least I'm in control of it. It's not fun when you're miserable on someone else's terms, but I know that everything that drives me crazy is completely my own doing and if I wanted to I could get rid of it all whenever I want. That wouldn't solve anything though, only pretend to. I think it can all be summed up in one statement. Life is like good grindcore. That's right. Sometimes it's really slow and painful and others it's fast-paced and makes you want to dance around and laugh (well, grindcore makes me laugh, I don't know about you...). So just remember. Don't be too rough slamming

to the grind of life and things will be fine, just flow
with it boys. Just flow.

Z) Did I mention I do a perzine? I didn't think so! It's called Oh Well. It's on issue #4 and costs \$1 (even though they cost me \$2 each to make, I'm so punk it hurts, eh?) plus a nice little note to warm my heart. It's something crazy like 50 pages. You'll like it I swear.

Y) Write me! Ya know you want to! I am the southern part of this fanzine at: Will Dandy; Route 2 Box 438; Leeds, AL 35094. E-mail me at "Will-Dandy1@aol.com" (since people see to have trouble...that's the number one (1) after my name. Cool!?) Until next bi-month!



John Reis, if you're reading this, I want you to know that I want you and I want you bad. Rotting teeth and all, rock n' roll persona, sequined outfits, major label status and every other risqué angle to your heavenly frame. I have been listening to a lot of what the more astutely hardcore would refer to as "indie rock," all for the sake of being contrary of course. Obsession #96 is **ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT** for sure. I have all the records (a personal thank you for Hot Charity). I have a masculine intuition which says, "Keep coming on strong." And that's not all, I have a fabulous glossy-cover concept for HeartattaCk when I and another secret two-thirds of an unholy triumvirate usurp said zine this upcoming summer which will debut an exclusive **ARCHERS OF LOAF 7**", a hash-brownie recipe coming straight from the mouths of Louisville's favored sons the **GRIFTERS**, an article on bar-hopping, the liberation inherent in indiscriminately casual sex, and an interview with Sub Pop recording artists the **SPINANES**. Watch for it. Once and for all "that emo crap" will be buried and professional rock will rise to the podium, eulogy in hand, baton leveled and ready to be passed to a new, young and aspiring punk rock that will have everyone rearing heads in panic, making gangway for the exit door for fear of its particular brand of noxiousness. None of us will have anything to do with der

ueberpunk as they take over our world, growing, adapting and conquering, soon to push us out of our entrenched niches in the society's alternative, relegating us to museum irrelevance. Final and damning.

I have hope for the youth. Certainly in our day we had the know-how, and the insight, but not the where-with-all, the backbone or the stomach for reckless abandon. The meek shall inherit the Earth indeed, rabid and carnivorous, nothing like we are now in the "year that punk broke", taciturn accountants with much too much at stake in the way of things. In the book of Revelation it says that a new heaven and Earth will be made for these worthy insurrectionaries. Trust me, the apostle John had no idea of its breadth in majesty, as only religious maniacs like me can see the grandeur in the ultimate and supreme: the beauty of something new. Finally. Until such time, like my personal friend Natalie Merchant croons, "These are the days to be remembered." Aw yeah, baby. Being in the testifying mood, I say a big "Roger that, sister."

I need to get some. This was touched upon in a recent issue of Second Guess, but I need to get some all the same. What is it like to be famous? How much is egomania inspired by sexual frustration? How capable is the public at large of processing the intimate sexual details of those willing to divulge them? Let's find out. I need to ditch the forty-something market that I've been making the rounds with for the past eight years and really have an honest, get down and dirty, fresh and dangerous run-in with the wild and carnal. Keep in mind that only cloying intellectual types like me can want as much as I can, and I want it badly to the extent that I have potentially destroyed several friendships in the midst of a kind of unreasoning insistence that I should get what I want, when I want it. The how's and why's have nothing to do with it, my friends. It's bad stuff all the same. Check out Outpunk's latest offering on 7" platter, BEHEAD THE PROPHET to see just what I mean with the chronic ups and downs of the obsessively disturbed. "No Lord shall live" reads the subtitle to this band, taken straight from an old EXODUS song. Describing the attraction of the self-described normals to the inexplicably deviant, sexually or otherwise, this power-violence, style-core combination rips like their former incarnation the MUKILTEO FAERIES could've only hoped to. So at any rate, if you ever run into me you will notice that I am none other than the innocuous little seer of hardcore good-fortune that I would

otherwise seem to be in these pages. Don't be deceived. I'm as bad as they come, just like you are. Maybe Jim and Debbie Goad of Answer Me! fame will feel that I'm taking the "little people", the readership too seriously, but keep in mind that being "bad" is like being pathetic, which is not a talent, it's instinctual. I lamented my immortality complex last issue, so let me have it kids. There's a place you can make for doubt in my life, put the fear of god into me, I dare you. I can take you on.

Music comes first, but sex is a close second. Just when I was starting to get sincere last issue with the remote possibility of being taken seriously as a writer, I throw it all away for this. I know. Can you blame me for writing the same column every issue? At any rate, using the science of Hegelian dialectic, we can see that rock n' roll is the synthesis of the musical thesis and the sexual antithesis. Do you doubt me? Get a load of Phil Collins hits that only two months of Connecticut office radio can offer you, and have no fear, you'll see the that NEW BOMB TURKS record recorded in Billy Childish's kitchen as the only salvation to "An invisible touch, oh yeah." White hot, intensely pleading "Save me baby, please save me." New wave can still be good all the same, but always remember rock n' roll leads us into the foray. And let's talk about "the foray" while we're at it. Kids in Connecticut's much regaled Change zine insinuate that at a local IMPETUS INTER show kids were too in awe of David Hake as an "up and coming columnist in Punk Planet" to speak to me. I'm glad that someone else has billed me as an up and coming personality for me, furthering my schtick of self-created importance. Nearly famous? Says who? Maybe my appeal for free sex will come to something after all.

Minnesota is all me. Recent laves the STRIKE wow us all with their debut 7" on Johann's Face Records. Is Chicago co-opting the nearby heartland of lute-fisk, warm milk, and atrocious Scandinavian accents? I certainly hope not as the brilliantly antiseptic luke-warm socialism of Billy Bragg infused with the tunefulness of the JAM is what makes the STRIKE all right. A nice compliment to the SWINGIN' UTTERS on any compilation tape, and totally Minnesota. I take back my flip remarks regarding the CREEPERS from last issue. New material recorded in a secret recording session with a half chance of making it into public circulation reconfirms my personal belief in this rock n' roll sensation. But don't get me wrong,

DISEMBODIED still hold the scepter of righteousness in their barely post pubescent hands. A brand spanking new CD entitled "Existence in Suicide" (yowza is right) on local Furface Records (3401 Dupont Ave. S #104/Minneapolis, MN 55408) rocks my world. The mid-tempo mosh precisely executed is the soundtrack that will save us all. In more recent news I have returned from the desert to find my promised land in northeast Minneapolis. With recent bus strikes incapacitating the immobile youth of whom I claim membership, I have taken my days slowly, waking up at eleven in the morning, getting some pita bread and hummus from the local eats and waiting for the whole thing to blow over.

Slow day stupor revelation numero uno: Check the LORD HIGH FIXERS, Tim Kerr's latest project following recently completed soul documentation with JACK O' FIRE, POISON 13 in the good ol' mid-eighties and even earlier still with seminal giants the BIG BOYS. Debut records available on Estrus and No Lie. Slow day stupor numero dos: In a local groce I can't find any Orangina, and it hits me. In the traveling I have done most recently I will say that the torch bums brightest in the Midwest, the South and most importantly, Canada. Quebec province being my personal favorite, a spiritual capitol for all of North America in the things that make life enjoyable for the erudite, discriminating Generation X so-and-so, including readily available Orangina. 'adore les Quebecois. Intimidatingly beautiful, unaware and uncaring for convention are the inhabitants of this serene province. Earlier this summer in St. Romuald as if in some bizarre recreation of a Revelation Records melodrama, Belgian crest-gods HIATUS play it up to the local inhabitants having the time of their lives. I love it. All French, no English. It's like a new world where the city streets are paved with cobblestones and America never existed. This is my fantasy remember? It begins and ends with the kids in Quebec. Non sequitur city, that's what they call Hake. This is all I have to say, if I woke up tomorrow and the sky were a different color, at least that would be something. And even feeling jaded (as opposed to being jaded which is tantamount to being irrelevant) isn't cool when you've just turned twenty-three, you know what I mean? You've got to look around to find and appreciate the differences, and maybe just maybe we'll be able to live through a little bit of history (preferably of the rock n' roll variety) before the "end of history" malaise manufactured

by the media has its final word. I mean even military geek literatus Tom Clancy debunks this in his recent work *Debt Of Honor* with a brilliant Japanese 747 kamikazing with the Capitol Building. So say it with me sisters and brothers, "Fuck that."



Suck my dick you faggot cocksucker. Whatsa matter, are you P.C.? Are you offended, ya fuckin cunt wetback? Well too bad, I can say whatever I want. Nyah nyah nyah. First Amendment, free country, blah blah blah.

Adolescent or what? Much of what I read in the alterna-media in the last few years embodies this juvenile attitude exactly. On a weekly basis, I read this kind of diatribe in the pages of something that fancies itself "underground". Generally I just fume silently until I'm able to forget about it. Maybe I bitch to my friends. But engage headlong in the "PC" debate? Uh uh. Not me. Lately, though, a certain "Fuck It" feeling has taken hold. And so, here I am. Asking for it, as they say.

In his essay titled "The Politically Correct Thing, Oh Boy!", Andrei Codrescu captures my feelings perfectly: "If you teach blacks black history, whites are being done wrong. If you let women tell their stories, men might have to shut up. If gays complain, straights are being abused. This is the currently raging logic of the plantation owners who have declared war on what they call the 'politically correct.'"

I have never tried to censor anybody in my life. I have, however, gotten mighty pissed off at things I have heard, seen, and read. A few years ago, if I were to voice my opinion in these situations, I'd get an argument, sure. I don't mind that. Now I get a label. Femi-Nazi, P.C., what have you. Suddenly I'm the oppressor; a rapacious censor who intends to whitewash the world. If Joe Blow chooses to call someone a fuckin dyke (as a general insult; applied to a short-haired waitress who doesn't move fast enough or to an object of unrequited lust, for example) I will certainly be called "P.C." if I respond in any way. Perhaps I will be likened to Joe McCarthy or called a Nazi.

Suddenly, Joe Blow (or even Joe Alterna-Blow) is a victim. Of me. How did this happen?

This great land of ours was built on genocide, rape and slavery. If you don't believe it, get your head out of your ass. It's stupid to even argue about this stuff anymore. The descendants of the survivors are still subject to extreme discrimination on many levels, the most obvious, perhaps, relating to distribution of wealth. Also, watch ten Hollywood movies and count how many black men survive until the final credits. Then count how many aren't drug dealers. Can we talk about Pocahontas for a second? Did the real Pocahontas lay down her life to save some white guy's white ass? There is no proof whatsoever that any of it took place. But it makes a nice story, doesn't it? If you like that kind of thing.

Until fairly recently, American women couldn't vote or own property. Rape and battering of women by boyfriends and husbands is still something of an institution. Women still earn far less money than men for the same work. If they can get it. Many American gays and lesbians stay in the closet because they (reasonably) fear losing their jobs and/or getting their heads bashed in.

If Joe Alterna-blow wants to kick and scream about his constitutional right to call people "fag" or listen to old Amos'n'Andy records, fine. But pardon me if I can't work up a lot of sympathy for the guy. I begin to wonder if some people have enough to do.

Furthermore, if Joe can't stand the heat, he should get the fuck out of the kitchen. A few little well-chosen words can really do some damage. You have a right to use them, sure, but the people they offend have a right to speak up, too. And in my humble opinion, they shouldn't be called a Nazi for it.

I first became aware of this phenomena while I was attending a wealthy private college. I was there on scholarship and was significantly older than the majority of my classmates. Things like this would happen: some student would make a hideous generalization about Welfare, based on god knows what. Something to the tune of "People on welfare spend our tax money on new color televisions and abuse their children." In the event that there was someone in the class who was or had been on Welfare, and in the event that they had the nerve, they might pipe up something to the contrary. Invariably there would

be shrill whispers after and sometimes during class; the dread two letters very much in evidence. Thereafter, too, the offending person would be subject to stares and whispers. Similarly, I witnessed numerous scenes which resulted in a white student saying something like "You're making me look like a racist." Many of these students had been educated in what are supposed to be our nation's finest private schools, but their ignorance was startling. Their knowledge of race and class issues seemed limited to an awareness of what they were "supposed to say" (if those rules ever changed, extreme resentment would ensue) and having a chip on their shoulder about it.

It's true that there are some especially oversensitive whiney-ass people who are offended by everything. A lot of them live right here in my town. They can have a nervous breakdown ordering a cup of coffee. Then there's the Christian-Right-Family-Values people who would have us all watching Davey and Goliath and listening to Kenny G. That's not what I'm talking about. There's a lot of scary mythology going around about censorship and who the real enemy is. For example, people these days seem to fancy themselves some kind of revolutionary for consuming pornography. Whether I like porn or not is moot. My point is that it's an established industry. If you want to use it, okay. But Joe Alterna-blow might think he's a hero on behalf of free speech because he's rented Debbie Does Dallas 15 or so times. Spare me please (and no, Debbie Does Debbie in Dallas isn't any different.)

Phew! Isn't this fun? Welcome to my brain. Bring a lunch. Stay all day.

Speaking of attitude, those of you who read my column (whoever the fuck you are; this mystery has yet to be revealed to me. Something tells me I'll have more of a clue after this issue) might recall my recent rampage about New York and how people seem to put it on a intellectual pedestal, blah blah blah. Anyway, I'm going to school in New York this year, still living in my home town with my boyfriend, cats, etc. But it's a big change. I write this on a train. What, you ask, the fuck, does this have to do with anything? I'm not sure. In any case, I spend a lot of time at Lincoln Center, where the recent CMJ conference was held. I was too busy to attend, but I got to check out everybody's cool hair and piercings and stuff as they came and went. I also witnessed a pretty funny cultural meltdown at a local pizza

place - the joint was full of construction workers. And me. That in itself was interesting enough, but then a large crowd of alterna-dudes came in. One of them had some wide racing stripes shaved into his head. One of the construction workers turned to his friend and said, "Check it out, he's got a fuckin built-in bicycle helmet," to which his friend replied, "That's fucked up."

I also went to see a show, with none other than our very own Julia Cole. It was a Lookout! records showcase which featured Black Velvet Flag, The High Fives, Squirtgun, Mr. T Experience, and The Queens. We couldn't stay all night, but what we saw (the first three bands) was great. Not to mention the excellent company, but of course. I have another band to plug, a band I saw at the Warped show this summer (okay, go ahead and laugh - a lot of it was stupid but it was sorta fun) called Red 5. They're from LA, they just put their first single out on Dummy Records. They played in New York a couple weeks ago, but I couldn't catch them. Two great female singer/guitar players, great drummer, short fast songs. Can't beat it. Check them out. I hope to see them again myself as soon as possible.

Violation Fez #3 (The Travel Issue) is still available. #1 and #2 are all sold out. #4 should be out by mid-November (my new weirder life is going to make it hard to crank them out as quickly as I did before). \$1, c/o Leah Ryan, 5 Warfield Place, Northampton, MA 01060.



It's the middle of the night on an island off the South Carolina coast, and I can't go to sleep because somewhere in this room there's an enormous mosquito, no doubt carrying malaria, encephalitis, and dengue fever, just waiting to pounce on me.

What's more, just outside the sliding screen door there is an alligator sitting quietly in wait for food. As the night goes on, she grows less quiet; there are some splashes and sounds of struggle that I'm later told probably marked the end of a raccoon who wandered too close to the water's

edge and became a midnight snack.

It's not quite the jungle, but it's pretty exotic stuff for this Northern California boy. Ironically, though I could become dinner myself if the alligator ever figured out how to climb up on the porch and push its way through the sliding screen which is all that separates me from the call of the wild, I feel safer and more secure than I have any time in the last few weeks.

And why is that? Could it be that my psychotherapy is finally having positive results? More likely it's the fact that this island is a private and pretty exclusive (read: rich) community with guards at the entrances, where nobody gets in without being a property owner or guest of one. I'm the latter, spending a couple days with a punk rocker (I suspect he doesn't want to be identified) who's got the use of his parents' mini-mansion.

The contrast between where I am and where I've been these past few weeks is rather mind-boggling. In what has become an annual ritual, September finds me on the road in search of America or something like it, and this marks my next to last stop on a 17 state, 5000 mile odyssey that has left me alternately exhilarated and phenomenally depressed.

Most of the depressed moments haven't had as much to do with my own personal situation as with the condition in which I've found my country. "Slipping Into Darkness" is the title of an article I'm writing for another publication about my travels, and if that doesn't make it clear enough how the USA appears to me today, let me put it another way.

In the 1930s, during the last years before World War II, as Nazism solidified its hold on Germany and began to swallow up neighboring countries, someone observed: "The lights are going out all across Europe." This time around, unless things change drastically, and soon, it's lights out, America.

No, I didn't see any storm troopers marching or men with funny little mustaches erecting signs that read, "Coming soon on this site: a brand new state-of-the-art death camp." What I did see, again and again, with numbing repetition, were dying and decaying cities peopled by a growing and increasingly desperate underclass who make the Sex Pistols cry of "no future" look like an optimistic understatement.

I think especially of Detroit, my onetime home town that's not really a town anymore, but

has instead been reduced to a brutal nightmare that is one part Blade Runner and two parts Armageddon. The punk kids laugh at my fear and loathing; to them running the gauntlet of abandoned streets peopled only by the occasional predator or shell-shocked human discard has become a normal part of life, a sort of Death Ride '95 amusement park ride that's part of the experience of going to see a show in one of the tiny islands of culture and civilization that still survive at the heart of a ruined city.

What they don't understand is that with me it's not just fear of getting mugged or caught in random crossfire, but the horrifying gut-wrenching sensation of seeing a place that was once an imperfect but thriving home to two million people, yours truly included, reduced to a state barely removed from barbarism.

Only a heavily armed or truly foolhardy man would wander alone through much of what used to be downtown Detroit, yet when I was nine years old my very protective and conservative parents saw nothing wrong with letting me go there by myself for my piano lessons. The city was full of life then, three big department stores with windows brimming full of things to beguile and amaze a wide-eyed little boy, people coming and going everywhere, honking horns, policemen blowing their whistles, colored lights and the promise of adventure in the air.

All of it gone now, and while Detroit's been on the ropes for so long now that my younger friends have never known it to be any other way, I see other things amid the stray figures huddled around trash can fires seeking warmth against the encroaching midwestern winter. I see ghosts, the ghosts of the people who once lived and worked and laughed and played here, the ghost of the little boy for whom this once was a land of wonder, and most of all I see the ghost of America.

I'm not a unquestioning patriot by any means. I've spent most of my life questioning and criticizing many of this country's values, but I've also come to feel about it much the same way I do about my parents: with all their faults and failings, I love and honor and respect them, for like it or not, my life and fate are ineluctably bound up with where I have come from.

So too it is with America. Though we may be virulently opposed to the government as it now functions, or to the system of corporate capitalism that dominates our economy, we are as much

a product of America as is the rock and roll music that (occasionally) unites us. We can decide to divorce ourselves from both family and country, but just as our parents' voices will be rattling around inside our brains to the day we die, so too does America identify and inform every aspect of our lives.

None of this should be taken as an endorsement for flag waving or an announcement that I have become a card-carrying Republican. Just the opposite, in fact: in my opinion the right wing Republicans (and the wimpy Democrats who are trying to imitate them) are as fundamentally un-American as the German Nazis with whom they have a good bit in common. What it does mean is that I grow more and more uncomfortable with a punk rock culture that is largely concerned with crawling up its own ass while the world around it crashes and burns.

It's really quite staggering how seemingly intelligent people can devote their lives to debating whether Green Day has "sold out" or if it's "punk" for Rancid to be on MTV while displaying little interest in and even less understanding of the political and social trends that threaten to overwhelm us.

I was originally attracted to this scene at least as much by the politics as by the music; since then punk politics has become virtually an oxymoron. The vast majority of punk rockers are consumers, pure and simple. The handful who still champion some cause or another show a predilection for wildly unrealistic and often downright destructive ones.

Case in point: much of what passes for a political punk movement has been caught up lately in defending the O.J. Simpson of the underground, one Mumia Abu Jamal. Mr. Jamal is on death row for supposedly killing a cop; whether he actually did it is open to speculation, though the preponderance of the evidence would seem to suggest that he did.

But that's not the issue. I'm opposed to the death penalty on general principles (i.e., it's brutal and uncivilized and dehumanizes a society), so I certainly have no desire to see the guy fry. At the same time, he's an unlikely standard-bearer for any kind of revolution that I'd want to be a part of. Read his bio: among the things most commonly said about him are that he's a black nationalist and a supporter of Move and the Black Panther Party. I know some of you will think

differently, but these are hardly progressive causes.

Nationalism, whether black, white, or red white and blue, is the last thing we need at a time like this. Move, for those of you not old enough to remember, was a psycho cult something along the lines of David Koresh's Waco bunch, the main difference being that its members were black, and which suffered a similar fate (immolation). And the Black Panther Party, though it's currently getting an image rehab from those unwilling or unable to learn from history, was basically a gang of street thugs who cloaked themselves in a veneer of pseudo-Maoist ideology to accomplish a few good things and many bad ones.

All of these movements had one thing in common: something called identity politics, a way of thinking that claims the color of your skin (or your religion or country of origin, etc.) is more important than your social class or your economic standing or your values or your intentions. When white people practice it, it's rightly called racism; it deserves to be called the same thing when done by black people. Instead, it gets supported or at least condoned by well-intentioned radicals or liberals on both sides of the color divide.

As an indication of just how sick things can get, we see O.J. Simpson, wife beater and most likely double murderer, turned into a civil rights symbol. To millions of black Americans he couldn't possibly be guilty simply because he was a black man. So too with the followers of Mumia Abu Jamal: he can't be guilty because he's black and (supposedly) a radical.

I say supposedly because I don't see anything particularly radical about Mr. Jamal. His politics of racial separation, his identification with Islam - a religion at least as brutal and ignorant as fundamentalist Christianity - and the more than sneaking suspicion that even if he didn't kill the cop in question, he doesn't see anything especially wrong with it: all of these mark him as just more of the same old, same old.

Do you really want to live in a world that's divided along racial lines, where women are considered something less than human, and violence is a perfectly acceptable means of settling disputes? If so, you could always join a right wing Christian militia, or you could support a black nationalist, Islamic revolution. Guess what, folks: they're both working for the same cause.

What is it, I've long wondered, that gets middle class white kids from the suburbs all gooey-eyed and gaga over big strong black militants? I think it's got to be some sort of psychosexual thing. I've seen it happen all the way back to the 60s, when New Leftists got their hormones racing at the sight of the Black Panthers in their sleek leather jackets. I think much the same process is at work in making the photogenic Mumia Abu Jamal a poster boy for a new generation of erstwhile radicals.

Speaking of erstwhile radicals, you've got to check the description that Felix Havoc gives of himself in his new HeartattaCk column: "My interests include record collecting, girls, motorcycles, trucks, guns, etc." Well hey, female persons, I guess you should feel honored to be included on Mr. Havoc's list of favorite phallic symbols, but it's a little curious how someone who reduces one half the human race to the status of hobby or interest can think of himself as even slightly progressive, let alone radical.

True, he didn't go quite as far as the 60s black power leader H. Rap Brown, who memorably declared that "The only position for women in the revolution is prone," but does anyone think a society run by the Felix Havocs of the world (probably a one-man dictatorship, since I can't imagine there are too many where he came from) would constitute any improvement at all over the present one? To quote yet another voice of the 60s: "Meet the new boss, same as the old boss."

Of course there's not too much danger of Felix ever becoming much more than a legend in his own mind (I think the thing he is most famous for is that epic struggle with the hapless Spike Anarkie over who was the most punk), but if his superficial, image-laden version of radical politics makes any sense at all to you, give up now. Go get another tattoo and don't worry about the government, because they're obviously smarter than you.



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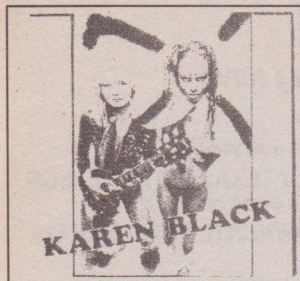
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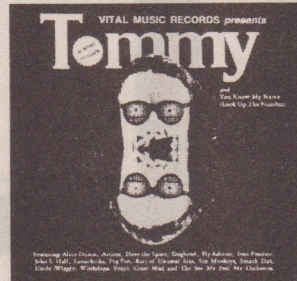
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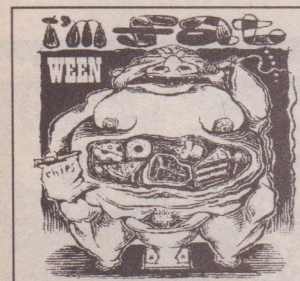
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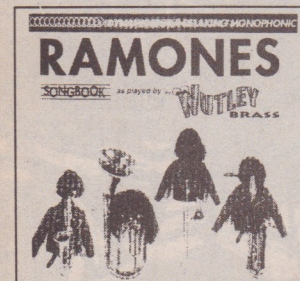
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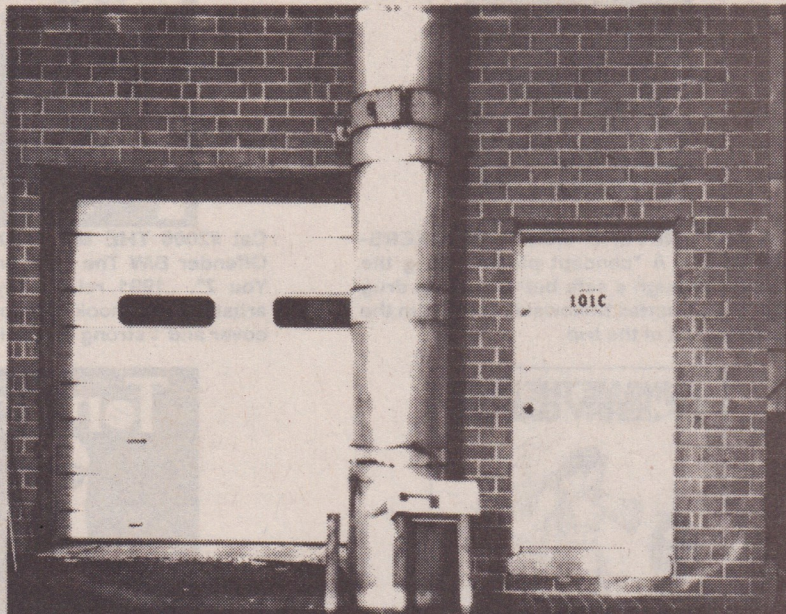
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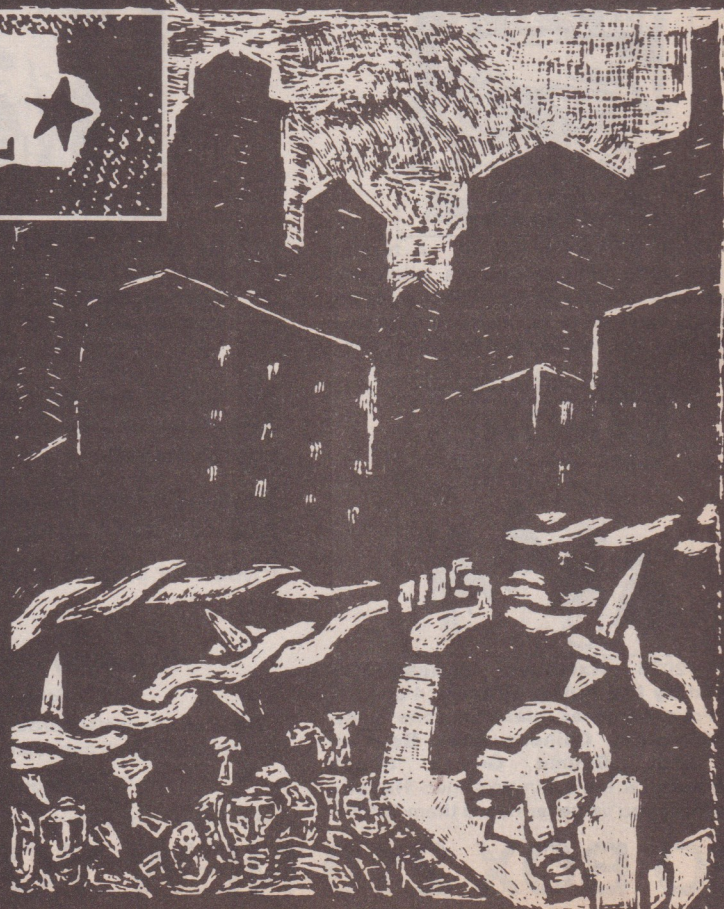


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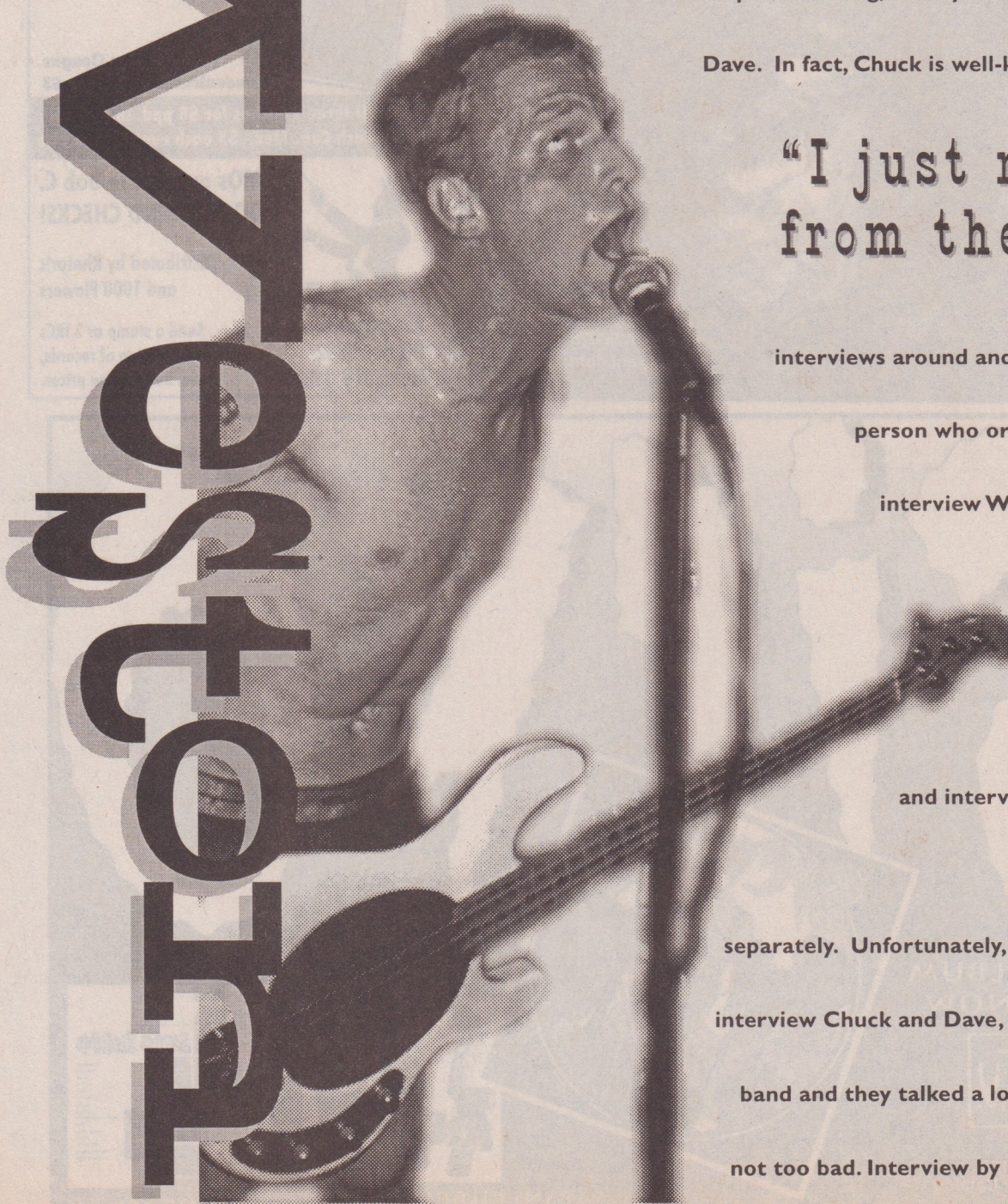
DRAGS 7"

WESTON are about the goofiest bunch of guys I know. They're also one of the best and most entertaining bands I know. Every Weston interview I've ever read has been an almost-indecipherable mess of jokes and talk of pro-wrestling, usually caused by Chuck and Dave. In fact, Chuck is well-known for turning

**"I just made
from the band**

interviews around and interviewing the person who originally set out to interview Weston. So for this interview, I decided to separate them and interview the individual members

separately. Unfortunately, I was only able to interview Chuck and Dave, but that's half the band and they talked a lot, so I guess that's not too bad. Interview by Scott MacDonald.



PP: What were you doing before Weston? **Chuck:** I was just working at a store.

PP: Were you in any bands before Weston? **Chuck:** Yeah, but not that played outside of the Lehigh Valley.

PP: Is that an embarrassing part of your past? **Chuck:** Only my first band was. We were called Youth Crisis and we were totally straight edge. Being straight edge wasn't embarrassing, it just... we played with all the New York bands, we played with Youth Of Today and we played with Judge, we played with all those bands. But we did it so cheese-ily. Like, people wouldn't come inside to watch us and we would go to the phone booth outside of this club we played at, and we would call the cops and tell them that these kids were all running around in the street, and the cops would come and chase everybody in. The cops would say, "You have to go in the club or you have to leave!" So everybody would have to come in and watch us play.

PP: What do you see Weston doing in the future? **Chuck:** I want to go around the world and become a rock superstar.

PP: I've heard a bunch of rumors about Weston being rock stars, do you ever hear that, does anyone ever say that to you? **Chuck:** I wish. I don't mind being called a rock star, but maybe not like they mean rock star. I grew up watching Kiss and Cheap Trick and I always wanted to be a rock star. Everything I do when we play, like every stupid move is either stolen from Rick Nielsen or Ace Frehley.

my first hundred and something dollars
that I've made in the last four years."

PP: But it always seems really cheesy and campy and like you're making fun of it. **Chuck:** Well they weren't serious when they were doing it either, they were always making goofy faces when they did that stuff too. But do you hear people saying that we're rock stars?

PP: Yeah, I've heard that before. **Chuck:** But for what reasons though?

PP: You know, most of the time people don't even give reasons. **Chuck:** For how stupid we act onstage? I don't know what we do that very rock star-ish other than posing around like a bunch of dorks onstage.

PP: Well, I heard one kid say that you guys just showed up for a show and sat in your van until you played and then went right back out and didn't hang out or anything. **Chuck:** Some days you just do that. I don't know what people expect. I mean, most of the time we like to go in and talk to everybody, but there's days when you drive 11 hours and you don't want to go in and hear and bands play- you don't want to hear shit. In the first two or three weeks of tour I listened to every band we played with, and the next three weeks I got really selective, and the last three weeks I don't think I listened to almost any of the bands we played with. After just being around music for so long, I mean, I hate to say it but you get sick of it.

PP: So how long was your last tour? **Chuck:** Nine and a half weeks.

PP: And you pretty much got burnt out on shows? **Chuck:** I didn't get burnt out on playing, I just got burnt out on like, getting to shows on time and then waiting four hours to play, that's what I get burned out on.

PP: That brings up another thing I wanted to ask, a lot of your songs that you guys still play are totally old, like dinosaur for example, do you get sick of those songs? **Chuck:** The ones that we still play are the ones that we're not sick of. There are some songs we get sick of and stop playing but then start again later. Tonight we played Mr. Lazo, which we weren't playing for a long time but we just started playing again. Lovely Fragile February, which we haven't played since it was written, we played it in the middle of Mr. Lazo.

PP: You guys probably have enough songs for a new album, right? **Chuck:** Almost.

PP: Do you refrain from playing those because a lot of people know your old songs and you know that's what people want to hear? **Chuck:** No, we usually work the newest stuff into the set because we want to see how it goes live. But, that's weird, I know like, if I go to a concert, say I go to see Cheap Trick, if they go through the whole concert and they don't play Surrender or The Dream Police, I'm disappointed, you know? But then when I'm playing and people keep yelling for the same songs all the time, like why do these people want to hear these same songs, like this guy was at our show last month and we played it and he was at our show the month before and we played it, why doesn't he want to hear something else?

PP: So, let's say you do Weston for a long time and then the band ends, what do you see yourself doing after that? **Chuck:** (laughter erupts from Chuck) I don't know. Going back to school and flunking.

PP: Did you go to college at all? **Chuck:** Yeah, lots of times. I went to Penn State for a year and a half and I went to two community colleges three times.

PP: And why didn't you graduate? **Chuck:** I don't like school. I was mostly going because I had this feeling like I should be going to school, it kinda gets drummed into your head. This country is so degree happy, you have to have a degree in something, worthless or not. So I just felt like I had to go, but I was so sick of it, I couldn't take it. I hate learning when someone tells you what you have to know. I've probably learned more since I quit college. I've read more books than I ever read when I was in college. I do so much reading now. I just hate enforced learning. Like every course you take in college, you've got one professor and he's got one way of teaching and you're at the mercy of them, it's like the professor's power trip thing and you're just like a slave to that, I don't like it.

PP: So you just said all that, but before you said you'd still go back to school. **Chuck:** Yeah, well like it or not it's a degree happy country, I don't know what else I could do. I don't think I could start another band after Weston. I could play in a band, but I don't think I could ever play in a serious band where I have it as my job like I do now. It's not much of a job (laughter). I just made my first hundred and something dollars from the band that I've made in the last four years.

PP: Do you live off the band? **Chuck:** No not yet, I'm living off what I had saved up from work. When I'm on tour I live off the band. When we're on tour, meals are from the band, and if we have to stay somewhere that's not someone's house, like if we're playing a town where the feeling is weird and we stay at a hotel, I don't pay for any of that. And every weekend when we go out, all the food and stuff like that is band money.

PP: Do you make money or lose money on tour? **Chuck:** One the first one we broke even, on this last tour we didn't.

PP: Why do you think that happened? **Chuck:** Well, it was a longer tour, and we had two accidents that we didn't have the first tour. We got a rock through the window, dropped off of an overpass on a highway coming into San Francisco, coming in route 280. I was driving really fast and I hear a sound like a shotgun and I look over and there's glass all over Brian. [Brian = roadie] I said, "Brian, there's glass all over you." And we floored it and got out.

PP: Did you get to keep the rock? **Chuck:** I got a piece of it. It didn't come through the window, it made a huge indentation, it was like shatter-proof glass, so there was just shards on Brian. It didn't come through the window, it hit and made a softball-sized indentation. But I got a piece from the windshield wiper.

PP: How did you book the tour? **Chuck:** I don't know, I stayed away from the phone. I didn't have anything to do with booking the tour, I didn't want to talk to anybody. Jeramiah and Charles [Charles Maggio, Gern Blandstein records guy] booked it.

PP: What about Chris Newmyer and Sandy, what do they do for the band? **Chuck:** Newmyer does nothing now. He... I'm not sure what he did (laughter). I know he did a mailing list thing. The only thing that I know, he did this thing,

I do. Jeramiah doesn't,
I don't think.

that was on the net, did you see that thing at all?

PP: Yeah, that's how I know about Chris. It was basically a show listing. **Chuck:** OK, but then he had that section that was like, "Frequently asked questions about Weston."

What was that shit? See, I saw the questions and I started reading the answers but I didn't read the whole thing, so I still don't know what he does. But I thought that whole thing was... because he never asked us or told us about that question and answer thing.

PP: It was really positive towards you guys. **Chuck:** I know but, every answer that I read, it seemed really condescending. Dave and I were both really pissed, Jeramiah wasn't. It just seemed so queer... well first of all, a frequently asked question about Weston is not, "Who is Sandy?" Like, a frequently asked question is, "Does Jeramiah have a girlfriend?" that's the most frequently asked question. So I don't know what Newmyer does, he doesn't do anything now, he moved to New York and he's booking a club called the Under Acme. Sandy is just our manager and she does everything that we're too incoherent to do.

PP: What is that? **Chuck:** The stuff that we were really bad at before, like keeping our schedules straight. We had this calendar, and pretty much all the calls came to me and Jeramiah, but we could never keep anything straight. She does that, she does a lot of booking shows for us and stuff. Basically now, anyone who asks me if we want to play a show, I just give them her number, because she's a lot better with scheduling than I am.

PP: Why don't you guys do it yourself anymore? **Chuck:** Because we're too stupid, we book a show like Friday in York and then Saturday we book a show in Boston. We're just like, "Oh, Boston, cool." Just stuff like that we're just not good at. She does a lot of stuff that we totally cannot do. I don't know whatever you've heard, but we've been talking to labels, and she knows more about stuff like that, like publishing and blah blah business crap.

PP: So she's like the professional end? **Chuck:** Yeah, basically.

PP: What labels have you been talking to? **Chuck:** We talked to BYO, we talked to Equal Vision, we talked to Roadrunner, we talked to a label called Zero Hour, I think today she went and talked to a label called Another Planet, did you ever hear of that?

PP: No. **Chuck:** It's like the Cro-Mags re-issue, the two on one, and the Murphy's Law first two albums on one. I think that's what they've done, they haven't put anything new out, but she went to go talk to them today.



PP: So you guys are looking around for a new label? **Chuck:** Well, we also met with Charles. I don't know, see our problem right now is that Jim got married... which is kinda like a problem. He got married and he has weird in-laws, and he's living in their in-laws house, him and his wife, and he can't quit his job. And all of us have quit our jobs basically because we're too busy with the band to be able to keep a job without having to take off like every other day. But he can't quit his job. So we need to get money, for Jim, to quit his job so he can tour with us. Otherwise he can't because he's in such a weird situation with his weird new family.

PP: Have you got much money from the records? **Chuck:** No, because all of that money just goes back into like, t-shirts. And any profit we make is for when the van decides to have a problem, and then we have to go spend all the money that we make on fixing the van. It works out very neatly, we don't usually lose money, but once we do make some money, the brakes go in the van or we need a new carburetor. The van is like psychic and sneaky. So we need an actual amount of money for Jim, because anything that we get, Jim's going to be getting the lion's share and then me and Jeremiah and Dave are going to split enough to live, because my savings from my job are starting to dwindle.

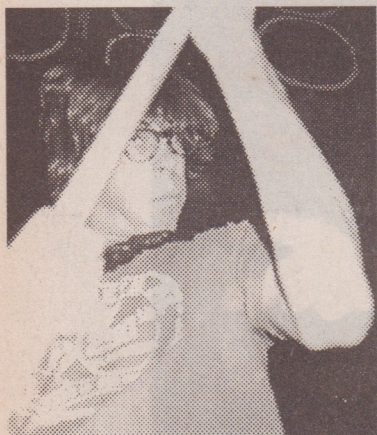
PP: Have you guys had any interest from major labels? **Chuck:** Not really. Kinda but not really. Like, they've been at our shows in New York. The guy from Atlantic was, but I was making fun of him a lot, I don't think he likes me. And someone from Epic called Sandy up and asked her to send the disc and stuff. And I think somebody from Arista wanted the disc. I'd be totally scared to go with something like that anyway.

PP: Why is that? **Chuck:** It's just too easy to get lost in the shuffle. I couldn't imagine, even if a major label decided they'd be interested in us, that once we're on their label they'd show any interest in us.

PP: Well, let's say that you did actually find a major label that would show interest, would you go with that? **Chuck:** Well, that's the thing, you can't really know if they're going to show interest until you're actually on the label, and that's why I don't know if I would ever want to...

PP: I guess what I'm asking is if you have the sort of punk rock kind of problem with major labels... **Chuck:** The big qualm with major labels? I don't think so.

PP: Do you see yourself as a punk rock band? **Chuck:** See, that's a weird thing in the band. I do. Jeremiah doesn't, I don't think. Dave just thinks we're rock, because he likes to rock, I think. Jim just doesn't know. I don't know what other kind of band I'd be in.



Dave just thinks we're rock, because
he likes to rock...

PP: Yeah, I mean, you guys totally play for kids, and it's pretty much all at d.i.y. shows. **Chuck:** According to me we are. But if you're interviewing us separately and you ask, someone is going to say no we're not punk rock, someone is going to waffle, that's going to be a weird question. But definitely ask that because I want to know what they say. I pretty much know from talking in the van. Jeremiah will say that I am punk rock therefore we are a punk band.

PP: Guilt by association. OK, you guys have like a \$500 guarantee, right? **Chuck:** What? We do?

PP: That's what I've was told. **Chuck:** I think the thing is we don't expect to get \$500 but if you start at \$500 and they say \$100 and then it's easier to get, like, \$150 if we have a van problem or something. I never knew we had a \$500 guarantee.

PP: Who makes these decisions where you guys don't know about it? **Chuck:** I don't know! I don't make any decisions.

PP: Really? Does that bother you? **Chuck:** No.

PP: Why not? **Chuck:** I don't want to make any damn decisions. I want to play, I don't to make any decisions or have any part of the stupid business crap in this band. Already with going to all these labels, it's totally driving me crazy. We had one day in New York when we had three meetings, and on the way home I was so messed up. I don't want that stuff going through my head, I have other stuff going through there, like my normal life. If it's really \$500 it was probably decided and I just went, OK whatever, and that's mostly because we don't have jobs and we're trying to live off the band. I really don't want to have a job, I really hate it, and I'd just like to try to make a living playing music. Here's my thing. I just want to tour all the time. I think no matter what label we're on, if we tour enough, we'll be able to make a living off it. The more you tour, the more people see you, the more people come see you the next time.
(A few more things were discussed, but my tape recorder fizzled out.)

PP: So, the band is named after you? **Dave:** Well, my parents. Moreso the parents, they did more for this band than I ever have. They let us play in their house and keep them up at night.

PP: So the name is sort of a dedication to your parents? **Dave:** Yeah.

PP: Where do you see the band going in the future? **Dave:** Um, well, that's a really tough question. I would like it to be to the point where our songs are in movies and

stuff and the band becomes a big launchpad to our film careers.

PP: Are you serious? **Dave:** Yeah, I'm being completely serious. I'd also like to get to the point where I write songs better.

PP: Do you write most of the songs? **Dave:** Any guitar lick that you hear, I wrote that. I write all the guitar licks like the "NYAH NYAHs" and the "DOO DOOs" I do all that stuff. I wrote the music to Just Like Kurt, but I'm basically just a parts guy. I'd like to be at the point where I can come in with a whole song that's actually good. So right now I'm the parts and licks guy, I'm a lickin' parts guy. I'm finger lickin' good parts guy. If I didn't bring my parts into practice and show everybody I'd be a private parts guy. (many snickers)

PP: Do you consider yourselves a punk rock band? **Dave:** Not entirely, no. Well, for one, Jim doesn't know much about punk rock... as a viable alternative to, say, the world, or the planet, so to speak. I think in certain aspects, like our attitude is, I guess punk, about certain things. We're more entertainers. We're not really very political.

PP: Do you think punk has to be political? **Dave:** No, I think it's a lot of different things. I think, actually we were talking about this not long ago, and some of the punkiest people are people who are not into punk. Like that lady who's working to support two kids, she's pretty punk. But I think a sense of humor is important. As for me, it was something I really took an interest in. I've done the hardcore thing, you know, wearing shorts and jumping on people. But that wasn't really me. So now I'm kinda back where I started, just some hard-smokin' geek who wants to write songs. And the songs I write, they might not be punk they might be, I don't know. That's a word that's getting more and more weird lately, to me. I prefer the term 'rock', we're more of a rock band. But I mean, we don't want to play at, like, bars and stuff.

PP: Like rock clubs? **Dave:** Yeah.

PP: So you're a rock band that plays punk shows? **Dave:** Yeah. And all of our friends are punks, and the people we like and respect are punks. We have more in common with them than we do Sweet Home Alabama, the Lynard Skynard Tribute Band. I don't know, I think there's some punk in us, I think we have that energy some nights, other nights we... we suck. But every band has those nights.

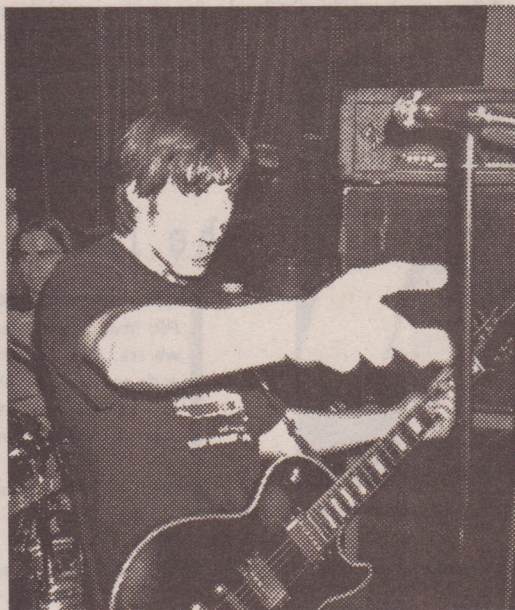
I write all the guitar licks like the Nyah Nyah's and the Doo Doo's

PP: Do you think you have bad shows? **Dave:** Oh yeah, I know we have bad shows. You can probably ask some people who videotape us to see us at our worst. And I think it's pretty punk that we can admit that. We're not perfect, we're not robots, like if one of us had a bad day at work or stepped in dog crap it might hit us and the vibe will be off. See, we're also like crowd parasites. We're very much a feed-off-the-crowd band. If the crowd's not into us we still try to rock but after awhile it can get to the point where you're just like, "grrrr..." and we start to suck. But I think once I get a new amp we'll be a lot better. I'm very psyched about a new amp, because mine's falling apart. Everytime we take it out of the van more and more of it falls apart.

PP: I know I've never seen a bad Weston show, but you guys tour all over the place and I was wondering if you find certain places where the crowds just aren't into you? **Dave:** Oh yeah.

PP: What do you do? **Dave:** Take it with stride, I guess. If someone is standing there with their arms crossed and they're yawning, I might start to tickle them, or grab their leg or something, just to give them a second chance. If you didn't like the first half, try the second half. And after that if you're bummed, we'll give you your money back. I sound like I'm doing a sales pitch. But I do stuff like that, I try to wake up people. But I think it's really cool that a lot of people who wouldn't normally like a band like us do like our band. Like, we played at that Columbus fest.

PP: Yeah, you guys play a lot of hardcore shows. **Dave:** Yeah, and I thought it went over pretty well. I mean, everybody was really nice, they gave us hummus, we looked at zines, and it was a lot of fun. So, I actually sometimes like to challenge the band. It's not much of a challenge to play to the same people all the time. It's good to try to try out new people. Like a band like Los Crudos, who play to a lot of people who totally agree with what they're saying, like, "yeah you guys are right on." But it would be cool to see them play at a place where the people have no idea what they're talking about. That's so thrilling, getting new fans, that's so exciting to me. And it's even harder to hold onto them sometimes, especially if you suck. Especially if your equipment falls apart. But yeah, we've played shows where people have just hated us. But that's fine. There's always tomorrow night. That's the great thing about tour, if you suck on Tuesday and you have a show Wednesday, then you can get psyched up for the show on Wednesday. But if you suck, and your shows get canceled, and your out of money, and you have to stay at the house of the people who hate you, then that's not cool.



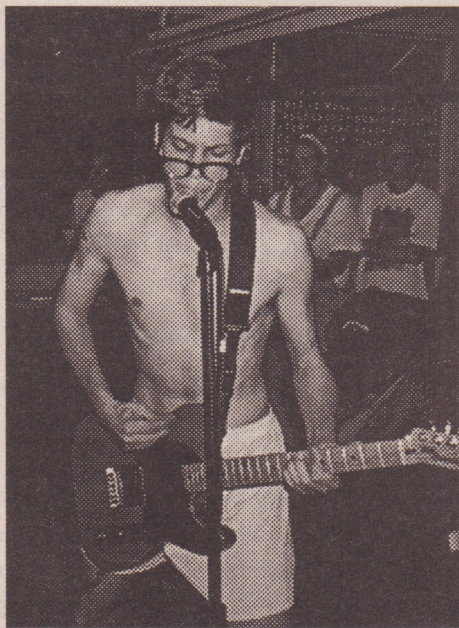
PP: Has that happened? **Dave:** Not that I can remember. I'm sure it's happened to a lot of bands.

PP: Has touring changed your perspective on how you view the band and how you view music? **Dave:** Oh, definitely. First of all, it's getting easier as we do it. And you learn more about your band members' creepy habits. Like, Jim, our guitar player, sleeps with his eyes open, it's fucking freaky. He sleeps with his eyes like half open. We play this game, we sit around and watch him sleep, because he's usually the first one to pass out, and what we do is we push each other in front of his face, so you have to see it, and... you get scared. But it's a real test of friendship. I don't know how many stories we've heard of bands going on tour and getting into a fistfight on like the second day. They haven't been around long enough to really know each other. But I think we work well together. I actually think we're like brothers, it sounds cheesy, but it's true we are like brothers. Not just the band, but the people who come with us, like Bickert and Rocky and Brian and all our friends, we're like brothers. We fight like brothers, we hug like brothers, you know? We care, we're like a really emotional band, put us up against any emo band you can find and I think we're... we're very emotional.

PP: Do you guys cry a lot? **Dave:** No, it doesn't necessarily mean crying, we're just a very grabby band. We're always grabbing each other... in the ass. We're like baseball players and brothers combined. We're a team, and if the clean up hitter's not working out, we have to have a talk with him.

PP: And you're kind of a traveling comedy troupe as well. **Dave:** Yeah. I just like to cheer people up. We're also like traveling psychology. I can't tell you how many nights I've stayed up with people we've met until like six in the morning just rappin' about stuff. It's like a trade off. You talk with them and you learn stuff from them. That's like amazing. That's another great aspect of touring, you meet a lot of people who you probably would not have ever met, obviously, if you weren't in a band. You meet a lot of cool punk rockers, and they're very helpful to us. Sometimes I don't think they even know how much they're helping us out. I hope that we help them out.

PP: How concerned are you with the whole business aspect of the band? **Dave:** Oh, it sucks. But for our band, in order to keep the machine rolling, it's become a reality. I'm learning more and more about it, and even how it comes into play with bands on our level. We're not super huge, but I think we've done pretty well for ourselves. The only press we've had has been in zines and stuff which is rad. But bands that you wouldn't even think were into that have all kinds of business stuff that you don't know about. It's kinda



I do all that stuff...I'm basically just a parts guy.

hush hush. Our guitarist Jim is married so we have to have good tour support and stuff. We've had a lot of weird offers from other record labels and it's just been so confusing and nutty and depressing. It almost feels like we're on drugs or something because we've been so crazy with this. But I hope whatever choice we makes works out, but if it doesn't, then... acting, here we come. See, it's funny, if we were actors, there's no debate about major labels or major acting, your goal is to become big and do movies and stuff. But in music there's so many problems. Kids have a lot of problems with their bands signing.

PP: Would you sign to a major label? **Dave:** A major label? I change my mind a lot about that. Today I'd say no. My quote from myself on that is that major labels are like toy collectors. They take what they want, and they re-sell it, and whatever they don't want they throw out, and they can jack up the price, lower the price, and it's just nauseating. But if you want to make music a career, if you think that's cool, then that's what you've got to do, or work out some cool deal.

PP: Is that what you want to do, make music a career? **Dave:** Yeah! I want to be able to play music. There's nothing more exciting than putting out seven inches, as a record geek speaking from experience. But I don't know, that's so confusing. You can ask anybody in the band, and they'll all probably say that they're so burned out they don't know what to say about that. We've been so burned on that subject.

PP: That's kind of the impression I got from Chuck. **Dave:** He and I would always call each other on the phone, like "Duh..." about that. But it's not even really like there's been any super major label interest. But those things... they're weird. But seriously, there's scumbags everywhere.

PP: Well, is there anything else you want to cover? **Dave:** I want to cover the song... wait, what was the question?

PP: In the interview, is there anything else you want to talk about? **Dave:** Just like, thanks, to the group, Punk Planet, all the punks, and just like... always scrub your back in the shower. I do. And just... be yourself. But sometimes it's cool to be other people too. I know I act a lot.

PP: I saw you one night where you were Elvis the whole night. **Dave:** Yeah. That's part of the act, though. Acting. Be yourself, but when you're acting, be the other person to the hilt. Be John Hiltz to the Hiltz. But, uh... I dunno...

Braid is from Urbana, IL and they're real cuties. They have just recently gained a big following in the Urbana-Champaign area and are looking to become big rock stars. This is probably the first time a lot of people have even heard of them, but it's definitely not the last. Rumors abound that these guys are going to be huge. Enjoy! Interview by Kim Bae

PP: OK. Everyone state your name and what you do.

TODD (T): Hi, I'm Todd and I play the bass guitar.

BOB (B): Hi, I'm Robert Z. Nanna and I play guitar and sing.

CHRIS (C) : Original. My name's Chris and I'm at work right now and I play guitar.

ROY (R) : Roy Dean Ewing drums.

PP: So, let's get all the boring stuff out of the way. Let's talk about your records.

B: There's a lot of them.

R: The first release was on a label called Slave Cut Records which was a double 7" comp. Chris wasn't involved with us and neither was another member but we won't mention that. We have a 7" out on Enclave Records which was done by a friend of ours in Urbana and we have an LP and CD on Divot Records, double LP which seems to be selling pretty well right now.

T: We have a ton of stuff coming out.

PP: So, what do you guys want to talk about then? Bob?

R: Hey, we're going on our second tour. We could talk about that. Second tour to California, we leave Christmas day.

T: Let me tell you about our first tour. It was incredible. And everyone was really, really nice and we were gone for 16 days and we played about 15 shows and we went through about 39 quarts of oil. And we put 4000 miles on our van in, like, 2 weeks.

B: Todd, what was your favorite place to play on tour?

T: I think one of my favorite places to play was Little Rock, Arkansas because the kids were really neat.

B: I agree. I really liked Little Rock.

T: And they play some mean 4-square but we weren't afraid to hold our ground. It's a great game. We got to play with a lot of cool bands... We got the van stuck in Virginia beach because we had to make her go through some trees to get her out.

B: Yeah, our van is Vanessa.

PP: Named after Vanessa Williams? (no one laughs)

T: No. It was our clever attempt at humor. Van-essa. Vannn-essa. We have an I Love Jesus air freshener so our van smells like Christians. (laughter)

PP: And what, pray tell, does a Christian smell like?

T: Like an air freshener, I guess.

PP: So Bob, you wanna talk about your label now?

B: First of all, to get this all over with, I'm starting a label blah blah blah. It's called Grand Theft Autumn and I'm doing split 7"s to commemorate different models of the juke box. Isn't that totally cool? They're going to be 45s with the big holes. The first 7" is a Cap'n Jazz/Supporting Actress split 7" and the second one's going to be a Braid/Promise Ring 7". Anyway, I just want to do a lot of different things...I don't want to be a labeled label, if you know what I mean. So what else where we going to talk about?

T: We were going to talk about the plethora of records we have coming out. [listed at end of interview]

B: Oh yeah. For everyone reading (laughs) who has the Punk T.V. comp on Red Dog Records, our song, we did My Life, the theme from Bosom Buddies, apparently somehow it got mastered or...something's wrong with it because it's horribly slow.

T: So Bob does not weigh 400 pounds like he sounds. Who else's song got messed up on there?

B: Oh, F.Y.P.'s.

PP: What do you guys think of all these Champaign bands exploding into popularity and how do you fit in?

C: All I have to say is, sellout mania. That's what we're gonna do. We played with Poster Children at a frat party a couple weekends ago. We thought it was going to be bad, but...

B: We thought we were going to be pelted with kegs.

T: Everyone was really nice and it was a good opportunity to play for people who were really, really...

B: Drunk.

R: And plus, it was the first time we got to sign autographs. (laughter, everyone looks at him in disbelief) Well, on my way out when I was walking home someone asked me and I was like, "Well...OK."

C: Shut up. Are you kidding?

R: Yeah. (laughter)

R: (laughing) Yeah, like someone's gonna ask us for an autograph.

PP: Maybe you should pre-autograph your records so you won't have to deal with all the mobs of people.

T: Well, there are some out there. We personalized the CDs.

They have these little napkins in them and each of them say something different. Most of them just say Braid on them because we got lazy because we had to do a thousand of them.

B: Chris just put "fuck" on them.

T: Towards the end some of them just said, "This is really tedious and I hope you appreciate it jerk."

PP: You love your fans. So, is this gift-giving a motif? I notice you give out little pieces of gum and stuff like that, little matchbooks.

B: In Florida, we made sure that everyone in the place got some Bazookas.

T: And we had a display of Mike 'N Ikes that everyone had their hands in.

PP: They had their dirty paws in your candy?

T: Yeah, exactly. It was a bonding experience for everybody.

B: Yeah, all twenty, I mean... (laughter)

T: Oh, speaking of tour, there's a great guy we'd like to thank called Steve Lamos who was roadie extraordinaire and a great trumpet player that helped us out. He's a really good guy.

B: What other fun stories do we have? The Richmond show was cool because it was a potluck dinner too.

T: But it was in this in this attic and it was like 200 degrees inside because it was like 152 degrees outside

B: And Roy poked his eye out almost.

PP: Roy poked his own eye out?

T: With his drumstick.

PP: (to Roy) That's good fake.

R: It's glass.

B: I have some funny pictures of Roy holding his eye shut with ice on it during Rail. (everyone laughs at Roy) While Rail was playing, Roy's in the back kneeling down nursing his eye wound.

PP: Come on guys. Let's have the naked race now.

C: On tour, we all just got naked with Steve. It was so fun. We just got naked and raced. As Steve was bending over to pick up his clothes, Roy thought it would be funny to throw sand in his ass. (laughs) We stopped about an hour later and Steve had to...wipe...and he said he was drawing blood so I felt really bad for him.

T: And it was all Roy's fault. Roy, any comments on that situation?

R: [changing the subject] Another thing, we had (mumble mumble) from TVT Records, Nine Inch Nails' label, uh...we could talk about that now.

B: Yeah, there was kind of a scene report of sorts on Champaign.

T: In Request magazine which is distributed by Musicland. (laughter)

B: When you buy something at Musicland they give it to you for free but I wouldn't know because I never shop there. I'm a purely Sam Goody...

T: I swear to god I did not buy my Green Day poster at Musicland.

B: OK, here's the thing. We got a call from the lower form of the scouting department at TVT Records. I think the guy just kind of like looks through magazines. For a living. (laughter)

Honestly! And calls up bands that are highlighted or something. They wanted us to send them something, which we probably will... But we don't want to be on TVT Records.

T: The point is we still like phone calls and mail so you can write us anytime and we will write you back.

B: Yeah, we'll send you our press kit. (laughter)

Yeah, he's like, "Can you send us a press kit?" I'm like, "Hm. We have a first aid kit in the back. Roy's got a nice drum kit."

PP: I was wondering if you guys were doing any more acoustic stuff?

B: (grabs the recorder and belts out "Home of the Brave" with immense vibrato) Here's the thing, Braid is actually gonna...one of the persons who lives below us is a DJ at the alternative music station here at Q101. No. She does a local music show and since we're paying her, I mean (laughter)...anyways. She wanted us to play on her show. I think it would be cool to play acoustic but we're all going to do it. Roy's gonna get some bongos or something. I'd love to get really cool instruments like cello.

PP: I play violin.

B: You do? Oh, you know, I remember you played with Lorenzo Music. (laughs at me)

T: Plus Bob has some bagpipes and I have a xylophone and Roy has a kazoo. We're gonna play those.

B: If anyone's doing a Pixies cover comp, we wanna do Veloria. (mumble) from Action Boy wanted to do a cover album of the whole Surfa Rosa album by the Pixies. He said he didn't know if he wanted to make it a comp or just one band doing the whole album and I said immediately that we'd do it. Roy's gonna be naked on the cover if you've ever seen the cover of Surfa Rosa.

PP: No, I haven't, but we'll be looking forward to seeing Roy right here. (laughter) OK, let's look at my questions.

B: Ask us anything you want. I'm 20 years old.

PP: And how tall are you?

B: I'm 6'1". (Chris rejoins us from working)

PP: We're getting the specs on everyone.

T: Chris is a hypochondriac.

B: Chris is 19, just turned 19. We like to call him Baby Chris.

T: And I'm the grandpa because I just turned 24 so I drive the van.

C: (talking over Todd) I'm an insomniac. I don't like people.

T: Roy, you have a birthday coming up. Roy's turning magic 21 so you can send him stuff at (see end)

B: Tell me about Punk Planet.

PP: Well, you see, this interview is all about me, so—this is your first interview, right?

B: Actually, I think it is.

R: Well, we've done little teeny zines.

T: Skateboarder zines and stuff.

PP: Oh, those piddly things. (laughter)

R: Yeah, you know those zines that only cost a quarter. (laughs)

T: DIY zines.

PP: We can't have those now.

T: Yeah, that's uncalled for. We only do mainstream magazines and we only put our stuff on radios that -

C: Actually, Q101 played us once.

T: Whatever you do, don't play at

Q101 because they make you play in a box.

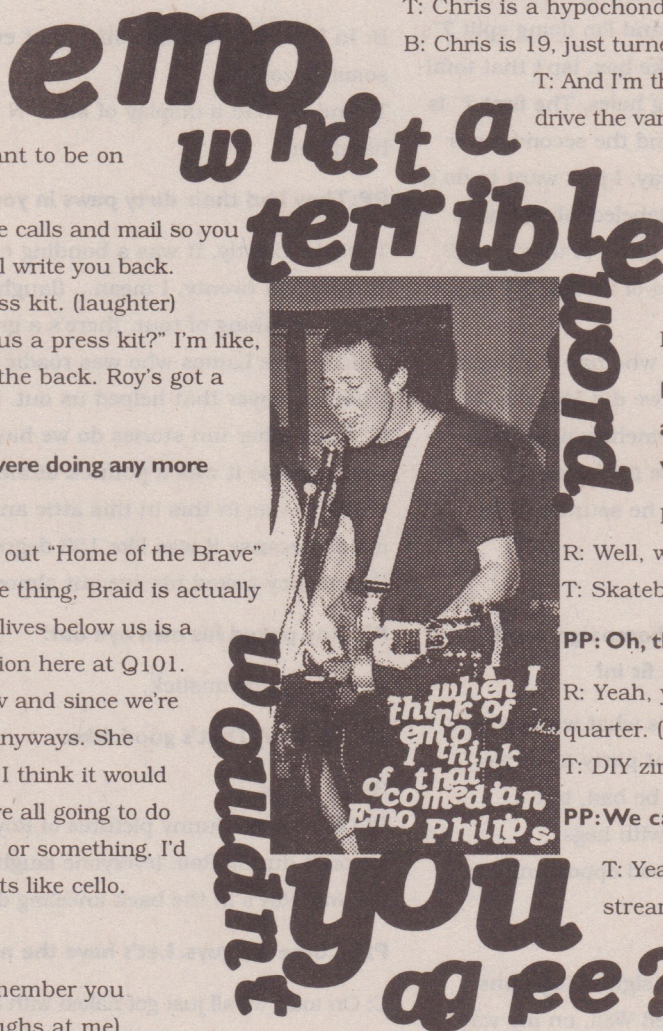
B: No, that's not Q101. That's WNUR. We played over the radio.

T: But anyway, we got these really cool tapes from there.

(laughs) We took 200 promos to tape and send to everyone. I'm kidding. Chris is a jerk.

B: There were these boxes that were chuck full of these Wedding Present cassette singles. After we had already stolen about 50 we asked them if we could have some and they're like, "Take 'em all."

R: I asked (mumble) and he's like, "Leave a couple for us," so



Bob put 2 on the table and took the rest. (laughs)
 B: It was great because then we made tapes for all our friends and sent them out and, I don't know, made origami. (laughter)
 Oh, you said before, how do you feel about being a Champaign band..we're not from Champaign, Kim. Actually, 2 of us are from Chicago but itself as an entity, the band is from Urbana.

PP: Well, what I meant was coming from this particular area.

B: Yeah, I know. We just like to say that we're from Urbana because...

PP: Because no one's heard of it?

B: Everyone's always like, "Champaign, maaan, it's the next Seattle."

R: We've actually gone over really well for the type of music that we are.

B: We haven't really said anything about our music style. Are you going to ask us any questions about our musical style?

PP: (lying baldly through my teeth) Um, I had one actually, somewhere.

R: We refuse to answer to the three-lettered "e" word.

B: Yeah, emo's a no-no.

R: We're college rock. (laughter)

B: Emo. What a terrible word. Wouldn't you agree?

PP: Should we make it a national cuss word?

B: When I think of emo I think of that comedian, Emo Philips.

R: I think of that thing on the Muppets, no, Sesame Street. Elmo.

B: She was going to ask us questions about our musical style.

R: I get frustrated with our music because they come up with very complicated songs.

B: Personally, Roy's one of the best drummers I've ever heard.

C: Yeah, I agree.

PP: Awww. Let's have a group hug.

T: Speaking of magazines, I like Sassy a lot. No. We're shooting for the cute band alert. No. There's this other unnamed zine called HeartattaCk that we're not going to mention and they said that we're straight edge and we just want to say that we're not confirmed straight edge so we don't want to be misunderstood.

R: You see, a lot of the people that order our records are like, "Hey, so how long have you guys been straight edge blah blah blah?" or, a lot of the letters that I get that I don't show to the

other guys. (laughter) But, we're not straight edge so we probably won't be popular anymore. Not that we were popular.

T: We're just saying this so no one will hate us if they see Chris having a cigarette outside a show or something like that so we won't be misunderstood -

B: Or see Chris staggering drunk. (laughter)

T: Also because I think everyone just comes and uses that as the initiative to see a band just because they are straight edge. Like we have all these weird straight-edgers coming to our shows which is cool but I think that the main reason they're coming to see us is because they think that we're straight edge and we're not. We just want to get that out of the way.

R: But another thing, we've had a lot of support from a lot of the so-called straight-edgers emo-folk people.

B: We were on a straight edge label.

PP: Do you guys have a Web page or anything?

R: It's coming.

B: I'm actually going to some class where I'm going to learn how to do it. It's gonna be cool. Prairienet's (an organization that gives people free access to the internet) great. I never work without a Prairienet. (laughs)

T: That's another bad Bob joke. Like every time he breaks his G-string when we're playing. Corny joke. You don't want to hear it.

PP: Well, I don't want to play truth or dare here so if you guys have any interesting stories. (everyone looks at Chris)

T: No stories, none that we want printed in a zine.

C: Our future plans are to play in Braid forever.

T: Closing comments...this is going to be hugely long.

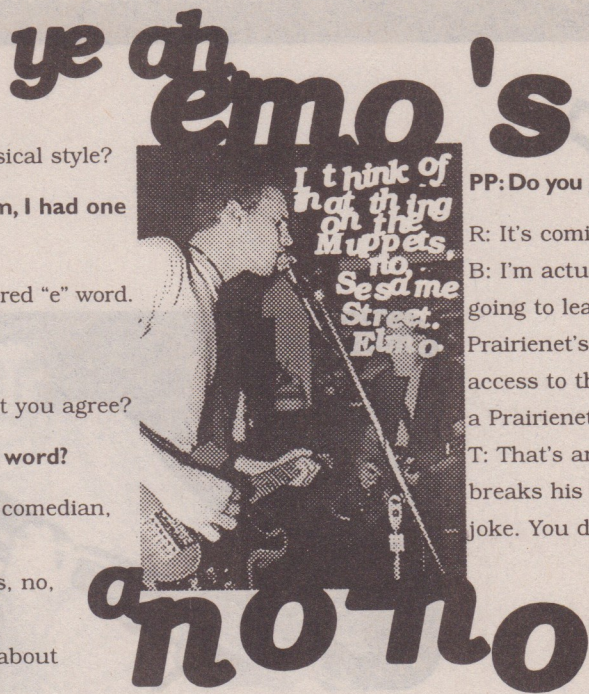
PP: OK guys, I'll be leaving now.

UPCOMING BRAID RELEASES

No Idea comp. (next issue)
 Baseball theme comp. (Divot Rec.)
 Misfits cover comp. (Foresight Rec.)
 Mud Rec. comp. from Champaign (avail. Jan. '96)
 Liberty Park Rec. comp.
 7" comp. from PA, Yuletide theme(?)
 Braid/Jerkwater split 7" (Dyslexic Rec.)
 Braid/C-Clamp split 7" (Polyvinyl Press)
 Braid/Promise Ring split 7" (Grand Theft Autumn)
 Braid/Whirlpool split 7"

WHAT IS AVAILABLE AND ADDRESSES

Braid : PO Box 4055 * Urbana, IL 61801 or braid@prairienet.org
 7" available for \$3 from Braid. There were none available at the time of the interview but it is being repressed. CD (soon to be double 12") available from Divot Rec. at PO Box 14061 * Chicago, IL 60614-0061



chisel

We don't necessarily listen to a lot of new hardcore bands...



it doesn't mean that it's not a part of our music.

PP: Let's start with the basics. Who are you? *Ted:* My name is Ted Leo. I sing and play guitar. *Chris:* My name is Chris Norborg and I play bass guitar and sing. *Ted:* And here comes John Dugan, our drummer. *John:* Hi. I'm John.

PP: So, are you guys all from D.C. originally or is that where you're based now? *Ted:* Right now we're based in D.C. I'm actually from around here originally. *Chris:* I'm from Indiana. *John:* And I'm from just outside of D.C.

PP: How did you all hook up? *Ted:* College. Notre Dame.

PP: When did you all graduate? *Ted:* Well, I was originally Class of '92 but, I took a lot more time than that actually. *John:* Chris and I were Class of '93.

PP: What were your majors? *Ted:* Originally I was philosophy and then I doubled in English and then I dropped the philosophy. I went into philosophy originally thinking I'd be doing lots of philosophizing, which is not the case; you just study philosophy. So then I started doing [just] English and I found out I actually got to philosophize more and read better books. So, I was an English major. *Chris:* He got to "philosophize more..." (laughter) I was in a program that was actually philosophy and literature. It was really small. There were only 24 people in it. *John:* My major was government.

PP: What about your musical backgrounds? *Ted:* I was in a lot of hardcore bands up here in the late 80s, early 90s. *Chris:* My first musical was *Bye, Bye Birdie*. (laughter)

PP: So, Ted, you played in hardcore bands like, Animal Crackers, HellNo... *Ted:* Yeah, Citizen's Arrest. *Chris:* Born Against. (laughter) *Ted:* No. Speaking of which, man, being that this is a *Punk Planet* interview, I want to go on record as saying that I think that Jim Testa's review of our latest record in his own *Jersey Beat* fanzine was extremely petty.

Chris: Off the mark. *John:* Silly.

PP: Oh, how he said he remembered you, Ted, in your underwear at ABC No Rio? *Ted:* Well, it wasn't about the music at all. It was just about...whatever. People don't do the same things for their entire lives.

PP: I've never met him. *Ted:* Well, that's the thing! I always liked him! I thought we had this rapport and stuff. And then this supposed review of our record turned into this personal attack. *Chris:* Actually, it wasn't so much a personal attack, it was just sort of snide.

PP: He called it chemistry or math rock or something? *Chris:* I think he said Ted used to (Ted, jumping in...) *Ted:* He said 'I remember when Ted used to run around in his underwear at ABC No Rio. I guess this is what happens when people go to college' or whatever.

PP: So, you formed Chisel while you were at Notre Dame? *John:* Yeah, at the very end of 1990. *Ted:* John and I started playing as a two piece and then another guy, who's also named Chris, started playing with us and then I left school for awhile and when I came back, Chris and John were in their last year and Chris [Norborg] started playing with us. *John:* There was like an almost two-year hiatus. Only sporadic activity. A couple of recording sessions which didn't really produce anything worth putting out. *Ted:* Some of which we put out anyway!

PP: So now you have the "Nothing New" EP out on Gern Blandsten and there's also a split 7" with Frodus and Tuscadero. What else? *Ted:* Well, we did a single in our first incarnation ...with a short-lived D.C. area label called Assembly Records that a friend of ours was doing. *John:* The label eventually started putting out stuff by Avail. *Ted:* And it merged with Catheter Records from Richmond. *Chris:* Then it got kind of big and started selling lots of Avail records. *John:* And they got picked up by Lookout. *Ted:* And then we did a split with a band we were friends with from Notre Dame...And then we did the single with Gern Blandsten and the EP with Gern and now we're doing the LP with Gern, which will be released in January. *John:* There were lots of compilation records we were supposed to be on which were shelved for one reason or another.

PP: You guys worked with Guy Picciotto of Fugazi on the first four tracks on your EP. How did you hook up with him? *Ted:* I was living with him...I had also happened to become friends with him since we were living down [in D.C.] So, he has an eight track studio in the basement that he and this guy Juan Perrara from The Warmers... *Chris:* They're amazing! *Ted:* They both sorta run that, so, we recorded some stuff. *Chris:* We set-up upstairs and they recorded downstairs. So we were in this big, open living-room/dining-room area and the sound was really lively and natural. It was cool. *John:* The whole recording session was about 2 1/2 hours and the mixing session was, like, 2 hours.

Chris: Very spontaneous. *John:* Then, for the sake of making a longer record and getting some other recordings that we had out, we stuck on some stuff [to the *Nothing New* EP] we recorded when we were based in the Midwest. *Ted:* As far as the record goes, I'm a little dissatisfied with the performance because we had just written the songs and I think a couple of weeks later we played them miles better than we did in the recording session. But, as far as sound quality goes, for an eight track recording, I think it sounds really good.

PP: So the other tracks on *Nothing New* were recorded back in your South Bend days? *Chris:* Yeah, back in the day. We recorded one song in South Bend, one song in Arlington and the other tracks in Chicago. *John:* The thing about [some of those older tracks] was we really hadn't recorded together as a band. We weren't really sure what we wanted to sound like. *Ted:* We were in college at the time and when you're concentrating on a million things...you just can't put the maximum effort into everything. *John:* It's kind of interesting because we were a very loose band back then and the recordings make us

sound like we were much tighter than we really were.

PP: So, the first time you all ended up in D.C. at the same time was in June of '94 and you had all previously planned to live there together, right? That was the plan?

Ted: Yeah. It was the sort of thing where we could have moved to either Chicago, here (New York) or D.C. being from those three places essentially, those metropolitan areas. And we had friends in all of those places... I don't actually know why we made the final decision to move to D.C. **Chris:** Kind of an organic thing. It just evolved that way. **John:** I played in another band called Edsel...I started filling in for them and finished out some stuff with them just as Ted moved to D.C. and then Chris had roadied for Edsel on our U.S. tour. It was also one of those things where I had made some friends in D.C. while these guys were still in the South Bend area...I had gotten used to one city. **Ted:** Yeah, and as far as relocating around here goes, I was really sick of New York. Once I got out of school and was up here for awhile I really, really needed to get away and I was more than happy to go somewhere else...Also, for being in a band, it's like everyone and their mother is in a band in New York.

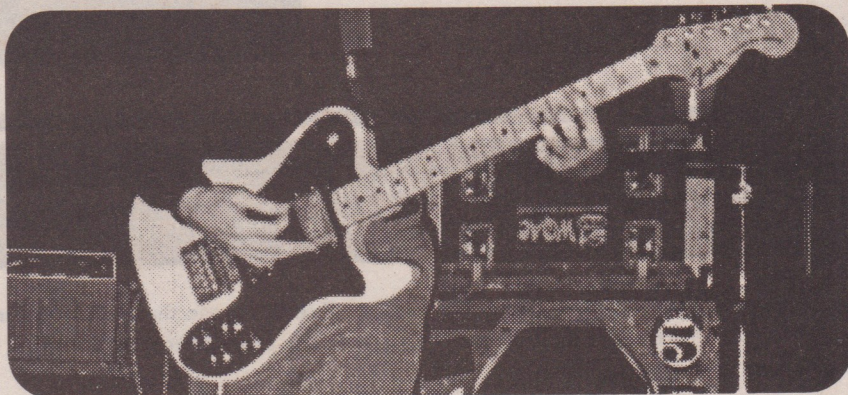
PP: And you had already done the band scene in New York. You'd already run around ABC No Rio in your underwear! **Ted:** Exactly! I didn't need to do that again.

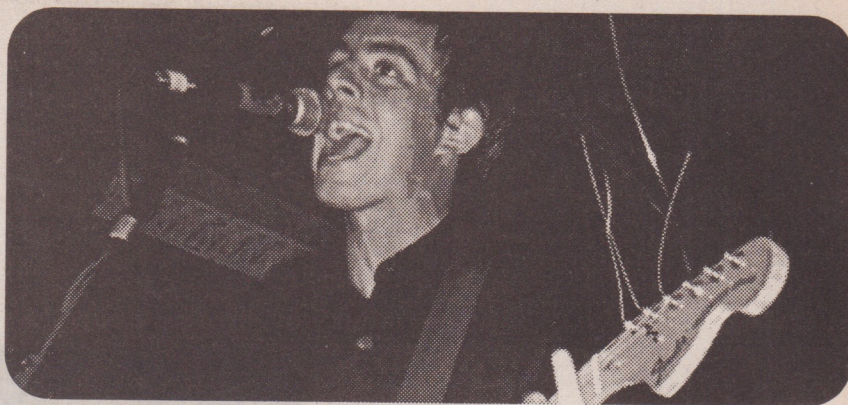
PP: So, any comments about the current D.C. scene? You guys live with some other well known D.C. bands. **John:** Yeah, Missy and Phil from Tuscadero. The singer/guitar player and the bass player. **Ted:** And I live with people in the band Make Up. They used to be Nation Of Ulysses. Uh, [regarding the scene] I don't know what to say... **Chris:** It seems sort of small, but it's very diverse. Like, there are people not only playing different styles, but also at different points in their career and also sort of philosophically different, but generally compatible in a strange way...We've been exposed to a lot of different people and different experiences. Like, Tuscadero's in the process of dealing with major labels, and then you have Dischord, and then you have the guys and girl Ted lives with who are much more do your own thing...It's very diverse and it's nice for us...That was fairly incoherent! (laughter) (For the next ten minutes there is a fairly incoherent discussion about the D.C. scene) **Ted:** Also, a lot of the people we tend to associate with tend to cross a lot of the lines and boundaries. I mean we go on tour and we play half of these indie rock shows and half these basement punk shows.

PP: Speaking of which, since you guys have never gone on an extensive tour, what types of shows have you been playing? **Chris:** We usually play with bands like The Cranberries, Toad The Wet Sprocket, Radiohead. **John:** We've opened for all of those bands. **Chris:** In really strange situations.

PP: (In disbelief) You did?! **Ted:** Yeah. We really did.

PP: Oh! I thought you were totally kidding! **Ted:** We were kidding in terms of what we usually do. **John:** We have friends who work at WHFS [D.C.'s commercial alternative station]. They're really helpful. They're doing an AIDS compilation record where everybody does Cure covers and we're on that with Shudder To Think, Edsel, Jawbox. **Ted:** On the average, our usual show there's usually two types. One, like tonight's, a club show that's sort of borderline indie, post-punk or whatever-you-call-em bands and we also still play plenty of Eagles Hall - community center, basement punk shows. I love that. I never want to really distance myself at all from that. **Chris:** I agree with Ted that we don't want to distance ourselves from that level of playing. That's one thing, specifically, about Fugazi that I think is great; they've been able to maintain touch with that scene...It's so important to foster that.





Chisel Discography 7" Sunburn Gern Blandsten Split 7" Spectacles Sudden Shame Split 7" Swamp Fox/Spike/Listen Assembly Split 7" "Squirrel" w/ Tuscadero, Frodus & Bloodnation EP Nothing New Gern Blandsten

Ted: Even though we say, and I know for a fact that they [Fugazi] say, too that we don't necessarily listen to a lot of new hardcore bands...it doesn't mean that it's not a part of our music. It was a big part at one time and remains a big part of myself personally and I don't ever really want to lose touch with that.

PP: So if you had to throw on a hardcore record right now, who would it be? **Ted:** You mean of someone I like? Like, a new band?

PP: Not necessarily new, any hardcore record. **Chris:** All right, Ted, this is your dream question! **Ted:** My favorite hardcore record? Rites Of Spring! Hands down, man. If you consider that hardcore. **John:** Yeah, that's definitely the best early 80s hardcore record. **Ted:** Oh yeah, definitely.

PP: So, let's talk about the next record. **Ted:** It's going to be 14 tracks. **John:** We started recording in the spring and this summer, every now and then.

PP: Are you working with Guy Picciotto again? **Ted:** No. We did this on 16 tracks with Archie Moore from Velocity Girl. He has a 16 track in his basement. **Chris:** Archie and Trish and a guy named Craig, they live in this house and they've been recording people there. They call it Mulberry Lane Studios. It's out in Maryland. It's very flexible. Archie's a great guy. Basically, anytime we could get out there and work on it, we have. **Ted:** This is definitely what we consider to be our first long player, cohesive album.

PP: Is there a title? **Ted:** Not yet.

PP: And it's going to be released in January on Gern Blandsten, which is a very cool New Jersey-based label run by Charles Maggio. How did you guys hook up with him? **Ted:** I've been friends with him since the ABC No Rio days. **Chris:** Charles is the greatest guy! **Ted:** I guess there was a time period where I was living back in New Jersey for awhile when I was out of school...I started hanging out with him a lot and got to know him a lot better. And, he put a couple of records out by my younger brother's band, Native Nod, and they were pretty popular in the new hardcore scene and he did really well by them as far as selling records goes and we had just recently started getting back together and recording some stuff, so I asked him if he wanted to do a single and he did.

PP: Do plan on touring before you release this full length? **Ted:** Yeah. We're going to go out in mid-October for at least a month and some of those dates will be with Fugazi. Then we're going to hook up with Seam and do the West Coast with them. And after that we may hook up with The Warmers for some dates in the Southwest.

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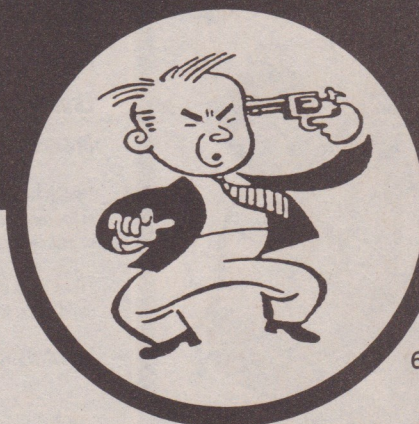
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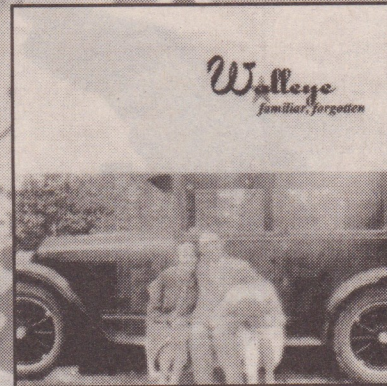
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It was raining and all I can remember is that my left shoe was untied and the laces were making a slapping sound on the pavement with each step I took. I looked to my left as I crossed the street, feeling the dark split apart by the arrogantly bright street lamps above. I didn't give a fuck if I got hit by a car. It was going to happen tonight anyway, I'd already decided that. Then maybe Gretchen would want to talk to me. Maybe she'd feel sorry enough for me to want to get back together. That was all I wanted. It was our first anniversary and Gretchen's gift to me was a kick in the ass and a kiss on the cheek goodbye.

I pulled a pack of Camel Lights (I wished I'd had filterless ones—it just would have seemed more dramatic) out of my pocket and attempted to put one in my mouth, despite the raining baptism that fell from above. Not realizing I was out of matches, I just let it dangle from my lips, collecting water like a sponge.

Yeah, I told her to take her offer for a ride home and put it in a very private place—all the while forgetting about my five mile walk home. That was okay though, I'd rather she had the guilt of knowing she drove me to, at the very least, catch a cold. I'd actually been out walking around for about two hours, my clothes drenched with the dampness of a broken heart. Slugging around the dead weight of my wardrobe like a monkey on my back, I found temporary refuge under a lone fir tree along the edge of a parking lot. It was desolately alone, in the mid-

IVLatoInosFree Aren't by Brett Van Horn

dle of this sea of concrete—amazingly like myself in a sea of pretty faces and wealthy souls. Running my fingers through my red-streaked blond hair, I mopped about a liter of water out of my scalp. I was distraught and really needed some nicotine.

I dragged myself up and out of the dirt and trudged to the Ennen's Mini Mart across from the park. The store had a bright to it that made my red eyes hurt to look at it. Squinting, I walked up to the counter and asked for some matches, only to be met by Joe Asshole, president of the Junior-Shrinks-of-America.

"Wow buddy, you look like shit. Y'okay?"

"Yeah, don't wanna talk about it," I replied, a lie through and through. I was met with a vacant stare as though he was going to make me perform immoral tricks for the matches—like pouring my heart out to him.

"Must be a chick," replied Freud.

"Must be something," I bit back, with the distinctive sting of sarcastic venom in my voice. This was not a joy for Carl Jung the second.

"Listen fucker, I don't have to take this shit from a punk like you. I'm a management trainee you know," blared Mr. Diplomacy, as though he'd just been dumped himself. "What the fuck do you do? Fuck you. I have the authority to kick you right out of here, they let me make decisions like that you know... Smart ass."

After what seemed like a long pause, he looked me right in the eyes and said from underneath the plaintive scrub of a flat-top, "Matches aren't free fuckwad. You gotta buy something. Get outta my face."

I felt like tearing into him and his cheap, management-trainee ass, but considering the fact that this convenience-store puppet had just dated, courted, married and divorced me—all in the period of one minute—I decided to look for something cheap so I could get my matches and get out of that shit hole. It's bad enough being dumped by your girlfriend, much less by a management-trainee at a convenience store in the same night. I turned around and stared down aisle four. A monument of Cheezie Twists and Poppy Puffs stared back at me, as though they knew I had little more than fifty cents in my pocket. It was two a.m. and I still hadn't had

dinner yet.

I ambled around the store, searching for the perfect item to spend my last fifty cents on. If I was going to go out, I wanted my last purchase to mean something. I turned down the candy aisle and noticed that Joe Asshole was watching me in the big, round mirror mounted above the beer aisle. I discreetly scratched the back of my head with my middle finger. He turned around the other way quickly.

Before I even had a chance to peruse the bountiful treasures of sugar-laced amphetamines, I heard the comforting clatter of a pinball machine, followed by a sweet voice, cursing in the heated passion of defeat.

"FUCK! This piece of shit is rigged! Fucking RIGGED! GOD! I was SO close! Ahhhh!" I was intrigued by this display of madness and turned around to investigate.

The beautiful display of the intricacies of foul language-mastery did not go unnoticed by Joe Asshole either. "Hey girly, watch yer fuckin' mouth, or I'll kick you out. I'm in charge y'know."

"Fuck you and fuck your cheap pinball machine Charlie," she spat out, with the obvious slant of an insider.

Somehow, she shut Joe—or Charlie—right up. "Just be careful Sarah, I gotta store to run here, okay."

"You just keep fuckin off and we'll get along just fine Chuckie, okay?"

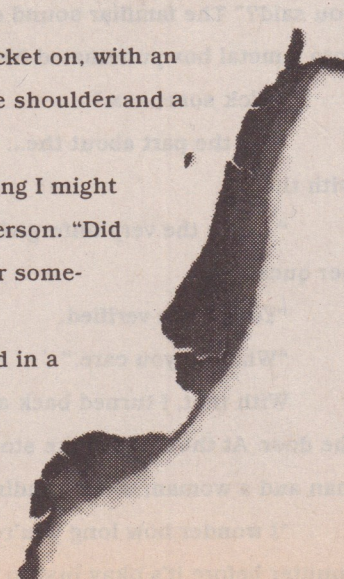
I walked up behind Sarah, who had slumped herself over the top of the pinball machine, as though she were playing "heads-up-seven-up."

She had a green army jacket on, with an Airborne Rangers patch on one shoulder and a British flag on the other.

I ventured a query, figuring I might as well talk to one last sane person. "Did you almost break the record or something?"

"Huh?" She spun around in a semi-state of shock. "Uh, yeah. My record. A thousand points away. What'ya care?"

I looked at the Star



Wars Pinball machine and then back at her. "Just curious."

I turned around to go look at the candy again, and heard a concerned voice spark up behind me. "Wait... What's your name?"

Turning my head to look back at her, as she stood facing the machine again—as though she was addressing it—I shot a dirty look back at her and said, "What do you care?"

"Just curious," she quickly and sharply jested, cracking a smile that was both mischievous and incredibly cute all at once.

"Does this mean a lot to you, this game?" I had turned around completely and was facing her from five feet away.

"You know, you look like shit. You okay?"

"YES! And that's not what I asked you. The game... does it mean a lot to you?" I was getting impatient.

"It's sort of... all I have right now. Nothing much matters to me anymore, except for mastering this stupid box of junk."

"At least you have something. Here... here's fifty cents. I hope you kick substantial ass with it." I dug into my pocket and tossed the quarters to her in two separate lobs. "Now I'm going to find a steep bridge with a very unforgiving underside. Got any matches?"

"Uh, no..." she said, confused. "What was that you said?" The familiar sound of change dropping into a metal box punctuated her question.

"Kick some ass."

"No, the part about the... the steep bridge with the... with the..."

"...with the very unforgiving underside?" I completed her question.

"Yeah," she verified.

"What do you care."

With that, I turned back around and made my way for the door. At the front of the store, two dispicable yuppies, a man and a woman, were standing at the counter.

"I wonder how long you're supposed to wait at the counter before it's okay just to walk out without paying," the

wormy man said in an annoying, high-pitched, nasal voice. Apparently he was attempting to be funny for his sad—although fitting—excuse for a mate. Chuckie was missing from his post. I wondered how many demerits this would be worth in management-trainee school.

Just as my new found friend, Chuckie, made his way up to the counter, the woman blurted out in a snobby and utterly republican tone, "These people don't get paid enough to care, poopkins."

This was the most insulting statement I had heard in years, even too insulting for a budding young management trainee like Chuckie. I couldn't hold my tongue, "Fucking yuppies."

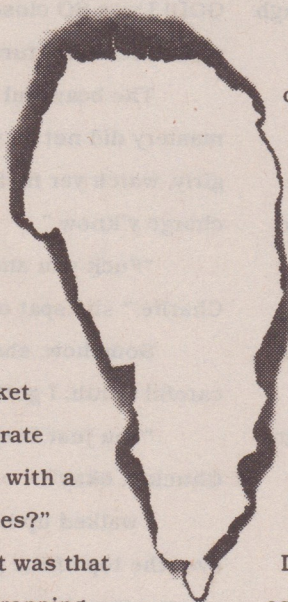
"What did you say?" whined Mr. Biff.

"I said... FUCKING YUPPIES!" I turned towards the cowardly worm with a sharply directed anger and passion. "These people? These people? What these people would you be referring to? The ones that work their asses off, for the FUCKED wages that people like you pay them in the first place, only to have some rich piece of shit like you come sponging off of their blood, sweat and tears, all the while expecting your ass to be kissed more than mine?" I pointed at Chuckie as my model, "This man, this fine young man works here to try and better himself—he's a management-trainee you know—and do you know why he tries to better himself? Do you?" Worm man looked at me like a deer in headlights as Chuckie was still gleaming with pride from my pointing out that he was a management trainee. "No? He works here to try and make for himself the life that pompous assholes like yourself didn't have to work an ounce for, only because it was handed to you on a rich-fucking-silver-platter."

"Why you little..." Biff muttered in the same tone children use to stake claim on a toy.

"GO TO HELL!" I reached behind myself and slung a bag of Pork Munchies at Biff's tiny, balding head. "GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!"

With that, Biff, wet spot on the crotch of his pants and all, grabbed his trophy of pity by the arm and ran out screaming, "You're gonna hear from my lawyer, you little... PSY-CHOPATH! And you..." as he stopped momentarily and point-



ed to Chuckie, "I'll see to it that you get fired! F-I-R-E-D. FIRED!!!!"

I turned to Chuckie, who had the look of a scared little boy on his face.

"Don't mention it," I said as I turned towards the door.

"You... You got me fired."

"What do you care? You'll make a shitty manager anyway. I did you a favor. Now shut up." I kicked the door and walked back out into the night that had made itself my home in the first place.

The rain, luckily, had stopped for a moment. I tromped across the street back to my park, almost getting hit by a car. Too bad they missed me. As I neared my fir tree, I heard foot steps rapidly approaching behind me. Great, I thought, worm man was coming to seek revenge. I wanted to die, but not at the hands of a balding, spineless yuppie. I whipped around ready to defend myself from a barrage of hurdling, boney fists. To my surprise it wasn't my friend Biff, but the illustrious pinball girl, Sarah, waving her arms.

"Wait! Wait, I got you some matches... here," she muttered as she caught up to me, out of breath from the combination of the cold and the brief bout of exercise.

"Thanks... shouldn't you be playing pinball?" I turned around and resumed the walk to my tree. I wasn't about to have it start raining on me again.

"Nah... I hate that game anyway," she lied. "Where're you going?"

"I thought I'd start with Disneyland. So you wasted my last fifty cents?" I accused her rather untactfully. "I hope you know that you've ruined a dying man's last wish."

She jogged up beside me. "You weren't, like, serious were you?"

"No, Disneyland sucks this time of year."

"No, about the steep bridge with the... with..."

"With the very unforgiving underside?"

"Yes, with the very unforgiving underside," she finished, attempting to milk a response out of me. "Well... were you?"

"You'd better get back to your pinball game before someone else steals your credits," I digressed, as I lit up a

dry cigarette. "I hate it when that happens."

"Don't you want to talk?"

"Just did."

She stopped and dropped to the ground, sitting her butt on the damp cold of the concrete. "But I understand," she whispered under her breath, with the discreet tone of helpless frustration. She leaned forward and cradled her head in her hands, her long, curly blonde hair hanging over her face.

I kept walking, passing by my fir tree and making my way towards the trails that led to the river which wound through the park. I yelled back to her, "You don't understand, Gretchen doesn't understand, Chuckie doesn't understand, that asshole yuppie guy doesn't understand... shit I don't even understand anymore."

"Hey! Who's Gretchen?"

"She's one of the people who doesn't understand. Jeeze, don't you listen to me anymore?" Sarah ran up to me again and grabbed my shoulder. "Hey... you can talk to me you know." At that moment she looked so sweet, like a much-needed blessing. "I won't laugh at you."

We turned and kept walking under the shelter of the damp trees, mud caking on our shoes with every step. After about five minutes of walking in silence, I spoke. "She dumped me tonight."

"Gretchen?"

"It was heartless. I can't go on without her... knowing that she hates me when I love her more than I love myself."

"Well, did she say she hates you?"

"No. But why else would she do this to me?" I grew defensive, unwilling to accept her consolations. "Besides, it was our one year anniversary. It was like she wanted it to burn and fester as much as possible. She hates me."

"I don't hate you," she said, tossing a rather weak save to me.

"You don't know me."

"Chuckie doesn't hate you, even

thought you probably got him fired... now that yuppie guy, he probably hates you."

I couldn't help but mildly laugh at her observation of my situation. It was the line that would break the ice previously forming between us and warm my heart just enough to pursue a little more counseling before I was to practice skydiving without a parachute. I looked up at the mile-marker on the right side of the trail. It said that it was another two miles to the Wildflower trail bridge. I kept walking.

"There must be something else," Sarah indicated. "Gretchen can't be that great."

"No, she was that great. She was everything to me. My first love, my first... well, you know."

"I can only imagine. So was your life this miserable before you met her?"

"Shut up." I clammed up again and changed the subject. "You ever been to the Wildflower trail bridge before?"

"Nope. Hate the outdoors. My dad tried to take the family camping once and he ended up burning the tent down because I wouldn't..." She seemed to clam up a little bit herself when she made mention of her father. "Well it just wasn't a good introduction to the outdoors for me."

"Well, it's about two hundred feet above the rockiest section of the Nooksack River. In the morning, when the sun rises, a beautiful orange light comes beaming over the hillside, glimmering off the water and lighting up all of the wildflowers in the small canyon. Too bad it's always so damn cloudy around here, it's one of my favorite places."

"It sounds gorgeous. Is that what you're going to see?"

"One last time."

She took my hand. "It's kinda slippery here. Do you mind?"

"No. So what does your dad do?"

Sarah let go of my hand with the cold breeze of a winter storm. "Um... I don't know anymore. He's sells stuff or something... construction, I think." She sounded distant.

"He sells construction?" I couldn't resist the chance to tease her.

"No..." Cold struck me.

After a long pause, I interjected, "So which is it?"

"He used to hit my mom."

"Huh?"

"A lot."

"What a dick. Did you throw him in jail?"

"No. He threatened to kill us if we ever reported him." She was getting more serious than I had seen her act yet in our one hour courtship.

"Did he ever hit you?"

"Not really."

"What do you mean 'not really,' either he did or he didn't... So?"

"Okay, he didn't hit me..." Her lower lip was trembling.

"Well, then what is it? Did he say mean stuff to you?"

"No, he did something much worse." Tears began streaming down her cheeks, and her walk slowed to a crawl.

"Oh, man. I'm so sorry. Hey, I really didn't mean to bring up any memories or anything like that."

"No it's okay," she said, in between sobs. "You didn't know."

"Where is he now? Did he finally get jailed?" My curiosity got the best of me.

"To tell you the truth, I really don't know where he is... and I don't care. Mom and I left him six months ago, after I tried to kill myself." At this point she turned her head upwards and looked me dead in the eyes. "You know, I have nightmares about him finding us every time I try to sleep... about what he did to me."

"That's why I play pinball all night, that's why my only friend in this fucking town is Charlie, the management-trainee from hell, that's why Sarah Barker isn't even my real name and THAT'S WHY I DON'T WANT TO LIVE ANY FUCKING MORE!!!" She burst into sobbing tears, with the blunt force of millions of pent up frustrations and fears all being released at once. I did all I could and let her rest her head on my shoulder.

"I'm your friend," I said, offering her a consolation prize of sorts.

"I know," she said between sniffles and sobs. "Thank you."

We spent the rest of that night walking to the Wildflower trail bridge. We teased each other and joked and played. All the while, I still had the intention of jumping off of that bridge when we got to it, after I saw my last sunrise. Sarah didn't mention this at all.

"You know what I hate most about the idea of being dumped?"

"What?" she asked.

"I hate that I might be forgotten by Gretchen. I'm so afraid that everything we did, everything we shared will all be washed away and that she'll go on living a solid, substantial life, while I live an empty, broken, void, directionless existence. I can't do that. I just can't fathom that concept."

"Sometimes forgetting is the only way we can go on with our lives," Sarah insightfully interjected, as though she were talking to herself too.

"But I don't want to, I don't want to, I can't." Tears began running down my eyes, moving to sobs and then to full-on crying. "I can't live without her. It just isn't right."

Sarah, put her arm around me and said something that would end up being a slogan for me to live the rest of my life by, "You can go on living. You can because Gretchen didn't take your soul. Gretchen didn't take your pride... she didn't take your spirit. She didn't take your life away from you. My father took these things from me—he took my life—and I'm still here, damnit. You have no right to not live. You have your life."

I looked up to her and stopped my blubbering. She was so beautiful, physically and emotionally, at that moment. Suddenly, looking beyond her, I saw the sun rising over the hills, and I realized that we had walked all the way to the bridge. I wiped my face off with my dirty hand, pointed behind her to the sunrise, and lit up a cigarette. This woman had saved my life. She had instilled in me a reality that I was ready to sacrifice for the convenience of misery. As we stood there on top of the Wildflower trail bridge, burning holes in our eyes with the glare of the early morning sunrise, sudden-

ly everything seemed perfect in that moment—both physically and emotionally.

"Hey," she said quietly, in a state of wonder.

"Yeah?"

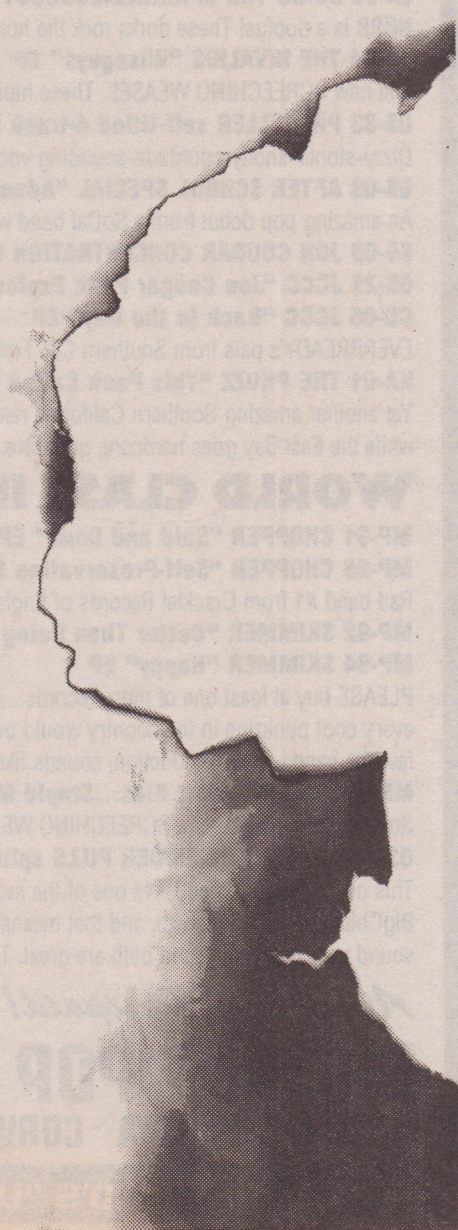
"What is your name anyway?"

"What do you care?" I said jokingly.

"You're right, I don't."

We sat down on the bridge, side by side, for the better part of the day, watching the sun warm the moisture from the forest as it cast an emerald-like green on the leaves.

It was to be just the beginning in a long series of perfect mornings.



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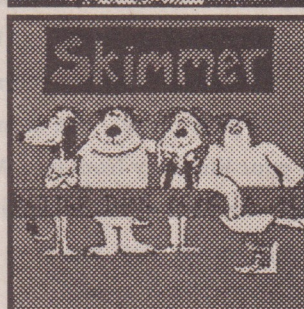
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You know the phrase 'the dumbing down of America'? Well, dumb also means silent, unable to speak, and that is what we

POWER OF

"Spoken word is not entertainment.

Entertainment is the way you waste time between the real issues." So says performance artist/actor/spoken word

advocate Lydia Lunch in *Power of the Word*, the new feature-length video documentary by debuting Vancouver filmmaker Jeanne Harco. Part survey of the current scene, part concert film, and all-around call to arms, Harco's film concentrates on interviews with and performances by Jello Biafra, Exene Cervenka (of seminal L.A. punkers X), the aforementioned Ms. Lunch, Professor Griff (former Minister of Information with rappers Public Enemy), poetry guru (and the man responsible for poetry on MTV) Bob Holman, Don Bajema, Attila the Stockbroker and Vancouver performance poet Kedrick James. While the different forms of poetry, spoken word and performance are all included in the feature, the primary focus is on the phenomenon known as spoken word.

While most discussions of spoken word (the term was first coined in 1971 by Los Angeles producer-performer Harvey Kubernik) talk about how it is rooted in punk and rap, often invoking the Poetry Slam (poets pitted against each other in free-for-all competition) as evidence, this narrow a viewpoint doesn't really capture one of spoken word's essential features. Punk usually seemed more free-form anarchy than overtly political act; watching *Power of the Word* makes plain the political aspects of the art.

Cervenka intersperses her poems with suppressed photos of Gulf War carnage; Professor Griff talks about growing up black in the inner city and the politics of oppression; Lunch turns highly personal experience into political outrage; Attila uses acerbic songs, and pun-filled poems to illustrate how England has fallen apart under the Conservative regime; Biafra looks beyond the mainstream news media to expose its biases and agendas.... What comes through very forcefully is the inherent intelligence of the performers and their abilities to articulate rage, insights and political points with passion and doses of humour.

In many respects *Power of the Word* brings to mind the outspoken, anti-establishment stances taken by Noam Chomsky and other critics of mainstream media and government policy. This emphasis is, as director-writer-producer-editor Jeanne Harco says, a result of her own political leanings. "I've read a lot of Noam Chomsky's work and I'm a big fan. I'm going to try to put together a book of all the interviews with the people featured in the film — I've got hours and hours of the stuff — and then send it to him, hoping that he'll contribute...."

Harco, 24, started the project two years ago when she was studying video and music production in Seattle. At the beginning of 1993, she met David Meinert — then poetry booker at Seattle's The Weathered Wall — and became involved in the local scene. She saw a chance to document a movement and moved quickly to initiate the project. "I financed the video myself with help from relatives, friends in the film community and a scholarship from Women in Film/Video in Seattle," Harco explains, "I shot most of it in Seattle — Exene, Don, Professor Griff, and Lydia. It was really strange because it was so easy. I

have to combat. The poets and spoken word artists are out there telling it like it is and people are starting to listen.

THE WORD

by Jack Vermees

didn't know any of them beforehand — I just called up their managers and sent them down information about who I was and what I was doing. It was surprising because this is the first film I've ever done. I've worked on other films as costume designer and art director but never as producer-director. I think the reason they trusted me was because I was able to show them that we were along the same lines politically and that I was totally independent — I had no ties to government or big companies. I wanted to document a group of artists whose work has often been marginalized and although I don't agree with absolutely everything they do or say, I felt they needed to be heard."

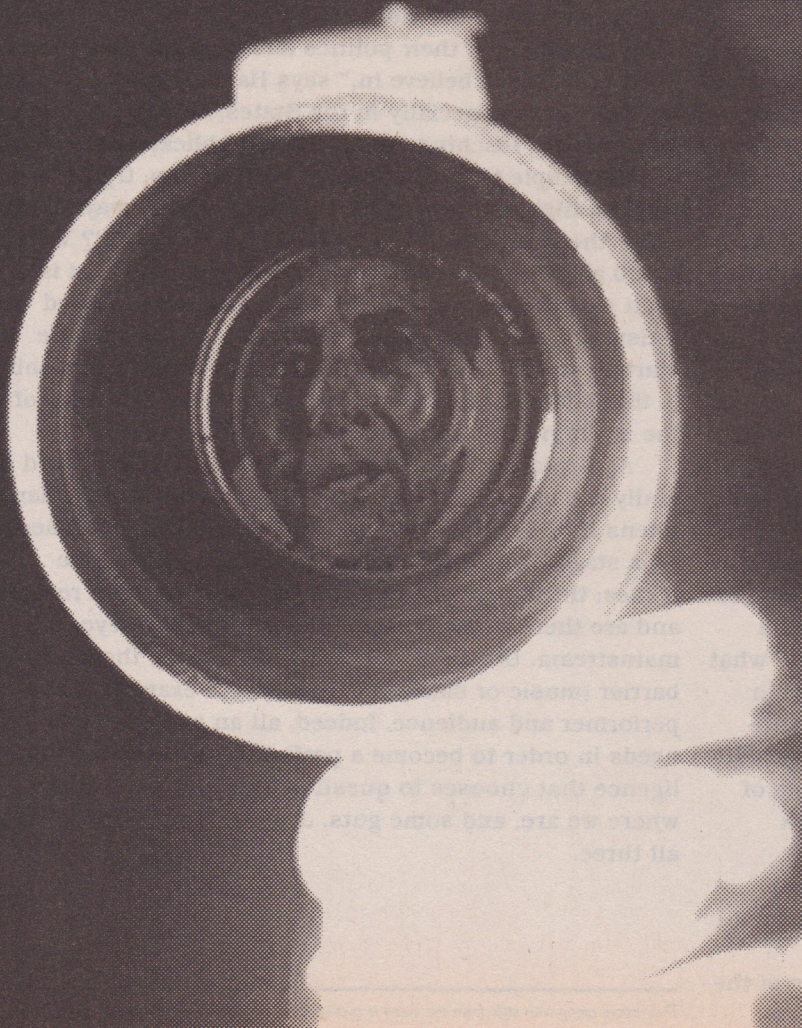
Harco and the performers in her video share a certain ambivalence for the more commercial route — MTV and major label distribution — taken by other spoken word practitioners like Henry Rollins, Maggie Estep, and Reg E. Gaines. "I recognize a lot of the spirit of the independent movement within MTV and MuchMusic," says Harco, "They try very hard to emulate a progressive attitude yet it can never really ring true because you know there is a bottom line somewhere that is a driving force behind what they choose to promote." That attitude is illustrated in the visual style of her video, best described as the antithesis of MTV in terms of style: it eschews fast-paced editing and graphics-laden effects in favour of long takes of the artists in full performance. (As an aside: Kedrick James was one of the first poets approached by MuchMusic to record a piece. When MuchMusic went against their agreement and edited his piece without consulting him, he demanded it be withdrawn....)

The performers' integrity and belief in the value of the work serve as two of the defining reasons for Harco's

decision to make the video. "I wanted to capture these people because of their politics and because they have a work ethic that I believe in," says Harco. "What's happening right now, especially in the States, is really scary. The right wing is reaching out.... The Republicans are trying to stop people talking, trying to shut up rap, trying to shut up film, trying to make all this stuff go away. You know the phrase 'the dumbing down of America'? Well, dumb also means silent, unable to speak, and that is what we have to combat. The poets and spoken word artists are out there telling it like it is and people are starting to listen. I think one thing we have to remember is that poets throughout history have been the voice of the underground, the voice of the resistance..."

As Attila the Stockbroker points out, spoken word is really the most democratic of all performance arts. Harco likens it to a coffee-table conversation taken and placed on a stage. People everywhere are talking about the issues; these performers have done a lot of extra research and are there to emphasize the need to look beyond the mainstream. Unlike other performance arts, there is no barrier (music or dance techniques, for example) between performer and audience. Indeed, all an audience member needs in order to become a performer is a voice, an intelligence that chooses to question how and why we are where we are, and some guts. Jeanne Harco certainly has all three.

Doleywood



There appears to be an enormous deadlock in developing a critical debate over cinematic and media representations of violence. This is evident in the public furor that emerged when Bob Dole, the Senate majority leader, appearing at a fund raising event recently in Los Angeles, condemned certain Hollywood filmmakers for debasing United States culture with images of graphic violence and "the mainstreaming of deviancy." Dole specifically condemned films such as **Natural Born Killers** and **True Romance** as "nightmares of depravity" drenched in grotesque violence and sex. Speaking for a Republican party that has increasingly moved to the extreme right, Dole issued a warning to Hollywood: "A line has been crossed—not just of taste, but of human dignity and decency....It is crossed every time sexual violence is given a catchy tune. When teen suicide is set to an appealing beat. When Hollywood's dream factories turn out nightmares of depravity." Dole's remarks were less an insightful

and the Politics and Culture of Violence

by Henry Giroux

indictment of the culture of violence then a shrewd attempt to win the hearts and minds of Christian conservatives and those in the general public who are fed up with the culture of violence but feel helpless in the face of its looming pervasiveness. While it is commendable that Dole has taken a stand regarding the relationship between Hollywood representations of violence and its impact in society, he fails to address a number of issues necessary to engage critically the culture of violence in this country.

First, political opportunism aside, Dole's remarks do not constitute a thoughtful and sincere analysis of the culture of violence. On the surface, Dole's comments about the orgy of violence and misogyny flooding American popular culture resonate with a deeply felt anxiety about the alleged innocence of commercial entertainment. But Dole is no spokesperson for criticizing or analyzing the violence in this country. Not only had he not viewed the films he criticized, he argued that Arnold Schwarzenegger's killfest film, **True Lies**, represented the kind of film that Hollywood should be producing for family entertainment. Dole also refused to criticize the exploitive, bloody films made by Bruce Willis and Sylvester Stallone, both prominent Republicans. Second, Dole's refusal to address the culture of violence in broader terms coupled with his role in actually reproducing such a culture reveal a grave the-

oretical omission and unfortunate disingenuousness in his criticisms. At a time when "an estimated 100,000 children carry guns to school in the United States [and] gunfire kills on average 15 children a day,"¹ Dole drew no connection between the gun culture and the violence in our nation's streets, schools, and homes. But this may be understandable since Dole has received \$23,426 in "direct contributions and independent expenditures from the NRA since 1982" and has publicly committed himself to "repealing the ill-conceived gun ban passed as part of President Clinton's crime bill."² As Ellen Goodman points out, "anybody who is against violence in the movies and in favor of assault weapons in real life leaves himself open to all sorts of charges, the least of which is hypocrisy."³ It is hard to believe that following the Oklahoma City bombing that Dole refused to include in his critique of the culture of violence the rise of right wing militia groups, the hate talk emanating from right wing talk show hosts such as G. Gordon Liddy, or the gun culture supported by the National Rifle Association, which published a fund raising letter in which federal law-enforcement agents were referred to as "Jackbooted Thugs." The latter prompted former President, George Bush, to resign from the NRA while Dole remained silent on the issue.

What is the significance of Bob Dole's attack on Hollywood films he had not viewed, or his refusal to address corporate interests aligned with the Republican party that have a big economic stake in the culture of violence? It may be that Dole's attack signals less a concern with how

Dole is no spokesperson for criticizing or analyzing the violence in this country

the culture of violence is represented in this country than with the more central issue regarding who is going to control those cultural spheres that contain the possibil-



ity for creating complex forms of interaction, dialogue, and public interaction. Maybe it is the threat of popular culture as a site of critical dialogue that explains why Dole can criticize the vulgarity of popular films and rap music while at the same time advocating the defunding of PBS, the National Endowment for the Arts, and other government support for the arts. The attack being waged on the arts, popular culture, and mass media suggest that conservatives want to homogenize culture rather than diversify it. Because to diversify culture would demand supporting those institutions or public spheres in which critical knowledge, debate, and dialogue would be necessary for people to make choices about how power works through culture and what it means to identify with, challenge, and rewrite the representations that circulate in popular and mass mediated cultures. This suggests that any debate about the best way to reduce symbolic violence in the culture must be part of a larger discourse about educating people to change the social and economic conditions that produce and sustain such violence. This further suggests addressing how questions of pedagogy and commitment can mutually interact to challenge institutional struc-

tures of power that trade in oppressive forms of symbolic imagery while simultaneously refusing

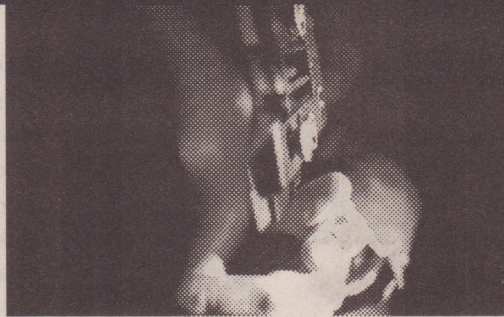
to address the limits of the media's potential for error and harm. Social justice is not part of the message that underwrites Dole's concern with media culture and its relationship with the public good. On the contrary, Dole represents an ideological position that advocates abolishing the Department of Education, privatizing public schools, and limiting funding for poor students who want to attend higher education. There is more than hypocrisy at work when a presidential candidate self-righteously claims to the press that he is concerned about the fate of children in this country while simultaneously supporting legislation aimed at cutting \$200 million dollars from Head Start, a program designed to prepare young children for elementary school, eliminating \$480 million dollars from the Pell Grant program, which helps low-income families pay for college tuition, or wages war on social programs such as Upward Bound launched in 1965 under President Lyndon Johnson to ease human suffering among the poor and the young.⁴ But Dole's moral indignation is not merely fueled by political opportunism but by a political project that engages the cultural public sphere in order to wage control over it rather than democratize it.

Unfortunately, Hollywood executives, directors, and celebrities responded to Dole's remarks by primarily focusing on his hypocrisy rather than providing a forum for critically analyzing Hollywood's complicity with and responsibility for addressing the growing culture of violence in the United States. Oliver Stone, the director of *Natural Born Killers*, labeled Dole's attack "a 90s form of McCarthyism," while actor James Wood compared Dole's actions to the morality crusades that inspired censors of a previous era to attempt to ban *Catcher in the Rye* or *Ulysses*. Such remarks are defensive in the extreme, and exhibit little self-consciousness regarding what Hollywood's role or responsibility might be in shaping popular culture and providing a pedagogical climate in which knowledge, values, desires, and identities are marketed on a daily basis to children and young adults, among others. The relationship between greed and the

Dole's attack signals less a concern with how the culture of violence is represented in this country than with the more central issue regarding who is going to control those cultural spheres that contain the possibility for creating complex forms of interaction, dialogue, and public interactions

marketing of violence might inspire Hollywood executives and celebrities to be more attentive to the ravages committed in the name of free market, or address their own ethical responsibility as cultural workers who actively circulate ideas and values for popular consumption. Claiming that the film, music, and television industries simply reflect what the public wants represents more than disingenuousness, it also suggests political and ethical cowardice. Neither Dole's one sided criticism nor Hollywood's defensive posture provides a helpful model for dealing with the culture of violence. It is hard to imagine how Dole's moralizing and Hollywood's defensiveness addresses constructively the daily violence that takes place in urban America. While I was writing this article in Boston over the hot summer weekend of July 14-15, The Boston Globe reported that eight young people were victims of unrelated gun shootings in the city; two youths were killed and six others were seriously wounded.⁵ All of these youths lived in the poorest sections of Boston. Beneath these senseless acts of violence is a culture of enormous poverty, human indifference, unemployment, economic hardships, and needless human suffering. It seems that Hollywood executives find in these stories material for reflecting reality while disavowing any responsibility for its causes or their own complicity in reproducing it. At the same time, national leadership sinks to an all time low as social services are cut and the notion of the critical citizen is subordinated to the virtues of creating a society filled with consuming subjects.

In the coming new information age, it is imperative that various cultural workers and educators raise important questions about the what kind of teacher we want cinema to be, with special concern for how the representation of violence works to pose a threat "not only to our national health but to our potential for ever becoming a true participatory democracy."⁶ To simply blame filmmakers and television executives for causing violence in the United States shifts critical attention away from the poisonous roots of violence at the heart of social and economic life in America. Blaming the media also absolves educators, community activists, politicians, and other cultural workers from assuming roles as critical citizens who need to address the complex relationships between the violence we absorb through the media and the reality of violence we experience in everyday life. Cinematic violence, whether it be productively instructive merely sensational is not innocent; such violence offers viewers brutal and grotesque images that serve to pollute and undermine how children and adults relate, care, and respond to others. At stake here is not whether cinematic violence directly causes crime or is the determining force in the wider culture of violence. The causes of violence lie in historically rooted, complex economic and social issues that are the heart of American society. To blame Hollywood exclusively for the vio-



lence in American society would be a subterfuge for addressing the complex causes of violence at work in the larger social order. In a world demeaned by pointless violence, the question that must be raised concerns what responsibilities filmmakers, other cultural workers, and their respective publics have in developing a cultural policy that addresses the limits and responsibilities of the use of violence in cinema. Such a policy must address how the mass media and the film community can be held responsible for educating children and others about how to discriminate among different forms of violence, how to prevent it in real life when necessary, and how to engage its root social causes in the larger social and cultural landscape. Violence is not merely a function of power; it is also deeply related to how forms of self and social agency are produced within a variety of public spheres. Cinema exercises enormous pedagogical authority and influence and the reach, limits, and possibilities of its influence, especially on young children, can only be addressed through a coordinated effort on the part cultural workers who inhabit a range of cultural spheres including schools, religious institutions, business corporations, popular culture, local communities, and the home. Such institutions need to develop a cultural policy that address the ethical responsibilities of a cinematic public sphere, including fundamental questions about the democratization of culture. Such questions pro-

To blame Hollywood exclusively for the violence in American society would be a subterfuge for addressing the complex causes of violence at work in the larger society

vide a common ground for various organizations and publics to raise questions regarding the ownership, power, and control over media culture. Cinema is neither a



site of innocence nor a site of depravity. As a site which both respects the imagination and provides pedagogical possibilities for engaging audiences in complex representations of everyday life, cinema becomes a site in which pedagogy and entertainment can merge through its attempts to both educate and produce critical forms of engagement. The importance of such a pedagogical role for cinema demands that cultural workers raise important questions regarding who has access to the means of cultural representation and who does not, and what the possibilities for democracy are when gross financial inequalities and structures of power gain control over the apparatuses that produce popular and media culture.⁷ Questions about culture are always pedagogical because culture in its symbolic and material forms cannot escape issues regarding how meaning is negotiated, translated, and invested within different sites through complex layers of history, experience, and desire. But cultural issues also demand another register of inquiry regarding ownership, power, and control. Dole raises a limited number of questions about representations of violence but ignores entirely issues of control, ownership, and power.

Violence is not simply emanating from the movie theaters of America. Rooted in everyday institutional structures and social relations, violence has become a

toxic glue that bonds Americans together while simultaneously preventing them from expanding and building a multiracial and multicultural democracy. Once the brutality of degrading forms of representational violence are understood as a threat to democracy itself, it might become possible to address it politically and pedagogically as we would other issues concerning our national identity, public well-being, and social consciousness. In the end, Dole's political opportunism is a poor substitute for challenging the institutional structures of power that produce violence at every level of daily life, and his attacks against popular films, rap music, and other aspects of media culture offer little in the way of recovering media and popular culture as a site of democratic renewal, critical agency, and the nurturing of personal and political imagination.

Endnotes

- 1 Derrick Z. Jackson, "Sen. Dole's Amazon of Hypocrisy," *The Boston Globe* (Friday, June 9, 1995), p. 23.
- 2 Cited in "Faces of Violence," *Rolling Stone* Issue 710, (June 15, 1995), p. 60.
- 3 Ellen Goodman, "A New Cast, Same Script," *The Boston Globe* June 8, 1995, p. 18. On the sheer hypocrisy of Dole's remarks, see Derrick Jackson, "Sen. Dole's Amazon of Hypocrisy," *The Boston Globe* Friday, June 9, 1995, p. 23.
- 4 Figures cites in Peter G. Gosselin, "House Moves to Eliminate School Fund," *The Boston Globe* (Wednesday, July 12, 1995), p. 3.
- 5 Susan E. Neff, "Two Killed, Six Others Hurt in Rash of Boston Shootings," *The Boston Globe* (July 15, 1995), p. 21.
- 6 Michael Roth, "Violence and the De-Meaning of America," *Tikkun* 9:1 (1994), p. 87.
- 7 Herbert I. Schiller, *Culture Inc.* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1989).

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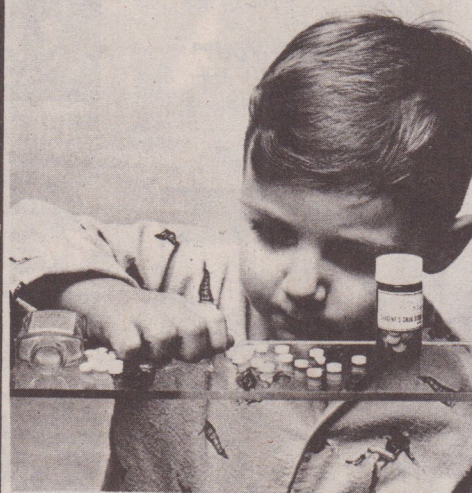
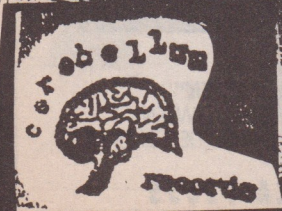
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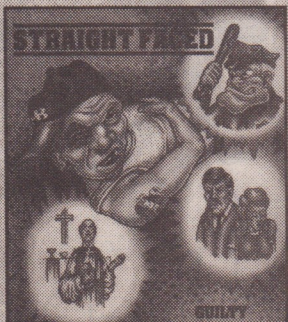
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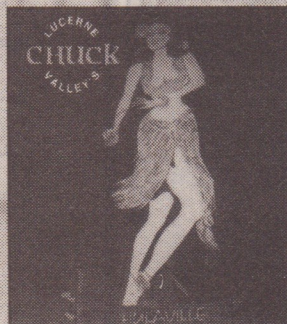


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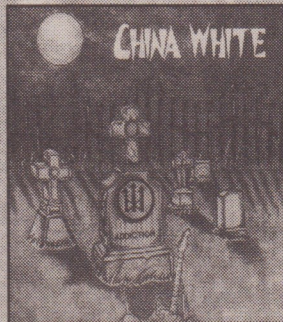
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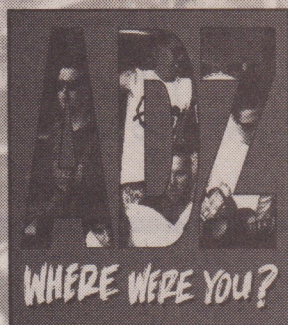
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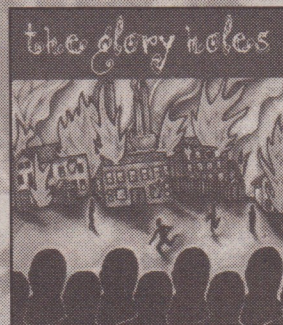
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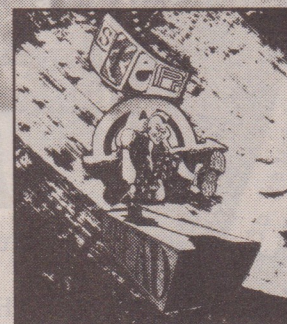
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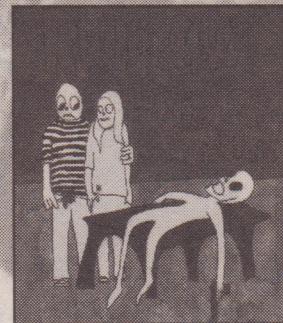
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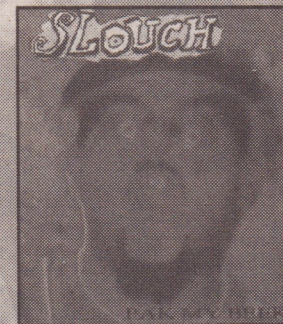
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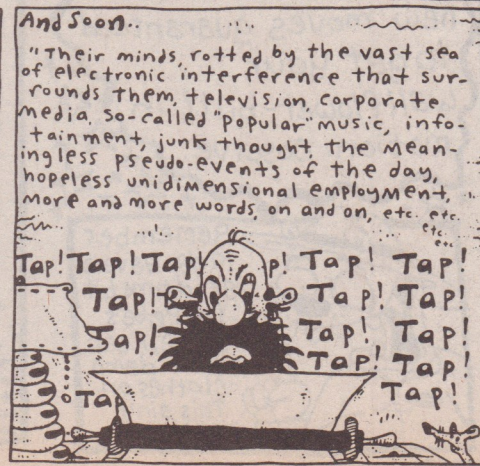
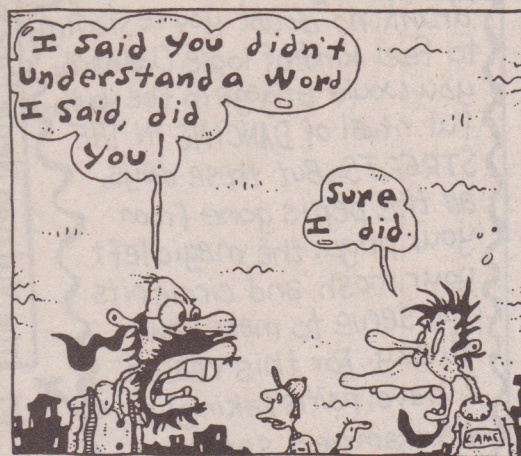
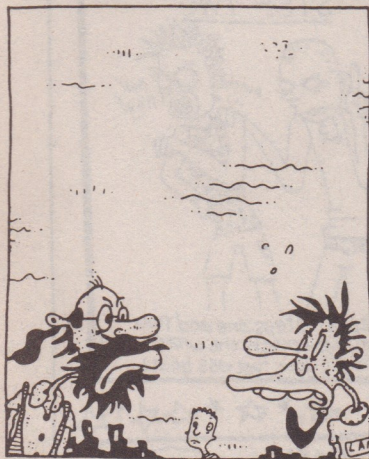
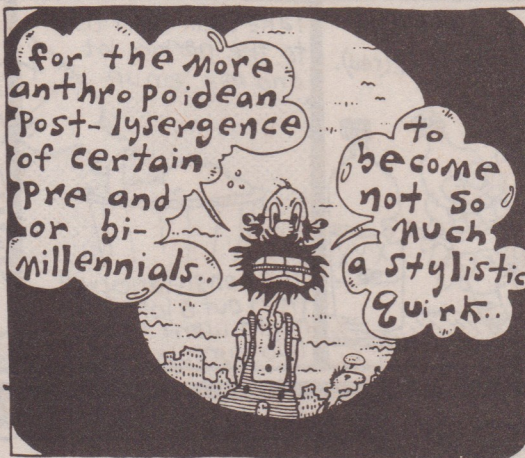
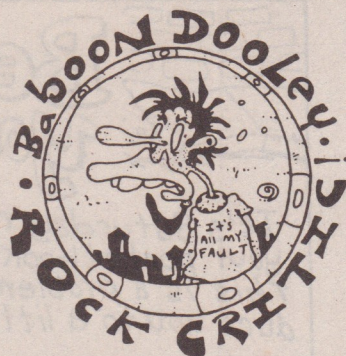


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The consistency will thin out a lot, so you might want to get two slurpees & a date.

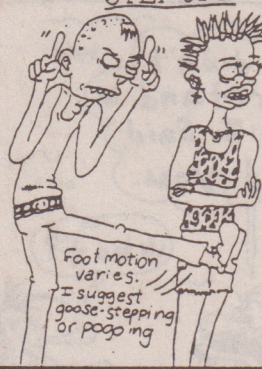
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The Vulcan Nerve Pinch

STEP ONE



Foot motion varies. I suggest goose-stepping or pogoing

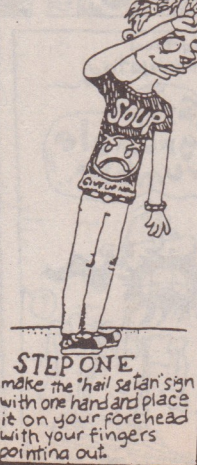
STEP TWO



(Repeat Steps one and two until you pinch the wrong person and get your foot-ass beat).

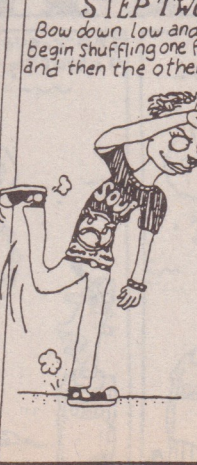
EL TORRO ROJO

STEP ONE




make the 'hail satan' sign with one hand and place it on your forehead with your fingers pointing out.

STEP TWO



Bow down low and begin shuffling one foot and then the other.

STEP THREE



GAAG!

charge at some unsuspecting slob across the room from you.



Remember kids: Have a good time but for Pete's sake, keep your damn clothes on. This ain't no Love-in.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ The Shopping Cart Dance

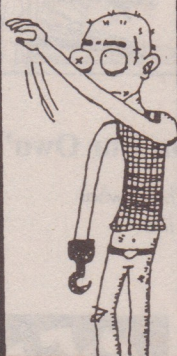
Move your arms to and fro (like you wuz pushing a shopping cart).



Repeat Step One, except on the other side of your body.



Grab stuff off of imaginary shelves to put in your imaginary cart.



Keep on Rockin' with Steps One through Three.



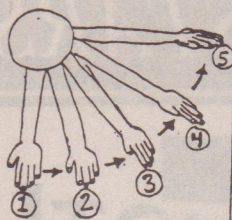
Jen Russo, Queen of the Tonga Room, originator of the Shopping Cart Dance, the back-stab, & the Jiffy Pop. Among these other fine achievements, she is also the only person who could ever make me look forward to work. Rock on, Ms. Russo.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ The Sprinkler

Stand with your legs apart, your right arm extended in front of you, and your left hand on top of your head.



Move your right hand clockwise in a half-circle in front of you. For each step, simultaneously hit yourself on the head once with your left hand.



When you reach step 5, return straight back to step 1. Repeat.

Spit until your mouth goes dry.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ THE REE-REE.

STEP ONE

make your wrist limp and thwack it against your chest repeatedly.

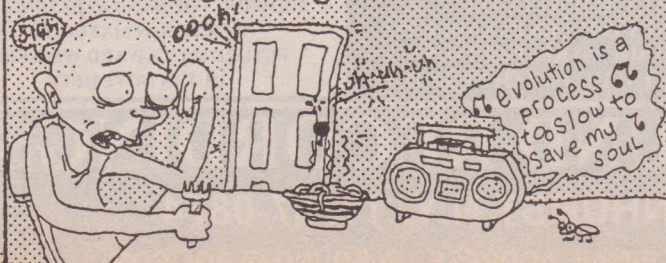


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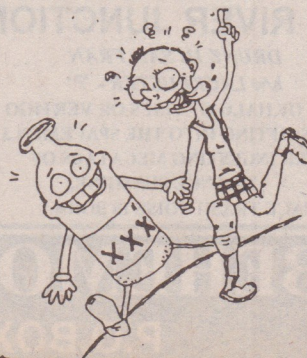
alternate with your other hand. make sure to keep a stupid look on your face at all times.



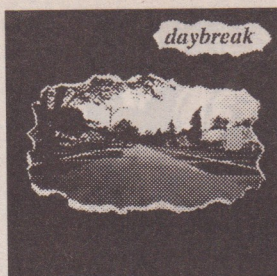
Of course, there are a million more activities you can partake in but, let's face it, if the party is not jumping by now, it never will. Go home and cry into a bowl of Top Ramen and try to block out the sound of your room mates having sex.



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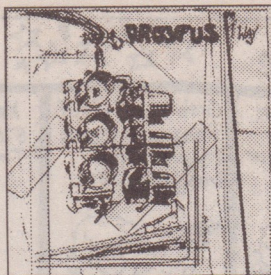


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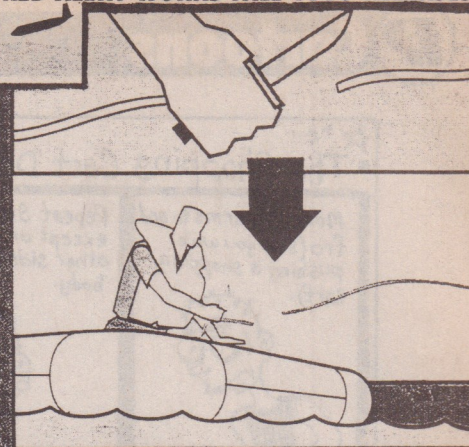
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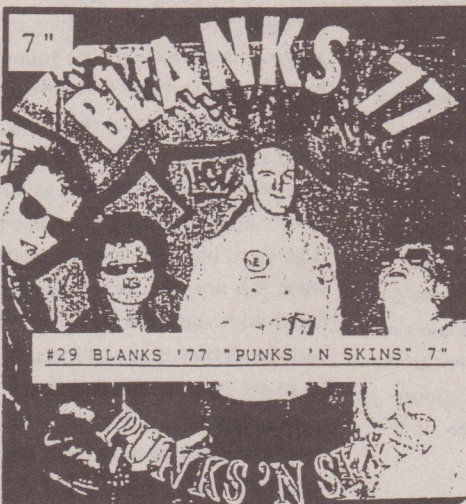
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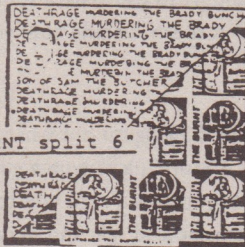


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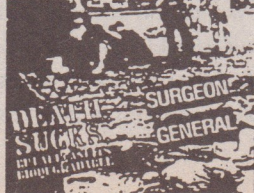
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The D.I.Y. Files

How to buy a guitar

by Davey G

Why?

An article about buying guitar gear is not punk. Nor should it be. Punk is simple. As music it is atmosphere, environment, attitude, politics with a little p, etc.... There is no sound that is definitively punk be it DOOM, The VSS, Scared of Chaka or what have you. It is the initially random and then strategic placement and movement of your fingers across picked guitar strings to produce sound. Drums help too but I don't know shit about them or what magic spell one needs to be under in order to play them so you don't sound like a complete knucklehead. That article is somebody else's business. This article is about facilitating the creative process of punk. Three chords and your ready to go, fill in the haircut and aesthetic sense on your own. Actually, luck that, you don't really need more than one chord or even any chords at all to get your message across. What you do need is a guitar to play your little freakout on and an amp to share your vision with the masses. Or at least the twenty or so kids in the basement with you.

Over the course of this article I'll try and share some useful stuff I've learned buying, selling, playing and obsessing over guitar gear. This issue I'll focus on getting past the myths of buying gear in our "consumer" economy and next issue I'll get into specifics with guitars, basses and amps. Not everyone should be an equipment geek but not everyone should totally luck themselves by doing stupid shit that gets in the way of spreading their own personal version of the rock-n-roll gospel either. How many times have you gone to a show and thought "They seemed kinda cool but I couldn't really tell what was going on." Well I have lots of times and since I'm the one writing the article pretend you have too. I've also seen people sink every last penny they had into equipment that ultimately left them pissed off, ripped off, broke and frustrated. There is no guarantee that this won't ever happen but there is some stuff you can do to cut down the percentages.

Get it together

Before you buy a goddamn thing figure out what you want. Walking randomly into a guitar store, picking up a guitar or plugging in the first amp you see and buying it is a sure way to get fucked. Nothing falls out of the sky except acid rain and occasionally a frozen clump of shit from an airplane toilet. You want to buy a guitar, amp, pedal whatever, you have to decide what you like. Your options are endless (we'll get to some of them next issue) and a real

good way to narrow the field is by thinking real hard. Who do you know who plays guitar or bass? Talk to them, what kind of stuff do they have and why? Are they in a band? Have you seen them? Forget about how they were. Did you like the way their guitars sounded? Take that one step further, when you go to any show check out what people are playing. If you especially like or dislike their "sound" make a mental note or in my semi-retarded case write it down.

Talk to band members when you really like their sound. Ask them specific questions. Most people love to talk about their gear. Christ, ask me about my stuff and you'll hear far more than you want to know. Find out brands, models, what year it is (this can be super important), where they bought it and finally ask really nicely if they'd mind telling you what they paid for it. That last question is crucial because trust me, nothing sucks as bad as becoming fixated on something you can't afford when there are much cheaper and just as satisfying options within your reach but you're too busy thinking about "that one guitar" (to paraphrase Foreigner) to notice. Listening to records is a much less accurate gauge of determining what sound you like. You never know exactly what gear somebody recorded with, how the mics were set up, was it analog or digital recording, etc... Basically there are too many variables and variables are bad. Trust your ears but make sure you can use your eyes as a kind of spell checker.

It's important to get other people's input but the person who is going to buy and play this stuff is you. You have to get what you want. You, not the person giving you the advice, ultimately must be happy with your purchase. I recently told a friend of mine about a really cool bass that was for sale. It was cheap and he was about to go on tour and needed one. He went and bought it on my recommendation. I liked his bass sound, he didn't. While on tour he bought another bass. No one knows what you want other than you. Make sure you know exactly what you're after before you buy anything. If you have even the slightest doubts about the purchase, walk away. You can always come back and if it's gone you can always find another guitar, but it's real tough to get your money back.

The best way to find out what you like is to play stuff. Play everything. Your friend has a guitar- play it, your morn- play it. The old guy across the street, knock on his door, go inside and play his guitar, play guitars that kids in the scene have. The same goes for

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amps. Whatever. Use people. Throw them away. It's all part of being human. There's a good chance you'll buy something from a store. Plug stuff in, throw temper tantrums, yell at people, try out feedback tricks. Ever wonder what a \$3000 Paul Reed Smith guitar sounded like? Here's your chance. Ever wonder what those crazy looking old Silvertone amps sounded like? Here's your fuckin' chance. What's up with that super bizarre Japanese guitar from the early 70's? Check it out. Don't be embarrassed or intimidated. Play everything that strikes your fancy, and when you find something that you really like ask first and then make sure you play as loud as you will at a show, i.e. really fuckin' loud. A lot of stuff sounds great quiet but when will you be playing quietly?

Where to Go

There are several kinds of music stores. The chain style bullshit "new" house o'music center, the "vintage" store and the used/consignment store. Go to them all and play everything. However one massive piece of advice I have for you is NEVER BUY NEW. I think it is nearly pointless. To begin with most affordable new gear doesn't sound as good as old stuff. Secondly you get way more of the proverbial "bang" for the buck with used gear. This is especially true if you don't have a ton of money to spend. For the price of a new "imitation" model you can almost always buy a used version of the real thing. This is not to say that all cheap guitars and amps are shitty, just most new ones. Wow, and new amps, especially guitar amps, with a few minor exceptions like SOVTEK, are overpriced and really suck. New Fender amps being a prime example. Bass amps for some reason are not quite so bad, but you still can almost always get a better deal going the used route. Well then, what's the use of even going to a big, chain guitar store. Honestly very little. They are terrible places inhabited by the last wave of Motley Crue fans. You will always get ripped off here, that is how these places work. The only upside to them is that if you want to get an idea of how a lot of different stuff sounds without going all over the earth this is a good place to do it. Just don't buy anything there except that skull and crossbones strap or maybe a tuner.

Another store you'll find is the "vintage" store. Do not be scared off by the "collector" tone of these places. Yeah, sure they'll have an old Les Paul that costs more than most new cars but if that was all they had they couldn't stay in business. At a good reputable example of this type of store (of which only some are) will provide you with a fair deal. There are very few steals to be found but you'll probably get what you pay for. These places are also good to play a lot of used guitars of different ages. No two guitars are alike and no two years of guitars are alike. Lots of things can be drastically different, from the pickups to the bridge to even the shape and size of

the guitar neck. It is totally reasonable, for example, to play two of the exact same Fender Precision Basses that were manufactured say five years apart from each other and they would sound, feel and play totally different. This really goes for amps. If you find an amp sound that you really like it is vital you find out what year it is from as changes in amplifiers are often even more drastic than guitars. These stores are also good places to find stuff out. They usually have a lot of books to check out and read up on stuff (this really helps when trying to find that "special" amp). Plus all salesmen are scumbags but these ones are usually much more informed and if they think you might buy something they'll answer your questions. You may have to be persistent and feel kind of stupid but remember you are looking for a resource not a new best friend.

Another type of store is the "used" store. These places are often a vast sea of crap intermittently dotted by islands of bargains. There will be no pretense of snootiness here. What there will be is a lot of truly shitty metal guitars from the 1980's. However if you pick and choose here you can really find some gems. For example I wandered into one of these stores and bought my bass amp for literally 1/3 of what it was worth and a friend of mine just bought a drum set at one of these places for what the snare alone is worth. Be warned and prepared, the best way to find a good deal is to really know what you want and keep looking for it. You'll have to dig through a lot of junk and the really good deals will be parked right next to an outrageously overpriced piece of shit. It really is a good idea to remember that if a deal is too good to be true then it probably is. These can be good places to sell stuff too. You can sell things by consignment, which is where they sell it for you and take 10-30%. If you're in the market for something it's important to check these stores at least once a week. Trust me, there are lots of folks who scour these places looking for bargains and if a good deal comes in it rarely lasts very long.

Other Places to Buy

There are small stores that sell both new and used gear. For those stores I would approach them as a combination of the stores mentioned above. Another option is buying directly from other people. This can be a real crapshoot. Check both newspaper and "arts weekly" paper classifieds to see what people are trying to sell. A lot of times record and guitar stores will have a bulletin board up with people buying and selling stuff, so that's an avenue also. You might want to ask around too, sometimes a friend or a friend of a friend is looking to sell exactly what you're looking to buy. The upside of this is a) no sales tax b) you don't have to

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deal with the music store mentality and c) sometimes you find some great deals. There are some drastic downsides also. First off you might be buying stolen gear, which no matter how you feel about that morally, it can get you in hot water and you can wind up without both your cash and your gear. Secondly a lot of people think something is worth a lot just because they paid a lot. This is rarely true and these people are even more of a pain in the ass than salespeople. Third, if a friend is involved things can get complicated. What happens if the deal goes sour, the piece of gear is shitty or any other number of factors put the kibosh on your purchase? Is it worth possibly ruining a friendship over a guitar? I tend to think not and have made it a policy of mine never to buy or sell any gear from or to someone I know. There is just too much room for fucked up consequences.

If you don't live in a metropolitan area, your options may be a little more limited but that doesn't mean they don't exist. First try calling all over the area you would consider driving to looking for music stores or even pawn shops. Secondly call or write Vintage Guitar Magazine at 701-255-1197, PO Box 7301, Bismarck, ND 58507 and get them to send you copy of their excellent magazine. It is basically an oversized newspaper filled with ads for guitar stores, many of which may not have storefronts but may be near you. It also serves as an excellent way to price check. If you find a guitar at a local store and want to find out if it's reasonably priced or if you want to make an informed offer on something, go through the ads looking for that piece of equipment and find out what other people are asking for it.

If you have doubts about the authenticity of a piece of equipment or its price, get all the info you can on it (serial # especially) and go back to a "vintage" and ask them about it. Tell 'em you're thinking about buying it from a friend or if you're sure it's real and you want to know if it's a good deal claim you own the stuff already and you're thinking about selling it. Ask them what it's worth and see if the numbers match up. At any store never pay the price they are asking. The system is set up with room to bargain, from cords to amps to strings, always make an offer. The old adage "they can only say no" is even more appropriate now than when your mother first told you it. Implicit in guitar store pricing is an assumption of ignorance and if you can shatter this by breaking out some knowledge on the salespersons head, you'll save yourself some cash and you'll show one more knucklehead the way to the barn.

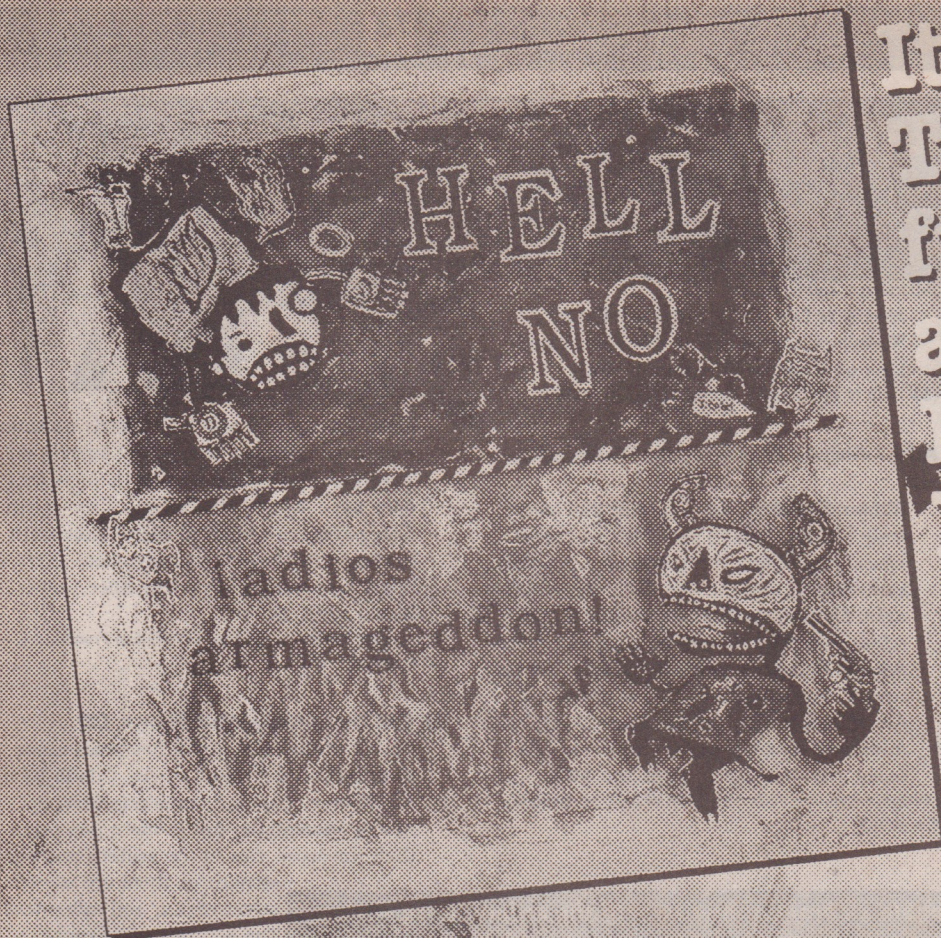
How to Handle Salespeople

Most guitar salespeople are complete and total losers, so who cares what they think about you or your playing. It's tough to get over this but the sooner you do the better. Fuck those bozos and

your fellow customers, the only thing you're concerned with is yourself. It's like the 1970's all over again. If they give you a hard time, ignore them. Be persistent and do not be intimidated. If you are in the least bit unconventional looking (i.e. not a white boy mullethead) expect some flack. Don't let it bother you. It helps to remind yourself that this asshole who is trying to make you feel stupid is probably a Joe Satriani fan and most definitely listens to Jazz fusion. Strike three is a given after those two whiffs. After you have acquired one piece of equipment always play anything you're interested in with your own stuff. Have a guitar already? Bring it with you. There is nothing quite like the terrifying surprise-surprise-surprise of getting home plugging your guitar into your new amp and having it sound completely different than it did in the store. Vaguely like food poisoning, loss of bowel control seems imminent. It may be a hassle but jimminy Christmas it is worth it. The same goes for finding a guitar after you have an amp setup you like. Bring your amp with you after you've found something interesting. When you first check something out or if you're visiting your Grandpa in Tampa try and match up equipment with what you already have. This will give you the best sense of whether you should pursue what you've found. Never buy on the first trip. Always come back. You can't trust yourself to be objective. There are exceptions to this but they are extreme and involve only the most outlandish scenarios.

Final Tips

No matter how nice somebody selling you a piece of equipment seems, and some will remind yourself that this person is not your friend. They are a businessman and capitalism is all about squeezing out the little guy. So no matter how you feel about consumer capitalist economies, remember we live in one and sometimes, if you prepare yourself well you can get around being screwed by the system. Looking for and buying guitar stuff is really like anything else. Knowledge is the key. Play a lot. Listen a lot. Don't take one ounce of shit from anybody. The more time you put in to finding the right stuff the more likely it is you will. Next issue we'll get into the specifics of why The Trashmen recorded "Surfin' Bird" with Fender Mustangs, why the Gibson SG appears to be the official guitar of Straight Edge, what the difference between tube and solid state amplifiers is and why if you remember "the less knobs the better" your bass sound will benefit significantly. Until then, try a little less distortion and a little more feedback. It's good for you.



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**88 Fingers Louie-Behind Bars, CD**

88 Fingers busted out last year with two killer singles on Fat Wreck Chords and a great 10" on Russo Records. Obviously, much was expected from them and I personally was excited as hell to get this in my review package. But something happened. The intensity they had is gone. This record is uninspired and dull. The only high point is "Holding Back" (which maybe should have been the title track) which truly captures the power they had on songs like "Go Away" and "Too Many." And after this lackluster effort, they top it off with one of those tricky "hidden" tracks that appears after 4 minutes of silence after the last song, a cover of "I Don't Wanna Hear It," that sounds so much like the original there's really no need to record it. File this under unfulfilled potential and hope they can recapture what they lost. (GG)

(Hopeless Records 15910 Ventura Blvd.; 11th Floor; Encino CA; 91436-2804)

565 Burnouts-Demo, Tape

For a demo recorded in a living room, this actually sounds pretty good. Fast basic punk rock with screaming female and male vocals—and it's actually quite catchy for a band that's only been around for a few months. Keep it up folks. (BVH)

(210 8th St. Huntsville, AL 35805)

A-Bones/Mystic Eyes, split 7"

The A Bones clock in at 1:35 at rightfully so. If you have heard the A-Bones before than you know what to expect. Actually neither band does anything real surprising on this release and I wonder "What is the point." The Mystic Eyes have done a lot better than this cover of Sonny Bono's "I Would Marry You Today." A left over, throw away track if I ever heard one. (EA)

(Get Hip Records, PO Box 666 Canonsburg, PA 15317)

Absolute Zero, demo CS

Mediocre Discharge influenced stuff. Wasn't expecting much, didn't get much. Lots of noise for little money. (AG)

(\$3 1658 N.W. Harrison, Corvallis Oregon 97330)

A.F.I. - Answer That and Stay Fashionable, CD

Although released on Wingnut, this record truly has an Epitaph feel. With an overall sound resembling Pennywise, Ten Foot Pole, Bad Religion and the like, A.F.I. delivers that tight, fast unpop that has made Epitaph releases famous. Tim Armstrong and Brett Reed of Rancid co-produced 2 songs on the record, which was recorded at the famous Art of Ears studio. Beware, the CD version is missing 2 songs "because some fellas are lucky and some ain't." Punk me. (JM)

(Wingnut Records, Suite 59 1442A Walnut St., Berkeley, CA 94709)

Alice Donut - Pure Acid Park, CD

More psychedelic and less fucked up than their past releases, this is still fairly good. They just don't seem as psychotic as they once were. Maybe they've spent too much time paying attention to their songwriting. I mean, this is some nice psychedelic rock, but it just doesn't seem like Alice Donut. Buy it used. (MH)

(Alternative Tentacles: PO Box 419092 San Francisco CA 94141-9092)

All Fall Down-Long Walk Home, CD

Oh, so it has been about five years since their last record, but its here. I doubted it would ever come out. Breaking from the Albany stereotype, this is more pop punk than hardcore, but in the guitars and song

structures there are some street rock n' roll influences. The addition of an extra guitarist and a extra singer has done wonders for this band, and the music is now full of tight hooks and very melodic riffs. This is the good type of pop punk, they type that can hold your attention throughout a full length album, and each song sounds significantly different from the one

before. I very much enjoyed this record and recommend it. (JB)

(Krane Pool Records/ PO Box 7164/ Capitol Station/Albany, NY 12224-0164)

Anomie- demo CS

This is remarkably good emo-chug-a-chug-euro-core. Great female vocals. Tight performance. I'm surprised that they don't have a vinyl release out. Great stuff. I'm burned out on typing reviews, so I don't really have anything to say that's not a big ol' cliché. I'm about to write them a letter asking if they're interested in putting out records on Clean Plate. That means I like them. The kids will eat this stuff up!!!! (AG)

(Ape Records c/o simonnneau kathleen/ 80 rue des chaises/ 45140 St Jean de la ruelle/ france)

Antimony-Phantom Itch, LP

Emblazoned on a sticker stuck to the cover of this CD are the words "x-member of circus lupus" so for those of you familiar with that band, you have the basic idea of what this sounds like. Dischordian, strange beats, biz-

A few double x chromosomes in with the mountain of Ys this issue, things are on their way back up (hopefully).

This issue's reviewers:

Eric Action (EA); Matt Berland (MB); James Burnham (JB); Darren Cahr (DC); Bob Conrad (BC); Will Dandy (WD); Marie Davenport (MD); John Entropy (JE); Greg Gartland (GG); Aaron Gemmill (AG); Mark Hanford (MH); Bret Van Horn (BVH); Scott Macdonald (SM); John Malhausen (JM); Matt Miller (MM); Joan Pixie (JP); John Zero (JZ); Dan Sinker (DS)

After School Special, EP

Cool light and airy teenage zit punk a la the Queers. Songs about geeks, crushes, missing girls. Mindless, harmless, and definitely worth a listen. (GG)

(Loss Control Productions 1151 Chautauqua Blvd.; Pacific Palisades, CA; 90272)

Ain't-Nope, CD

This is hard grungy rock with some acid rock influences. Overall it comes across as very polished, slick, and otherwise generally commercial. It is done competently, but I get no feel of passion in the music. It is basic hard seventies rock with female vocals and I am not impressed. (JB)

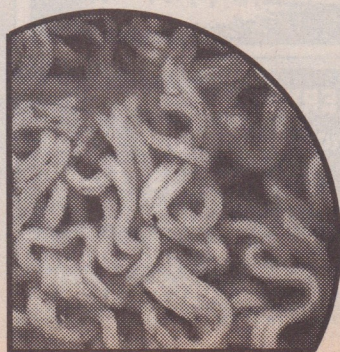
(Hunters Moon/ PO Box 470153/SF, CA 94147)

Algebra 1/Tuesday Weld, split 7"

Algebra 1 do a fast paced Jawbreaker style thing well, albeit with less erudite lyrics.

Tuesday Weld, from Germany, annoyed me from the get go with their slow noise pop. (GG)

(Firedrill Records 1116 Grove #5; Radford VA 24141)



zare harmonies. But I'm about to slap that singer 'cause he annoys me so bad. (DS)
(Double Deuce PO Box 515 New York City NY 10159)

Antioch Arrow- Gems of Masochism, LP

Gee, these people are nuts! They've come from exceptional emo-core to exceptionally weird art-core in a few short years. There's really noisy chaotic songs with dissonant keyboards/guitars and oddtime drums. There's piano and vocal duets. The vocals are beautiful, and just as eclectic as the rest of this record. He can go from sexy whisper to creep-show-auctioneer to melodious falsetto. Antioch Arrow gets a lot of bad press for being too-damn-arty, but I think this record is great. Experimental without being pretentious. It sure as hell isn't punk rock. Buy it, baby. (AG)

(Amalgamated)

Ass Baboons of Venus

Without a doubt the best thing I've reviewed this month. A must for anyone with a really good sense of humor and a couple of extra bucks. Songs from the mind of a pure genius, and let's just hope it is a joke. If it's not then we mortals are in grave danger, and the Ass Baboons need to seek immediate help before they take control of our planet. Comes on rad purple vinyl, and sports the best song title of the month: "Bad Hygiene is Good Birth Control." You may hate this the first time you listen to it, but spin it on the turntable again and you too will succumb to the powers of the Ass Baboons of Venus. (MD)
(Stingy Banana Records; 335 E. 10th St #3-E, NYC 10009)

The Automatics-All the Kids Just Wanna Dance, 7"

The Automatics, hailing from Portland, OR, play a goofy, Queers/Screeching Weasel style of punk rock. Full of three poppy, sing-along numbers to slap a silly grin on your face, of which my only complaint is the recording quality. The Automatics had better watch out before they find Portland to be the next East Bay scene. (BVH)
(\$3 PPD to: Mutant Pop Records, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

Bad Influence-Afterbirth, 10"

A really nice gatefold cover on this one. The music is ok. It's pure crust, but it's kinda like they mix in a little emo and a little noise and a little sludge and somehow, it just doesn't work. I mean, it's pretty cool and I might put it on every once in a while, but it's kind of got that forgettable air about it. Not one that I'll tape for my car. (WD)
(Skuld; Maybachstr.7.70839 Gerlingen, germany)

Bad Trip- Buzzy, CD

Mother of Mercy. WHY!? Grungy impotent alternarock that tries to get exciting but just can't. A truly uncool singer bellowing over half-witted riffs. They have a few good moments, but the moments get buried in lame screams and palm-muting. Well hey, if Alice in Chains floats yr boat, then maybe. But even then, you'll end up taking it to the used CD store cause you'd probably have fifty records that sound like this that you like better. The band name and album title suck too. (JM)
(Wreck-Age, 451 West Broadway 2N, NYC, NY 10012)

Beatnik Termites-School Boy's Dream, 7"

Pop all the way, almost too much so, except for one tune that goes all out punk. In the Parasites vein: happy and sappy. (BC)
(Get Happy!! Records, Falkensteiner Str. 27, 60322 Frankfurt, Germany)

Beef, 7"

Seems to me that a band with a name like Beef would be just that, big fat and meaty... ya know, somethin' you can really sink yer teeth into. No such luck here, Beef is jangly pop music that can be broody at times. The second side is "unplugged" and not too good. I dunno about this one... didn't do much for me. (MM)
(Cash Cow PO Box 1332 Buffalo, NY 14231)

Behed the Prophet-No Lord Shall Live, 7"

No holds barred hard/grind-core in that Los Crudos sing along way. They have these really weird noises and technical sounding shit going on in the background that is either someone doing weird guitar wanking or keyboard or some samples that I really wish wasn't there. They have members of Mukilteo Fairies too. I guess it's pretty swell, and when you first hear it you can't help but yell "Shit this is good!" but when you start getting into it, it gets kinda old. (WD)
(\$3; Outpunk; POB 170501; San Francisco, CA 94117)

Bender-Music For Two Ears, 7"

Canadian Green Day is the only way I could describe this, Du-nu-nu-nu Nah-nah-nuh-nuh, and on. Urn, I'm searching for something nice to say,....darn couldn't think of anything. Well, I guess the cover art's pretty cute (a seventies couple snuggling in front of an audio system).(J.Z.)
(3.50ppd, Ringing Ear Records, 9 Maplecrest, Newmarket, NH 03857)

Big Comb, 7"

Punk. Very punk. Kinda mid-tempo, with lots of screaming. Comes with a big comb. (BC)
(Too Many Records, PO Box 1222, Spokane, WA 99210)

Blank-The Tab Street Affair, CD

I remember seeing these guys play a couple summers ago and thinking to myself, "Yeah, I guess they're okay." Man, now I need to be kicking myself in the ass for going upstairs for the rest of the set. This CD is chock full of sing-along, heartfelt, punkish-emo goodness to set yourself at ease. Carrying a great likeness to Samiam's first LP, (right down to the vocals) only much better and more diverse, this album could very well end up being one of my top choices for '95. Get this now and avoid having me stalk you until you shell those measly \$8 out of your torn-up chain-wallet and order this finely groomed gem of an album. (BVH)
(2% Muscle: 1488 Harwell Ave. Crofton, MD 21114)

Blank-s/t, 7"

Cleverly, the record itself has no label — it's blank. Ha. Despite the gimmick, however, this is a very intriguing piece of vinyl. One song is a powerful, though fairly straightforward piece of hard driving, squirrelly Fugazi-style rawk, while the other is a twisty, understated, ominously quiet song that grows more and more interesting each time I listen to it. Great single. (DC)
(Vermin Scum Records, P.O. Box 22202, Blatimore, MD 21203-4202)

Blindnine "Hide Yourself" EP

Real stripped down fast punk with plenty of harmonized "whoohs" and some guitar solos. Most of the lyrics are yelled or barked. I must say I dug this. Go New Mexico! (GG)
(Blindnine; 2130; Coal Pl. SE Albuquerque, NM 87106)

Bob Bondex Johnston - s/t, 7"

Heavy heavy heavy. Screaming vocals. Sounds like something AmRep might release. Could be the soundtrack to my descent into dementia. "King Ape" locks into a serious groove that had me holding my knees and rocking quietly to myself in a dark corner. "Gasoline" has female vocals, and while cool, isn't as good as the two songs on side A. My copy came with a free sticker. Hope yours does too. (MH)
(X-Mist: Riedwiese 13; 72229 Rohrdorf, Germany)



Bob "Bondex" Johnston-s/t, 7"

A metal tinged, propulsive bunch of Germans who have an edgy, Helmetish feel without the annoying calculatedness (and someone who shouts instead of screams, which makes the whole think sound punkier and less big haired). Melodic in the way that, say, Wire, are melodic, without any actual melody. Pretty neat trick, actually. Good '45 — look forward to hearing more. (DC)

(Liquid Meat, P.O. Box 460692, Escondido, CA 92046)

The Bomb Bassets-Dress Rehearsal, CDEP

The Bomb Bassets rock so much that it almost hurts to sing along. Comprised of the Denery brothers (Sweet Baby Jesus and the Hi Fives), Dr. Frank of MTX and recording wiz, Kevin Army, The Bassets are an instant hit all-star band. They play total poppy stuff not unlike Sweet Baby, but with more of a modernized feel. They rock in a way that'll make you dance around like a total fool until the apartment downstairs complains and gets you evicted. Now if that's not punk, what is? (BVH)

(Lookout! P.O. Box 11374 Berkeley, CA 94701)

Boris the Sprinkler/Scooby Don't, split 7"

Fast power poppy punk that's, you know... jump around the room stuff. Boris cover a GenX song, so you know it can't be bad, and Scooby Don't are just about the same. The formula works. So now you know and you'll get it or not. (MB)

(Just Add Water; POB 5401; Berkeley, CA 94705)

Bottomfeeders-2 song, 7"

The A-side "I Can't Stand You" is a great song. It is hard to come by great songs anymore, applause. Catchy rock 'n' roll, the Bottomfeeders deliver the goods. The B-side isn't as entertaining but nothing to sneeze at. If you like guitar, real guitar, not watered down, over effected, complicated. You get the point, it is worth year minimum wage. (EA)

(Scooch Pooch Records, Inc. 323 Broadway #405 Seattle, WA 98102)

Boy Sets Fire-4 Song Demo, tape

Hmmph, kinda boring Gotho Emo Alternacore.... You know, I just can't knock em. I mean, the music is pretty bad.. but the members are just too rad. The demo came with this rad artsy minizine that had the lyrics and stuff in it, and the members put on punk/hc shows up in Newark, which is kuul as fuck. They offer venue, food, and even gas money for the bands they put on. So I just can't knock on em anymore than I already have. Really fucking kuul people making not-so-kuul music. Tragic. (JM)

(Boy Sets Fire, PO Box 303, Newark, DL 19711)

Braindance-Brainiac, cd

This is really good. Mainly pogo-inducing oi punk that reminds me of Crimpshrine in some ways, while simultaneously sounding nothing like them. It's just a feeling, ya know? I must have been playing this loud, and I think I saw an authentic squatter punk dancing to this outside my window. If that isn't a testament of punkness, I daunt know what is. Upbeat with socially conscious lyrics that make you think. With the exception of the ballad, this rages from start to finish. yeah. (JP)

(Helen Of Oil 31 Fitzgerald Road, Norwich, NRI 2NF, England)

Brandon Walsh, 7"

Ugh Brandon Walsh? Subtract 1,000 points for naming your band after a friggin' 90210 character. Minus another 10,000 for copying Mr. Bungle (verbatim). This sucks. Will, why are you punishing me? I actually broke this 7" in half because it was so friggin' bad. (AG)

(Self released)

Mark Brodie and the Beaver Patrol-Shreddin' and Surfin', 7"

Nothing too earth shattering here. You've got your standard surf-instrumentals and that's about it. They do it well, but they're no Man? Or Astro Man? (BVH)

(Shredder: 75 Plum Tree Lane #3, San Rafael, CA 94901)

Brujeria-Raza Odiada, cass.

These Latino bad boys are back with non-stop Spanish grind. Jello Biafra gives the voice of CA governor Pete Wilson on my favorite track(Pito Wilson), and all the songs are grind/death that is heavy and fast, with low screaming in all Spanish. Definately worth buying, Brujeria rule!(JE)

(Roadrunner Records, 536 Broadway NYC, NY 10012)

Bugeyed/Concrete Sox- Benefit for the Hunt Saboteurs Association, cass

Hrrrm..A decent benefit for a good cause. Bugeyed is hardcore punk with lots of stops and starts with a distinct metal edge. Concrete Sox are crustpunk that never lets

up. The are Discharge style crust with a tad of metal, but not much. Definately a good tape, especially the Concrete Sox side, and for the cause it's worth the cash.(JE)

(Ripping Thrash/MUT PO box 152 burton-On-Trent Staffs, DE14 1XX England)

Cable 7"

Heavy hardcore with screamed vocals and a slight metal edge to it, played well and recorded well. The songs go from hard to softer and back again and it works really well. The vocals on the second song are really high, and while it's still a good song, the first is much better. This is a really good seven inch, if you like heavy screamed hardcore, get it. (SM)

(Atomic Action / 2030 West Main/ Middletown, RI 02842)

Candywheel/Happy Sockmen, split 7"

Candywheel is bad punk with female vocals. "I can't see over the steering wheel." Gee, I feel your pain. The music is barely audible under her dead cat sounding voice. As for the obverse, imagine Versus had the lead singer of the Dazzling Killmen and you're in the range. Very, very weird. (GG)

Captain Not Responsible-s/t, 7"

Fast-paced hardcore from Finland, Captain Not Responsible seem to a pretty decent band. The first song "Self Pity" is great but the opposing side "Man Behind..." didn't reality spark my interest. Overall good if you're into that type of music.(J.Z.)

(HeartFirst Records,Bockhstr. 39, 10967 Berlin, Germany)

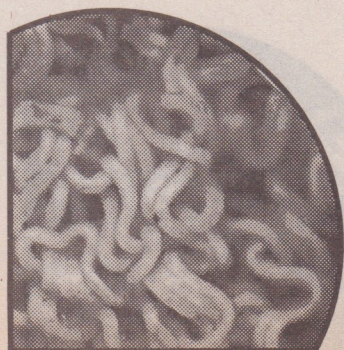
Carbomb/Ezra Pound, split 7"

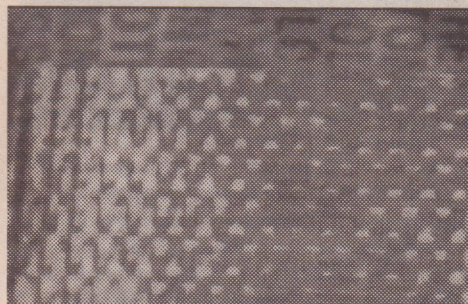
Carbomb are bounce-around-the-room type emo chaos hardcore. They're snotty and they could kick your ass. Imagine a tad more melodic, slower Assfactor 4. Heroin influence, but also a little bit of poppy influence. A godly mix, to be sure. Yeah, definitely some heroin in there. Ezra Pound give you emotional hardcore almost like Crimpshrine (I know Crimpshrine weren't at all emohc) and almost like Fugazi. Yeah, two bands that everyone knows... cross the two.... Fuckin' A'. If you get one split 7 this month. (MB)

(302 N. Livingston; Madison, WI 53703)

Carbomb/Fisticuffs Bluff-split 7"

Man, I'd hate to have to be on the flipside of a split with Carbomb. What an act to follow. But Fisticuffs Bluff manages to hold their own, with an eclectic noisey sound, with either a woman or a prepubescent boy singing (I honestly can't tell). But Carbomb. Oh!! This is an "emo" band that knows rock & roll. They know how to swing it, and swing





it they do. Fantastic, fast, furious, fun. What more can be said?? (DS)

(Troubleman Unlimited 16 Willow St. Bayonne NJ 07002)

Charles Bronson- s/t, 7"

Grindy hardcore brought to you by Six Weeks Records(hi Jeff!). This doesn't waste any time into getting heavy and fast, and with dual vocalists it sounds pretty damn good. There are a shitload of short songs, and the brutality hits one like a load of bricks(with mosh parts as well)...a great grind release, as expected from Six Weeks.(JE)

(Six Weeks Records, 2262 Knolls hill Cr. Santa Rosa, CA 95405)

Cheeztones-When Men Get too Anxious, 7"

Um, this is your basic trashy, garage rock-a-billy stuff that really doesn't get too much more exciting than the cover art. So you like Gas Huffer much?(BVH)

(616 College SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49503)

Noam Chomsky-The Clinton Vision, CD

Noam Chomsky is a prolific writer on radical issues and has a lot of really important things to say. Great ideas. Unfortunately, he's not terribly good at delivering them verbally. Too many "uhs." He sounds disorganized. Chomsky is a genius, but if you want to appreciate his brilliance, try out his written work first. I think you'll find he's much more articulate and intriguing in print. (AG)

(AK PRESS)

Noam Chomsky- Prospects for Democracy, CD

A CD by the famed political philosopher on the current state of democracy. Rather interesting and informative lectures on a range of topics from Propaganda to NAFTA. Although I don't agree with Chomsky on a lot of issues, he is a very interesting speaker and definitely worth having in your collection of political thought, and most of his views on "American democracy" are well thought out and agreeable.(JE)

(AK Press, PO Box 40682 San Francisco, CA 94140)

(Incite Technologies, 801 Minnesota Units 4, 6, 8, San Francisco, CA 94107)

Chopper-Self Preservation Society, EP

British singalong punk with a sound in the Jawbreaker range. Not too good. (GG)

(Crackle PO Box HP49; Leeds LS64XL UK)

Citizen Fish- Milennia Madness, CD

This is pretty basic ska with a slight punk influence on some of the songs. Nothing groundbreaking, but not bad either. (JP)

(Lookout! PO Box 11374 Berkeley Ca 94172)

CIV-All Twisted , 7"

Two mid-tempo hardcore tunes with an 80s influence. Nothing terribly spectacular, but at least they have cool-looking artwork. (BC)

(Revelation)

Clowns For Progress, CD

Hey, these guys where makeup and they're not gothic. Instead they play a mix between third rate 1980's Australian pop and numerous Spin Art type bands. As annoyingly slick as the former and as dreadfully boring as the latter. Well actually some of the songs are more rock and a bit harder then that comparison, but they are still boring. (JB)

(Flipside Records/ PO Box 60790/ Pasadena, CA 91116)

Colossus of the Fall-those years/square, 7"

Hardcore. Eh? Sad emotional stuff with the singer guy wrenching his heart out visibly and the guitars play a sad lullaby. Sort of like Fabric. Actually, this isn't as hardcore as one might expect from looking at the cover of the 7". The first song is almost bordering on Lifetime without the Lifetime guy's voice. The second song is much noticeably harder. I lost my 45 adapter and I had to fashion a crude one out of a corner of a notebook (the holes are the same size as the average record spindle) and I'm not disappointed I put work into it.That's praise. (MB)

(Doghouse; POB 8946; Toledo, OH 43623)

The Connie Dungs, tape

Snotty punk rock, with music very reminiscent of the Ramones. The cool part about this is that a lyric booklet the size of a mini-zine came with it with the lyrics (of course) and a bunch of little comics, most of which are juvenile humor things (a list of things you can do with dead babies, for example), but what do you expect from a bunch of guys named Brandon Dung, Johnny Asshole, Wayne Sphincter, and Chris Colostomy? I like the music and I think the packaging is cool, but I don't think the \$5 price is worth it. (SM)

(3818 Hardeman Drive / Ashland, KY 41102 \$5 ppd)

Cornershop/The Dealers-The transatlantic super-sonic suss machine, split EP

A split single between cornershop (who got a bunch of press in England a while back for being East Indian noise guys) and the dEALERS (who are from Pennsylvania and had a pretty interesting split album with Ox a while back). All told, Cornershop sound like "journey to the center of the

mind" played at the wrong speed with some sitar overdubs. The dEALERS (who sound different every time I hear them) sound like Bongwater, except more boring. Both of these bands can do much better than this. (DC)

(Easy, p.o. box 15951, Philadelphia, PA 19103)

Corm-The conservation of momentum, 7"

A strange event in the life of a child. Weird, dischordish harmonies (*hey, dischord put out half of his seven inch) with yelling and sometimes even horns. Very enjoyable on the whole. Use the bands that you never heard but always meant to because there was that guy down the hall that had all the shirts for and obviously loved... as a reference point. Got it? (MB)

(Shute; POB 2291; Kensington, MD 20891)

Counterblast-Prospects, 7"

Wow, now this is how it should be done. Really scary sounding metally crust done the way it's supposed to be. Think of Misery and Extinction of Mankind as reference points. If you like them you'll like this. Trust me. (WD)

(Skuld; Maybachstr.7.70839 Gerlingen, germany)

Crownhate Ruin/ Karate-split 7"

Crownhate Ruin is made up of member of Hoover, and there is definitely a lot of Hoover in this band. It's really good. But the stand-out on this 7" is Karate. They are amazingly dynamic, with volume & tempo changes happening fluidly & with little effort. This side is just incredible. The kind of side on a record that you keep playing over & over again just so you can sit in your chair & sway your head around & get caught up in the mood of it all. I want to see a lot more from Karate in the future. (DS)

(Art Monk PO Box 1105 State College PA 16804)





Crown Roast - 7"

Loud, noisy and sludgy. The guitar and bass have lots distortion, and the vocalist yells. I don't want to like it but for some reason I do. The b-side is very noisy with a long sample loop at the end. This sorta reminds me of Buzzov-en, but not really. (MM)
(Unclean Records PO Box 49737 Austin, TX 78765)

Cryin' Out Louds/The Motards, split 7"

First off, the Motards are one of the best bands around right now. I am getting sick of saying that they have a great rock n garage sound but I don't know how else to say it. They are hard to compare to anything else that is around, really. The Cryin Out Louds also from Austin prove that each city can only have one great bands. Since the Motards are great that leaves the Cryin Out Louds as an okay band. They do the same kinda thing but the vocals are a little quirky. Not a bad B-side if you take them that way. Well worth an investment. (EA)
(Little Deputy Records, PO Box 7066 Austin, TX 78713)

Cub/Potatomen-split CD EP

Cub are a nice little poppy band with a female singer that are just kind of nice to bop around to, kinda like a heavier Tiger Trap. The Potatomen continue to rule in their usual fashion of acoustic Smiths-esque rock. In fact this time they seem to try to sound especially Smiths-y. A nice little record. (WD)
(Lookout)

Dandruff Deluxe-Music from the motion picture soundtrack "satan is real", 7"

Like some awesome, lost noir soundtrack music with some freaked out guitar plaining, a dissonant jazz piano percolating like a good pot of coffee, this has more atmosphere than your average 30 releases combined. Background music for your next detective movie, like a collaboration

between Raymond Chandler and Ornette Colman (with some foetus thrown in for good measure). Excellent. (DC)
(X-Mist, Riedwiese 13 72229, Rohrdorf, Germany)

Date Bait-2 Song, 7"

Too much facial hair is normally an indicator of a bad 7". Seriously check it out, Billy Childish being the number one exception to the rule. Oh yeah, Date Bait rip off more early punk, late metal bands in two songs then I could dream of doing. The A-side "Wild Woman" is the better of two songs. Get Hip has way too many releases out that I couldn't imagine that you need this record. Serious guitar freaks only. (EA)
(Get Hip Records, PO Box 666 Canonsburg, PA 15317)

Dead End Cruisers-The Cutest Band in Town, cassette

Bad sound quality but decent music. Pop punk beer drinking kinda music. The melodies are pretty catchy and the lyrics are personal/silly. Give 'em a call, you know you want to. (J.Z.)
(For booking info call (512)928-4072)

Decatur! - City Limit, 7"

I really like the lo-fi sound of this, sometimes that just adds to the atmosphere of a band for me. I can picture this band playing a basement show somewhere and completely rocking the house. Boy/ girl vocals on different songs and both are great. Everything melts together in pop-punk perfection, who could ask for anything more? (JP)
(\$3 to Decatur! 149 E. Glenn Ave. Auburn, AL 36830)

D.F.L (Dead Fucking Last) - Proud To Be, CD

Hey, not bad Epitaph! Ok, basically this is energetic hyperspeed, tight, raw punk rock. 20 songs in 29 minutes! Unpolished, super distorted jammy garagey punkcore. Each song is a one-minute long speed mosh from hell; with some slower, heavier power breaks to keep it interesting. Well done, some of the best stuff Epitaph has out. (JM)
(Epitaph, 2798 Sunset Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90026)

Dirty Three-S/T, CD

Well, don't know what to even fuckin say. This is a three piece consisting mostly of violin, guitar and drums. Kinda spacey, kinda boring. Reminds me too much of Led Zeppelin (The anti-punk band). If you're not getting high then this record is for you. It is not for me to say the least. The end of the disc has some great noise on it and is worth copying the last few songs from a friend. Sorry Touch and Go, when is that big compilation coming out. (EA)
(Touch & Go, PO Box 25520 Chicago, IL 60625)

Dismemberment Plan-I, CD

This is weird. It starts out with music that sounds like Circus Lupus, except not as good, and these wacky vocals come on over it, then it goes for awhile and abruptly turns into goofy indie rock kinda stuff, like Pavement crossed with They Might Be Giants. When this works right it's melodic, slightly noisy indie rock, when it doesn't work it's pretty damn annoying. Some of these songs are actually really good, but, um... most of them suck. (SM)
(DeSoto/ Po Box 60335 / Washington, DC 20039)

Dog and Pony Show - Ashtrays and Afterlife Money, CD

Well executed alternative pop rock with a southwestern tinge, from Tuscon, Arizona. Nothing spectacular or exciting to me. I don't hate this stuff. It just sorta bores me. (MH)
(Epiphany!: 910 S. Hohokam #101 Tempe Az 85281)

Don Caballero-2, CD

The infamous Don Cabellero, instrumental noise merchants from Pittsburgh, are back with their second full-length assault without voices, called simply 2. As was the case with their wonderful first album, this one cranks like a punk album with the chops of a punk album. If anything, these guys seem most heavily indebted to King Crimson at their weirdest, with the same kind of bizarre dynamics, occasional dips into ambient noise, and guitar stuttering to be found in the vicinity of Robert Fripp. The precise control and odd time signatures these guys play in make my head spin with wonder. "please tokio, please THIS IS TOKIO" is like "Larks' Tongues in Aspic, Part III," being covered by Bastro. A great piece of work, once again. (DC)
(Touch & Go Records, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

Downer Boys-Werken Men und Pirates, 7"

Feedback and yelling, yahoo. Actually, I liked it. This album is pretty energetic with lots of distortion and screams. I'm sure they'd also been amazing band to see live. There is a good deal of material on this record despite the fact that it's only a seven inch, so why not pick this up, it couldn't hurt. (J.Z.)
(Eye 95, 7380 Broken Staff, Columbia, Maryland 21045)

The Dread-Can't Get Away, LP

This is another one of those bands that I just don't understand. They sound like The Pist without the crunch or like Blanks '77 without the catchiness. Either way they fall short. They're stuck somewhere in the middle and need to figure it out, because for now they're just kinda boring. I'm not



wild about their singer either. I hear that they're great live, and I believe it to, because then they actually can have power, but on record, I dunno. Very forgettable. (WD) (Clearview; 2157 Pueblo Dr.; Garland, TX 75040)

The Dugans, 7"

More jangly pop than punk. The guitar solos need to be dropped; otherwise, this is pretty good. (BC) (Kranepool Records/ PO Box 384 Hamilton St., 2nd Fl, Albany, NY 12210)

The Dugans-Seattle, Washington, 7"

This is exceptionally lethargic, unoriginal, slow college rock. There is nothing in the music, lyrics, or singing style that is energizing in any way, shape, or form. (JB) (Kranepool Records/ PO Box 7164/ Capitol Station/ Albany, NY 12224-0164)

Duh - The Unholy Handjob, CD

Metal sludge music the way it was meant to be played. Heavy riffs that stumble from my speakers and through my house, fucking up everything in their path. Great tunes, and one of the most messed up versions of the Undertones "Teenage Kicks" ever recorded. Also features a live track at the end, where they prove just how punk they really are, with an impromptu medley of Nirvana/Little River Band/Green Day/Pat Benatar, all while trying to pick a fight with the audience by calling them pussies. Cool. (MH) (Alternative Tentacles: PO Box 419092 San Francisco CA 94141-9092)

Edgar/Tetsuo, split 7"

Edgar is a band of little kids (14-16) playing decent emo influenced hardcore. It's pretty catchy, and their singer actually sounds a lot like Jake Filth. Filth + Emo = Edgar. Tetsuo is also emo influenced, with crustier vocals. Both bands have pretty original sounds, mostly because the successfully combine elements of two generally non-intersecting genres. Comes with really nice looking free patches. (AG) (Mountain-POBOX 1172; Huntington NY, 11473 -0656)

Elliot Smith, CD

I've been listening to this almost religiously since I got it... but I don't know why exactly. It's very good, for one... it has the feel of your average folk/punk type stuff (see Mary Lou Lord...) but it has an almost hippy feel at times except for the fact that it is severely disturbed, which is good (for the music, not necessarily for him). It makes me want to go outside and walk in the cold with a week's growth and sit down at a playground and cry. (MB) (Kill Rock Stars; 120 NE State #418; Olympia, WA 98501)

Elmer-Biblebanger, 7"

I think this is a joke. Or something. Super-country bass lines and not-country-enough

guitars. Punk drums and lame 80's east bay vocals. It's just lame, annoying, condescending pseudo-hillbilly schlock. (AG) (Too Many Records.)

Exhaust-s/t 7"

Musically, this band is really good. They're pretty rocky, with nice guitar parts. Everything's really reverbed, and it adds a nice dimension to the sound. This sounds vaguely like what was coming out of DC in the early ninties... Guitar based rock that feels really good. The singer is pretty off key most of the time, but sometimes that sounds okay. (DS) (561 Rutherford Circle Birmingham AL 35206)

Face Value- Choices, CD

Yet another NYHC influenced band. This sounds like the Sick of It All or Agnostic Front greatest hits collection. Not to say it doesn't have some moments (like the song "Life"), but it's been done way too much (imitation isn't bad, just imitate a better style of punk). A decent CD, if you're a fan of NYHC you can't go wrong. (JE) (We Ride America, PO box 10172 Chicago, IL 60610)

Fig Dish vs. Eveready, split 7"

Fig Dish sound like soul asylum being covered by They Might Be Giants (or is it the other way around?) on this limp wristed song, cleverly called "eyesore." It's catchy, which usually wins some points in my book, but it manages to be intensely annoying all the same. (By the way, the guy from Fig Dish dates Nina from Veruca Salt, and she took the cover photo, which is one of the best things about this single, the other being the cool blue marbled vinyl). Eveready contribute a song called "Weezer," which is pretty funny conceptually, though the song itself actually sounds more like Green Day, which is lucky for them. I really liked this song, which is catchy without being annoying. I like a song that says where it's going, goes there, and then goes away. I'd say that Eveready wins this battle by a TKO. (DC) (Liquid Meat, P.O. box 460692, escondido ca, 92046.)

Fleas and Lice/Bleeding Rectum, split LP

CRUUUUUUSSSSSST! These bands both have that foreign hardcore crust sound that makes them instantaneously great. Any hardcore fan should have and love this record. It's hard to think of anything more to say than they are just great, so go buy it and place it right next to all your Doom records. (WD) (Skuld; Maybachstr.7.70839 Gerlingen, germany)

Fragrant Cloud-s/t, 7"

Mediocre, poorly mixed fugazi wannabes. The song "a cup of tea with colin" bored me, and included the lyric "I won't hide my feelings" repeated ad nauseam. The other two songs, "three paws & one foot" and "don't lean on me" are equally unimaginative. (DC) (Crisis Discs, P.O. Box 6335, Raleigh, North Carolina, 27628-6335)

Fried Green, 7"

Simple, Heavy, Chanty, Vegas punk. Fuckin hard & moshy. Not melodic but really catchy, cause they scream some haunting chants. Pretty rocking, although I just have to outright object to a few parts in there songs that are uncanny and moderately-paced; bordering on cobain rip-offs. But hey, the artwork is Xeroxed and it comes with 2 stickers! Which is rad cause it's cheap and it comes with music that isn't half bad. "Cars go fast Cars Go Fast Cars Go Fast, VROOM!" (JM) (Fried Green, POBox 92621, Henderson, Nevada 89009)

Fried Green/Mfix, split 7"

Why spend extra hard earned cash on color vinyl and fancy multi-colored packaging and then release a crappy sounding record. There is some merit to lo-fi music. This isn't lo-fi but crappy production, there IS a difference. Fried Green's song is slow and as exciting as a boring Butthole Surfers song. The Mfix aren't as slow but the horrible production made this extremely painful to listen to. Try again. (EA) (Gimpy's Deluxe Records, PO Box 92671 Henderson, NV)

The Fumes-Spine Tingling Excitement, 7"

The Fumes play some rough-edged garage punk with cool titles like, "Muscle Cars, Rocker Chicks and Cigarettes." This 7" has three of these numbers which all rock just the same. (BVH) (Empty Records: P.O. Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

Fun Girls From Mt. Pilot/the Slackers, split 7"

Hey, F.G.F.M.P. are way cool- fast paced songs about cooties and martians! I loved it- you will too. The Slackers are workmanlike '77 style political punk rawk that is just plain rad. This split is great- get it now! (GG) (House O' Pain PO Box 120861; Nashville Tenn. 37212)



Gag 7"

Ugh. Gag me. This is pretty bad. I guess its an attempt at lofi college "indie rock." I wouldn't call it punk. The lyrics strive for depth but fall flat on their face. Just not a good record. (GG)
(Urge to Pinch Records; (614)-297-1065)

Gags-s/t, 7"

Produced by NYC guitar wizard Kramer, this is a great piece of psychedelic pop with a swirling, off balance feel. Self-conscious w/out being fey — in the same category as flaming lips but without the heavy overdubs. Very cool. (DC)
(Crisis Discs, P.O. Box 6335, Raleigh, North Carolina, 27628-6335)

Gameface, 7"

Gameface play really good melodic pop-punk in the vein of Rhythm Collision and other bands on Dr. Strange. Three songs here, the best being "June," which will be on their next LP, with cool lyrics about being on tour. The songs flow well, the packaging is nice, I like this. (SM)
(Dr. Strange/ PO Box 7000-117 / Alto Loma, CA 91701)

Gink, 7"

Gink plays three songs of catchy 4/4 punk rock on this 7". "Out on the Floor," is a standout with it's catchy hooks and sing alongs. In some ways the vocals remind me of J-Church, only more polished off. (BVH)
(Potential Ashtray 110 Oxford Road, High Wycombe Bucks HP11 2DN)

Girl Afraid/Two For Flinching, split 7"

Two For Flinching is a less-advanced Red#9 (three-chord girl pop-punk) and Girl Afraid is noise pop with a super shitty (quiet) recording and even shittier lyrics. Their side makes this record spike the yawn meter. (BC)
(\$4 to Pop Kid Records, 2-90 Charlotte St., Ottawa, Ont., Canada, K1N 8K2)

Golden-s/t, 7"

Impressive control, Don Caballero-like. Recorded by Bob Weston, and there is some surface similarity in the almost mathematic stroking these instruments receive (not to mention the obvious debt to early Wire). Not particularly varied, however, and while the fact that they have this control is impressive, that doesn't automatically make for an interesting two songs. It is very promising, though, and I'll be listening for them. (DC)
(Happy Go Lucky, P.O. Box 44342, Cleveland, OH 44144)

Gomez - LP

If you haven't seen this record yet, you must! The packaging is great, a rip off of Danzig's first record with what looks to me like Yoda on the cover instead of the Danzig skull thingy. They couldn't afford a gatefold so they made a poster instead. Classic!! Musically it rips... straight forward pop punk. They do a song about Star Wars so you know it's gotta rule. Get this record. (MM)
(\$6 ppd. Little Deputy Records PO Box 7066 Austin, TX 78713-7066)

Grapefruit-Loopy on Bus Fumes, 7"

Cool, jangly pop-garage punk with a non-ska Operation Ivy influence. A better recording would do them justice. I met these guys at Gilman this summer and they were really nice. They flew from Hawaii to tour the West Coast. Fun. Check this out. (BC)
(Fuddy Duddy Records, PO Box 11241, Honolulu, HI 96828)

The Great Brain-Ray/Half Decayed, 7"

Wow, I say this band live, and just as I didn't know what to make of their live performance, I feel the same way about their record. Well I guess to the point, it is bad, really bad. Very boring college (poppy maybe?) rock with nothing special in anyway topped off with a horrendous recording and production. (JB)
(Faye Records/ POB 7332/Columbia, MO 65205)

Greenella, 7"

This 7" has a cool, early days of emo-core feel to it. It reminds me of the days when Phleg Camp and Fuel were just starting to carve a sound into the world of punk. It's upbeat, rockin' and poppy, yet it has a lot of the elements of a more emo-core release. Very cool. (BVH)
(Rise Records: 2116 Guadalupe, Austin, TX 78705)

Greensect vs. Common Thread-Double Agent Series 1301, split 7"

Split single with Greensect and Common Thread. Greensect sound like a 4AD band, all effect pedals and lush guitars. Which is fine, though I can't say they really add anything that you haven't already heard before. If you like this kind of thing, check out one of the Felt albums from the early '80s, where they do this kind of thing with real aplomb. Common Thread, although plowing similar fields, veers into the weirder waters. The same effects used by Greensect are turned into bizarre noise coloration, and the voices sound almost like guitars. Almost gothic in its melodrama, Common Thread pull off a pretty good song. 4AD should call them up. Common Thread wins this one on points. (DC)
(Decoder Ring Records, 3628 Park Street, Suite 33, Jacksonville, FL 32205)

Grifters-Stream, 7"

Pretty good, drunk sounding southern alterna-rock, with that sloppy, poorly recorded sound we have all grown to love. Cool sound — I guess if one of pavement's influences was Tom Waits, it'd sound like this. Which is a good thing, by the way. (DC)
(Derivative P.O. Box 42031, Montreal, QUE, H2W 2T3, Canada)

Grinch - Eden, CD

These guys somewhat resemble an audio representation of nightmares I used to have as a baby. Anyway, while overall the music in itself is pretty good, there are some weak points. The songs are too long, averaging at 5 minutes each. The singer sounds a bit like the Cookie Monster. (more childhood regurgitation) All in all, this is a band that would be great live cause the music is a mosher's dream; hard, dark, pounding and heavy; with some moments that just fly outta control in a drum driven fury. However, if ya just listen to the album, you kinda go; "Man, this song has been on forever! And I just got the weirdest deja vu.." (JM)
(Desperate Attempt Records, 1320 S.Third Street, Louisville, KY 40208)

Gus-heterobash was flipper, 7"

Another insane release. This is almost classifiable in the straight-forward fast snotty punk rock category, but it isn't. It just hasd this wacky touch that you're not sure if you're supposed to laugh with them or just be dumbfounded. It's DIY, and I just don' know how to react to words like, "kill please I'm just killed." (MB)
(slow to burn; POB 8386, Victoria, BC V8W 3R9; Canada)



Habitual Sex Offenders - From Ruston With Love CD

Pretty generic rock stuff musically. Lyric-wise, I think they're going for the lets-try-and-be-as-offensive (juvenile)-as-possible approach. Song titles include The Monostat Seven, Coroner, and Please Douche Before Christmas. Get what I mean? However, I give 'em props for the rewording the Juicy Fruit commercial, we all know it was about sex anyway. (MM)

(Rancheros de Pollo/Chicken Ranch PO Box 1157 Ruston, LA 71273-1157)

Hamlet Idiot-don't let them/hypnotized, 7"

A two-song 7" with a bad song followed by a worse song. No accurate comparisons come to mind, but words like plodding, unstructured, and annoying do come to mind. A lo-fi style recording makes it even worse. (SM)

(Chunk Records / Box 244 / Easthampton, MA 01027)

Hashbrown-Consistently Inconsistent, CD EP

This record lives up to its name- its all over the place. They have a jam like musical style that doesn't sound like they make any attempt at going anywhere-they just play. The vocals are sung, spoken, screamed- you name it. The guy sounds like the guy from Crackerbash which is pretty cool. I wouldn't recommend this to anyone but fans of the truly bizarre. It sort of grew on me in a weird way. (GG)

(Hashbrown 163 S. Benton Palatine, IL 60067)

Hates- Greatest Hates, CD

Old style punk rock. In an early Germs vein(No god, Forming, etc...). Not bad at all, the vocals are a little grating, but the music is true old school punk rock(this band dates back to 77-78). Songs such as "Punk 1301" and "Science's fiction" are old school classics. Overall a good CD, you just might skip a few tracks.(JE)

(Faceless Records, contact Christian Arnheiter 616 Branard St. Houston, TX 77006)

Hinckley-s/t 7"

A year ago these guys were a full-on chug-ga chugga straightedge band (operating under the name Everlast). Now they're super noisy emo. What's up with that? Musically, they're actually pretty good! They're full-on crazy noise, with screamed vocals & hell a feedback. There's also a pretty political insert that comes with the record that's pretty problematic. I can only hope that they're still saying the things they're saying today a few years from now,

but a little voice in my head makes me think they won't. Prove me wrong, I'll be happier for it. (DS)

(Renier Records PO Box 952 Wilmette, IL 60091)

Holeshot- s/t, CD

I believe this is the band that I gave a good review to their 7" a while back. Catchy hardcor-ish stuff, reminiscent of OLD Fitz of Depression(when they were good). Mid tempo mostly with neat melodic bass and solid guitar. My only complaint lies with the vocals, it seems like the singer is bored and just speaks most of the time, but when he screams it rocks; he needs to try it more often. Overall a very good CD.(JE)

(Glue, 51 Columbus Dr. Franklin Park, NJ 08823)
(Reservior, PO Box 790306 Middle Village, NY 11379)

The Hot Corn Girls-7"

Really weird punky music with a bit of new wave influence, a bit of RnR influence, and a whole lot of NYC bar band sound. It's a pretty infectious set of 5 songs, and the singing really grabs me, but I'm not sure I fully get what's going on here. (JP)

(Stingy Banana 335 E. 10 St #3-E New York, NY 10009)

Inhalants-s/t, 7"

Usually this type of music wouldn't really interest me, but the inhalants have an upbeat sound with tweaky vocals that somehow mold this into a great record. The lyrics are pretty corny but overall I'd say this is a decent album.(J.Z.)

(Rise Records, 2116 Guadalupe #210, Austin, TX 78705)

Inhalants, 7"

A pretty good two song 7" from this Texan three piece. Unfortunately there are no lyrics or inserts so I can't say much about anything but the music. It is simple lo-fi punk with vocals distorted in way to resemble the Dead Kennedy's. There were some guitar solos and some parts gave almost fifties surf music type feel at times, but honestly there was too little material to really give a solid description. (JB)

(Unclean Records/ PO Box 49737/ Austin, TX 78765)

In/humanity-gets killed by robots, 7"

Funny surf cover art. Scary hardcore art music. WOW! Nice droning vocal/ guitar work is punctuated by squealing, squawking, shrieked breaks. Creepy noises are made by men with guitars as their band mates create a tight rhythmic maelstrom of aural destruction. (Cute sentence?).

This is great! (AG)

(Raging Rose)

Inkwell-By Design, 7"

Inkwell is a decent stop/start hardcore band with parts of songs being reminiscent of Helmet, and to a lesser degree, Heroin. It's a shame they didn't pick up more from those bands, because this really lacks.... something, I think their biggest problem is with composition/arrangement. For instance, there's clean parts that don't add anything but useless time to the songs. Not so hot. (AG)

(My last wish 4462 freeman road MARIETTA, GA 30062)

Insurgence-Ripe for the Trade-off

One of them PC bands. You know the ones...with the deep and meaningful political messages...(room for you to think)...yep, those the ones, I knew that'd ring a bell. It's actually not a bad album or band, and there is a cool song entitled "Toe Tappin' with the Scenesters." So if you are a political message band freak, or perhaps scratch the political message band part, this is a necessity. The rest of us will stick to our mindless music that says absolutely nothing and really, fun...what DO people see in it??? (MD)

(\$10;Crisis Discs POB 6335,Raleigh, NC 27628-6335)

Insurgence - Background Music, 7"

Gruff vocals, and cool melodic lead guitars. They have a late 70's / early 80's punk feel to them, that reminds me at times of The Wipers, or maybe early Red Rockers or Impatient Youth. The two songs on the A side are catchier than the song on Side B, but all are quite nice. worth a measly 3 bucks. (MH)

(Crisis Discs: Box 6335 Raleigh NC 27628)

Jason's Cat Died, 7"

Weird band name. The first song opens with a weird rolling ska-ish feel that reminds me of Fugazi's "sweet and low," and suddenly breaks into a wall of noise reminiscent of later Heroin work. The second song, "occupation," isn't as nice, but it's still pretty damn good, "Occupation" reminds me a little of "Steady Diet of Nothing" era Fugazi: lots of choppy guitars, swinging drumbeats, and layers of noise. Good 7" (on clear wax!). (AG)

(bandwagon)



J.C. Superska-Hepstepper, 7"

Upbeat ska with a horn section that's fairly run of the mill, with the exception of the vocals, which sound like Elvis and give the record an out of the ordinary sound. The b-side is a slow, vocal-less number that sounds like a detective show theme. (JP) (Elevator Music, PO Box 1502 New Haven, Ct 06506)

Jerkwater/Housewrecker - split, 7"

The Jerkwater side is poorly mixed, with the vocals way too loud, and the guitar way to low. I like the songs, but the mix just gets in the way. The Housewrecker side has better production, but the songs aren't as catchy as those by Jerkwater. Both bands are kind of sloppy, in a way that annoys me a little bit. There is something about this record that just makes me want to like these bands, but they aren't quite there yet. I'm sure these guys would be fun to see live though. It just doesn't do that much for me on these recordings. Comes with a free Jerkwater patch and sticker (in my copy at least) and is on blue vinyl. (MH) (Delivery Boy Records: PO Box 503 St. Marys PA 15857)

Jesus Christ Superfly

Jesus is pimpin' it here with two distorted power chords built songs. Basically your typical three chord stuff, nothing special, but I must admit - they are very catchy. If you haven't quite yet gotten you fill of this type of band then don't stop now, pick it up immediately. For you jaded folks, keep an eye out for this band anyway, as they are pretty damn good. (MD) (Scooch Pooch; 323 Broadway #405 Seattle, WA 98102)

Jihad-God's Forsaken People..., 7"

Oh my fucking god! If this doesn't rip you and half and send you writhing on the floor in an exhilarating mixture of pain and happiness I don't know what will. These

guys are incredible! Noisy, kinda metally, slow-paced, very powerful hardcore. Screamed vocals just make you want to keep turning it up until your ears bleed. Goodness this rules! There's a cool booklet in it too! Just get it! (WD) (Schema; PO Box 1161; Battle Creek, MI 49016-1161)

Johnny Bravos-It Aint Easy Being A Junky, 7"

Despite the great name, the Johnny Bravos are boring, by the number HC, with a juvenile point of view so pronounced, they even redundantly named a song "Juvenile." A lot here is supposed to be clever, but isn't, and the music is uninteresting. Of course, since they don't have an address, you can't find it anyway. (DC)

Junction-A collection of random mishaps, CD

While punk rock history will force Junction into the uncomfortable role of "the band before Samuel & the Delta 72" this retrospective CD shows that they were a great band in their own right, with an original sound, and great sounds. In fact, this CD has some of the best punk/hardcore tracks in recent history on it. Truly exciting, moving, & wonderful. Sometimes the past is as good as the present. (DS) (Art Monk PO Box 115 State College PA 16804)

Just Plain Big-Pet Sounds, LP

Whoa, I really didn't expect this from the photo of the band. They look like a bunch of tough guys, but they're playing this totally goofy loungey, jazzy, upbeat pop. This is really fun, great music! I am totally surprised. (DS) (Double Deuce PO Box 515 NYC NY 1159-0515)

Kepone-Skin, LP

Oh God... Slow heavy metal. Bad vocals. Stupid words. Turn it off now! (DS) (1/4 stick records PO Box 25342 Chicago IL 60625)

Kerosene 454-Situation At Hand, LP

Kerosene 454 sound like a more coherent Drive Like Jehu, or Fugazi's "In On the Killtaker" played with uncomfortable rhythms and mixed by Tar. These, by the way, are compliments. Kerosene 454 have realized that you can get quieter without getting softer, and louder without losing the song. In other words (shock!) all of their songs don't sound the same. There are structures here even when it sounds like noise, and there's noise and color where it seems deceptively simple. An excellent slab of vinyl that every one of you should pick up. (DC)

(Art Monk, P.O. Box 1105, State College, PA 16804)

Kitty Cat Spy Club/Teenagers, split 7"

This is one of those records that it took me awhile to find the right speed. Somewhere between 33 1/3 and 45 RPMs the Kitty Cat Spy Club would be a great band. Unfortunately at 33 1/3 they are a little off that mark. Very no-production this punk falls a little short. The teenagers have songs that seem to be there but again they aren't heard well due to production. Both deliver 4 songs a piece and that is something to be proud of. Ask me in a week and I will tell you if they grow on me or not. Not too sure. (EA)

(Radio Trash, 3848 Dixon Place Palo Alto, CA 94306)

Kluster-s/t, 7"

Like Biohazard without the biker thing (though they may ride harleys, for all I know). Heavy and grinding, metal, with funny lyrics that don't pretend to be profound. "Clusterfucked" is one of the best songs I've ever heard about Lee Harvey Oswald — made more impressive by the fact that they never mention his name. Loud, fun and obnoxious (and even fairly smart). (DC) (Outstanding Records, 8033 Sunset Blvd., Suite 847, Los Angeles, CA 90046)

Kort Prosess- s/t, 7"

Crusty European hardcore the way it was meant to be. This doesn't let up for a second, has enough metal to make it interesting, and kicks serious ass. What more can you say about really good crustcore? Get this. (JE) (Heartfirst Records, Bochkstr 39 10967 Berlin, Germany)

Krabs-Punk Crock, 7"

Good punk rock that's comparable to John Cougar Concentration Camp and a little Crimpshrine. The lyrics are total rehashed formula but hey, it works with the music. On their "fuk you list" they have "emo crap, vegan crap and political correctness crap." It's good to see bands taking an intelligent stand on important issues, haw haw. Regardless, this is good and I would recommend it if you're into kinda melodic, kinda raw punk rock. (SM) (391 Pleasant St. SW / Grand Rapids, MI 49503)

Kryptonite Nixon-Live At Jawbone Canyon, CD

I guess the big thing with this CD is that it "contains multi-media CD-ROM tracks, Macromedia Projectors, and MPEG movies playable on Macintosh, Windows, and CDVideo CD-ROM players." Well I couldn't really be bothered with that computer junk so how about the music? Well, it is a live recording so it is hard to judge, but it





sounds like a mediocre to poor live recording of an at best average rather melodic college rock band that wants to do something a bit original but does not have the songwriting ability nor the talent to do so. No, I didn't like it. (JB)

Flipside Records/ PO Box 60790/ Pasadena, CA 91116

Laughing Hyenas- Merry Go Round, CD

Well, the singer sounds like he's giving birth to something approximately the size of a tank...which would be great is the music were hardcore or something...but the music is like, uh, fugazirock...which would be fine and dandy...but they only use about 2 musical ideas per song...which would be peachy if the songs weren't so damn long. The whole thing would be if they played harder and finished faster.. but you see... a crazed screaming guy in a calm, docile surrounding resembles a grotesque insane asylum scene that's just too uncomfortable to sit through and witness. Oh well. (JM)

(Touch & Go Records, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

Lazyeyespeechcommunity, CD

Melodic, driving music that sounds a little like late Screeching Weasel, but catchier, mixed with a little Friction, especially in the vocals. This is good and solid, and I like it a lot. Well done, but I think \$8 is a bit steep considering this only has a small insert and comes in a cardboard sleeve. Still, if this is your type of music, I'd recommend this. (SM)

(Five Finger Records / 3136 Rock Haven Ave. / Rochester Hills, MI 48309)

Lick-Breach, CD

Whoa, industrial rock? Is it back? I remember (and it wasn't all that) long ago, early and mid-eighties, when this kind of thing could be really, really radical. It isn't anymore. Lyrics like "Jawbreaker/someone needs to break your jaw" just come off as sub-Skinny Puppy without the pathos. (DC)

(Invisible, P.O. Box 16008, Chicago, IL 60616)

The Living End-Stiff Middle Finger, CD

Generic Punk. (BC)

(Last Resort Records, PO Box 2986, Covina, CA 91722 / Mutiny Music, PO Box 235, 1626 N. Wilcox, Hollywood, CA 90028)

Lone Wolves, 7"

Bad, morbid, garage-pop. Boring. (BVH)

(Wolfcubb Records: 220 Central Park South, NY, NY 10019)

Luzifers Mob/Golgotha- split LP

Luzifers Mob are one of my favorite grind bands, and these German crustpunk smash everything with a shitload of non-stop grind blasts. Golgotha is sludgy crust-

punk that, while not being as good as Luzifers Mob, still kicks ass and is worth looking into. A very good release for all grind/crust fans.(JE)

(X-Mist Records, Riedwiese 13, 72229 Rohrdorf/Spring Records, Rathausstr.13A 69126 Heidelberg)

Mainliner-Rock And Roll Animal, 7"

They have a sound reminiscent of Lookout sort of and play with a very pop-punk type attitude. The song "Pathetic Teenage Life" is pretty good but the other two songs really aren't anything amazing. Basically, if you're into that type of music you'd probably like this.(J.Z.)

(Instant Failure, P.O.Box 6681 Harrisburg, PA 17112)

Manic Hispanic-The Menudo Incident, CD

Funny! Punk classics redone with Hispanic themes: "No Futura," "(I don't wanna drown in a) Mexican Society" ("There's too many vatos in my casa"), "(I was so) Wasted (I was a cholo, I was an ese, I was a vato...)" ... You get the idea. Great concept, well done. A+. (BC)

(Doctor Dream, 841 W. Collins, Orange, CA 92667)

Mant- Cruising For Grey 7"

Sounds like Weird Al went punk cause it's like.. a generic impression of punk, you know? The augmented chords, strummed bass and Yankovocals just don't heat my corn, I'm sorry. Hmm, imagine with me, if you will; Tool and Primus get together and cover those bad Ramones songs that were just "aggressive" with no pop or catchiness in them. And you get Mant. The members sound really kuul, though, at least in the profiles on the inside cover. (JM)

(Mant, 15509 Yorktown Dr., Dumfries, VA 22026)

Mao Tse Helen, 7"

Hands-down best band name in my review bundle. I was expecting something emo-esque, but I was caught WAY off guard. The first side is hyperactive clean-picked dischordant JAZZ! The other side has a similar instrumental sound, but includes deep n' growly vocals, a la Tom Waits. In fact, this sounds like a cross between Tom Waits and James "Blood" Ulmer (someone you've probably never heard of). Definitely worth checking out. (AG)

(Shameless Records)

Masskontroll/Battle of Disarm- split 8"

Fuck yeah! Crust grind thrash by two of the best bands in the genre. Masskontroll are the best American crust band there is,

hands down. Battle of Disarm are complete Japanese thrash, never stopping to let you catch your breath. A great 8", my favorite release of recent memory. (JE)

(Consensus Reality, 1951 West Burnside #1654 Portland, OR 97209)

McRackins - Life, Hey Mikey 7"

These guys are kooky to say the least. Face paint and costumes, yeesh. Quirky pop punk, much better than the one I reviewed last time. The title song is about Mikey, the kid in the old Life cereal commercials who would eat anything. They also do Cheap Trick's Surrender and Scandal's The Warrior (shootin' at the walls of heart ache, bang bang...). Pretty good I must say. (MM)

(Shredder 75 Plum Tree Lane #3 San Rafael CA 94901)

Mind Over Matter-Automanipulation, LP

An interesting combination of Drive Like Jehu and Wreck, these guys are genuinely heavy. They have two modes: loud, syncopated and percussive, and loud and shimmery. They've got the typical ranting lead-guy, who does a pretty decent job of ranting coherently, and, by in large, they rock severely. A fine album for noise-rock aficionados. (DC)

(Wreck-Age, 451 West Broadway 2N, NYC, NY 10012)

Mr. Mirainga-Fuck the Scene

This band has a nice little Propagandhi type feel to 'em. Deep and thought provoking lyrics about the likes of drinking alone, and where exactly does the shit go when you flush it? What? You think that maybe they have too much time on their hands? Perhaps, but a fine little tape all the same. Too bad there was no address of the tape and you won't be able to experience their intellect (?) for yourself. But keep an eye out for them. (MD)

(Way Cool Music;no address)

The Mr. T Experience-Everybody's Entitled to Their Own Opinion, CD

This is the CD version of this Mr. T album from 1986. Jon Von, now of the Rip Offs, was still in the band when this was recorded. Personally, I like the newer Mr. T stuff more than this, but this is still good quali-





ty pop punk, speedy and catchy. The best part of this album is the fact that it contains the awesome Danny Bonaduce song and a cover of Pleasant Valley Sunday.

Good stuff. (SM)

(MTX Psychic Friends Network / 48 Shattuck Square #48 / Berkeley, CA 94704)

Mr. T Experience-Alternative is here to stay, CD EP

These guys are just way too much fun! Their music will put that hop in your step, and then the lyrics just make you smile with their outright goofiness. These guys are almost the definition of pop punk. What more can you say, it's just Grrrrreat! (WD) (Lookout)

Multi Facet/Sheephead, split 7"

Multi Facet are a really great hardcore band with that a really fast paced crusty feel and female vocals. They still remind me of Zero Hour in many ways. The kicker is that they're just really good at what they're doing and very good musicians. Sheephead on the other hand is great in their own right. They sound like the Ramones/Screeching Weasel with silly lyrics like "can you come over I've got nothing else to do." Great and diverse. Yippee! (WD)

(Zafio records; PO Box 40004; Berkeley, CA 94704)

Mung-Vow of Poverty, CD

The title and name scared me, but it's well executed melodic hardcore somewhere in between Rancid and Lag Wagon. It's actually better than a lot of the stuff that comes out on the labels out of CA. It has a tad more edge to it that most of this kind of stuff does.. a bit more punk rock... It also has some more straight rock and roll tunes with a few singalong choruses. Worth it. (MB)

(454 Park Drive; Boston, MA 02215)

My Pal Trigger, tape

What we have here is your basic pop punk band. Pretty catchy, but nothing really special to make them stand out from the masses of other basic pop punk bands. But hey, they've got good songs, a good recording, and they even do an awesome cover of a Loverboy song, so what more do you want? I like this. Worth looking into. (SM)

(2204 Eagle Bluff Dr. / Valrico, FL 33594)

Naked Angels - Smiling in the Face of Disaster, CD

Well done melodic punk rock that at times reminds me of Youth Brigade mixed with later period Dag Nasty. Good stuff that is only marred by muddy production and the occasional foray into metal. Worth a listen. (MH)

(Groovecore: PO Box 7478 Winston-Salem NC 27109)

Nancy Vandal-1-2-3 Baby Yeah, CD

Either these guys are brilliant satirists or just plain brilliantly stupid. Dorky punk from the ranks of the Dead Milkmen. The Meatmen and The Vandals at their worst. If you buy this, I'm really concerned. (BVH)

(Half Assed Records: P.O. Box 703 Kensington 2033, Sydney NSW, Australia)

Narcissistic Freds - Hot Pone Action 7 inch

Fast, melodic, semi-snotty punk rock. Not bad but not great either. On the insert is a great explanation of the word "pone" that helped me to understand the title a little. The front cover is classic... (MM)

(Second Guess PO Box 9382 Reno, NV 89507-9382)

Ned Kelly-s/t 7"

The award for most creative insert in a record goes to... Ned Kelly! Their insert is amazing, everything from the band members to the producer of the record is listed in novella format. Wonderful idea. Oh yeah, there's music on here too. Even that's pretty cool, although nothing to write home about. Dischordian, yet melodic, with vocals faded REALLY far into the background, which is a nice effect, it makes you listen a little more intently. (DS)

(Unsound Systems PO Box 12641 Berkeley CA 94712)

New Bomb Turks-Sexual Dreaming/My Hopes are Copacetic, 7"

This probably the second time I've heard these guys, which probably makes me look like a complete ass, but hey I don't get out much. The A-side is a slower number that has it highs and lows, but mostly lows. The B-side is faster and proves much more catchier than the A-side. (BVH)

(Rise records: 2116 Guadalupe #210, Austin, TX 78705)

New Salem Witch Hunters-New Curves In School, 7"

This record is hard to describe, mainly because I found it to be pretty bad. There are so many blatant non-punk influences on it, it just left me wondering why. It sounds like Blues Traveler or some band deadheads would equally like- there are some rockabilly and some 1950's rock influences.....it sounds like the soundtrack to the Monkees or something.

Sounds confusing? That's how these two songs left me feeling as well. (JP)

(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, Pa 15317)

New Wet Kojak - s/t, CD

Laid back jazz rock that would be great to fall asleep, have sex, or just hang out and be extremely mellow with. This is a side project featuring members of Girls Against Boys, Gray Matter, and Shudder to Think. Very nice, and unpunk. (MH)

(Touch and Go)

The Nimrods - If The Devil Don't Like It He Can Sit On A Tack, LP

This record is snotty punk rock stuff... song titles include Kill Ben Weasel, I'm a Nimrod, Sick of You, Dork, you get the idea. The thing I don't understand is they thank Screeching Weasel yet want to kill Ben... they owe a lot musically to SW as well. sorta reminds me of Boogada Boogada Boogada. (MM)

(Runt Records Viale E Duse 16/a - 50137 Firenze Italy)

Nine Pound Hammer, 7"

Nine Pound Hammer plays some more of their punk-a-billy stuff with more of a serious sound than before. Points of reference: Gas Huffer. (BVH)

(Schooch Pooch: 323 Broadway #405, Seattle, WA 98102)

NOFX-I heard they suck live, CD

Everybody's favorite melodic hardcore band does the live album thing. It turns out pretty swell, especially since they mock Face to Face, change some lyrics to make fun of Berkeley, and talk about Crass and cover a Rudimentary Peni song. The recording is really good too, but I'm not sure if any of that makes this a "must-have" I'd say it's more like a treat than an exciting record. Good to listen to every once and a while. (WD)

(Fat Wreck Chords)

NOFX-12" EP

Ok, so a picture disc 12" EP with two songs on it is a wee bit extravagant, but it's still cool. Ya know, it's just if you like NOFX then you're going to like this. If you don't you won't. They're from the same





recording as Punk in Drublic so now you know what to expect. Maybe that explains the song "we ain't shit"??? (WD)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

Nothing Yet-Scratch N Sniff, 7"

I hated the cover, but this is about the music, right? Old school styled punk rock that sounds like they are having a lot of fun with the band. I would love to see these guys live, so I could dance like a girl possessed to the jangly guitars and sing along to the catchy lyrics. 5 songs, all wonderful. This brings me back to when I used to think Murphy's Law was the shit. How neat. (JP)
(Naked Aggression PO Box 3102 N.Hollywood, Ca 91609)

One Ton Shotgun - Police Navidad, 7"

Decent midtempo hardcore. Well produced with a cool heavy guitar sound. Nothing to make it stand out from the pack, but a solid release nonetheless. (MH)
(Atomic Action: 2030 West Main Rd Middletown RI 02842)

Optimum Wound Profile - Asphyxia, CD

This sounds like Ministry mixed with Voivod. I consider that a good thing. Industrial metal with a drum machine and samples. There is a lot of cool stuff buried in layers in the music, which makes it cool to listen to, if you are into that kinda thing. It's not exactly my thing, but it is very well executed. Fans of the industrial metal genre would probably really dig this. (MH)
(We Bite America: PO Box 10172 Chicago IL 60610-0172)

The Pacers- Strictly For Lovers, CD

got my toes tapping. It reminds me a lot of really of Fishbone, when they were good. It made me want to dance around in a lovely ska way. Not bad at all. (JP)
(Jump Up! 4409 1/2 Greenview, ste 2W Chicago, IL 60640)

Wolfgang Parker & the Jumpin' Terrors-Sing Sing Sing, 7"

I don't get this... this like fucking Harry Connick, Jr. meets the Stray Cats. It's like crazy big band/swing/rockabilly. So what does it have to do with punk? Nothing much really, but I'm still confused. Ever see "Swing Kids"? (BVH)
(Hep City: P.O. Box 614 Grove City, OH 43123)

Pedestrian-Glam;Rock Not, cassette

This is so funny. It sounds to me from the voices on the tape that these kids are about 14 years old. The most amazing thing about this release is that they could

get the sound quality this shifty. Even with a really bad tape recorder in the middle of a garage it would be difficult to achieve these levels of "low-fi". As far as the music goes, they're pretty decent musicians. Their songs are pretty punkish I guess with a little crossover influences. in between songs they say dumb stuff like elementary school masturbation jokes and stuff like that. But you've got to hand it to these kids, they're D.I.Y. as fuck and they've got a lot of heart. (J.Z.)

(1.50ppd, Pedestrian H.Q., P.O.Box 21 I,Wallace, ID 83873)

Peechees/Long Hind Legs-split 7"

For Long Hind Legs I won't say Joy Division (with softer vocals) because that might bring up horrible goth memories for many a punk rocker and I wouldn't want that. That was meant as a compliment, by the way.As for the Peechees... well, when most people use the term '77 the stuff couldn't REALLY have come from 1977 UK. This could have. Really. And it's good too. None of that I'm-so-badass garage rock (note: I think not all garage rock is bad, just a lot of it) just straight, barebones 1977 rock and roll. The title of their song even sounds '77 ("Modern Soul"). (MB)
(Skinny Girl; 120 NE State #1200; Olympia, WA 98501)

Pinhead Circus-Nothing Groundbreaking, LP

These guys have that great power pop sound that makes me wonder why they're not on Dr Strange or some label like that. They have fast catchy sing-a-long songs that you can't help but love and dance to. This really is fantastic. And the last song (or whatever you want to call it) is the funniest thing I've ever heard. I've told people about it, I've played it over the phone for people, I've listened to it repeatedly just to laugh. This whole album rules! Get it Get it Get it! (WD)
(Black Plastic (first capitalist casualties now pop?); PO BOX 480832; Denver, CO 80248)

The Piss Shivers - Help! My Dog's a Skinhead!, CD

Silly fun hardcore. Some of it is really great and some of it is rather generic. It is rather short for a CD, they probably could have fit most of it on a 7". Still, how can you go wrong with song titles such as "GG Allin Stole my Vomit", "I Don't Like to Waste Fire", and "Neanderthal Hippie Chicks"? These guys are damaged. Get it! (MH)
(46 Oberholtzer Rd Bechtelsville PA 19505)

The Pist-Ideas Are Bulletproof, CD

This is above average Oi! influenced hardcore. Lots of fun, traditional, and fairly well thought out Anarchopunk lyrics. The songs are catchy, with a lot of cool bass hooks and memorable sing-a-long choruses. Good stuff Features members of Mankind?, Brutally Familiar, Revolt, etc ... Again, good stuff. I highly recommend this for fans of any of those bands. (AG)
(Elevator Music PO BOX 1502 New Haven, CT 06505)

Polio, 7"

Frightening. Swirling, pulsating noise. We're talking dissonant. Oddtime, noisy, weird strained but not screamed vocals. Oh yeah. Pretty annoying, but I don't think there's any way it's accidental. Scary. I like it. (AG)
(S.rex)

The Poo Poo Platters- Is Riff Randle Dead?, 7"

The worst bandname I've ever heard, but wait the music is good! Old school somewhat hardcore punk rock. It kinda reminds me of the Gr'ups or older 80's punk bands. Damn, don't let the name fool you, this band rocks old punk style!!(JE)
(Vietnam Records, 46 Harman Rd. Edison, NJ 08837)

Pound-Wisconsin, 7"

Pound is kinda boring. So are a lot of other good bands. Tar comes to my mind on this seven incher. Lots of feedback and tight as hell. If you are into the touch and Go thing (Shellac, Tar likes) then I would recommend this. It is actually growing on me. (EA)
(Flannel Jammies, 3160 Thorp St. Madison, WI 53714)

Problematics-Blown Out, 10"

Fuck, I think this band played when I went to see the Rip-Offs in Chicago. If so I will have to drive to Indiana to see the Problematics. Six songs in the same kinda vein as lets say the Rip-Offs. Fun, fun, fun punk without the heavy sound. A cover of "Teenage Kicks" and a Gizmo's song included. Get this, anyway you can, really. (EA)
(OR Records, PO Box 30310 Indianapolis, IN 46230)



The Pullouts, 7"

Catchy pop-punk. Their sound could be sharpened, refined, and better practiced, but it's not too bad. (BC)
(AlienNation Records, PO Box 251, Athens, GA 30603)

Punchbuggy-All Nite Christian Rollerskate, CD

Average slightly poppy college rock. Very clean and very well produced and very unexciting. (JB)
(Shake The Record Label/ 598 Victoria C.P. 36587/St Lambert, Quebec/J4P-358/Canada)

Queers/Sinkhole - Love Ain't Punk split 7"

One original and one cover from two New Hampshire bands. The Queers do Blabbermouth (originally on Mr. Weasel's Punk USA comp.) and the Ramones' Rockaway Beach. Sinkhole offer Lerch and GG Allin's I Need Adventure. Both sides are typical for the respective bands. The inside cover has a map of New Hampshire with some interesting factoids about the state. Great record. (MM)
(Ringing Ear 9 Maplecrest Newmarket, NH 03857)

Ragady Anne-s/t, 7"

Six songs on a 7" is always a good sign if you ask me. I love bands that want to give us product! This reminds me of Blatz with the vocals sounding more Bikini Kill-esque. All that, of course, means this record rules. I keep listening to it over and over again. The nonchalantness of the vocals just gives the record more personality and makes it stand out from the rest of the bands in this genre; it's pretty quirky and punk. I cant stop listening to it, wahoo. (JP)
(Radio Trash, 3838 Dixon Pl. Palo Alto, Ca 94306)

Rancid...And Out Come the Wolves, LP

Nevermind what anyone may tell you about Rancid or their new album. This RULES! It's their best album yet by far. When I first got it it stayed in my CD player for five days straight and it was all I'd listen to all day. They some how mix standard sing-a-long punk rock, ska, and 50's rock all into one great album. The musicianship is really good too and the singing with it's half spoke, half sung rhythms. This is great! (WD)
(Epitaph)

Rancid Hell Spawn-Teenage Lard, 7"

These guys sound almost exactly like Godflesh, except sped up to 78 rpms. If you don't believe me, buy this and then slow it down to 33 1/3 rpms. You'll see what I mean. If you already have a Godflesh album on vinyl, speed it up to 45. As you can probably tell, I was not impressed. (DC)
(Wrench Records, BCM Box 4049, London WC1N 3xx, England (£2.5/\$5))

Rancid Vat-Hostile City USA, 7"

Rancid Vat used to live in Portland, OR. Okay, so I never saw them while they lived here, but now they live in Philadelphia, PA and I'm wishing I could've seen 'em play at least once. Anyhow, they play kinda trashy/thrashy punk with an oldstlye punk spirit and tongue in cheek sense of humor. Not bad... Hey guys, come back... (BVH)
(Brillancy Prize Records: P.O. Box 31686, Philadelphia, PA 19147)

Revolt-Brutally Familiar, 7"

Crusty hardcore brought to you by Bill(from the Pist,Mankind,etc..) and friends. This has a distinct crust edge, but is a little more "catchy"(in a loose sense) than most European bands of the same genre. Not metal at all and has multiple vocalists to make it memorable. A good effort by the band, this 7" left me hungry for more.(JE)
(\$3; Clean Plate Records, PO box 2582 Birmingham,AL 35202)

Romantic Gorilla, 7"

It really has Gorilla sounding vocals, and it sounds recorded live, and most importantly its hardcore. It's fast, heavy, very grungy and full of forceful screaming. The band is from Japan and they sing in English. Unfortunately most of the lyrics do not make much sense, but the ideas are sim-

ple and the important statements are clear, such as in the song "Give More Beer". A pretty good five song 7" from (JB)
(HeartFirst Japan / 2-408.2-18-1 Yoshinocho/ Omiyashi, Saitama 330/ Japan)

Sap-Circular Breather, 7"

Jeeze. This is just out there. Noisy, pounding, unrelenting. Taken in the wrong mood, this music could definitely make you do something you'd regret later. That's a good thing. Absolutly ass crazy. (DS)
(Little Deputy PO Box 7066 Austin TX 78713-7066)

Sea Sheperd/ Invisible, split 7"

I have no idea which band is which but one plays pretty good metallic grindy stuff So does the other band. This is O.K., but it's nowhere near the best of the genre (MASSKONTROLL FUCKING RULES!). If you like fast grind-core stuff, then you'll like this. Actually, the last song on the 7" is pretty awesome. Nice packaging- comes with a booklet and a corny Zapatista poster (AG)
(Left Wing, Prof Bromstr 4, 6526 AV Nijmegen, Holland)

Sew True-Tattle Tale, LP

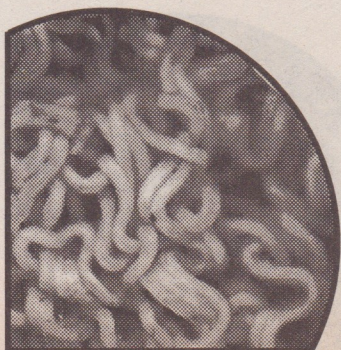
Wow. This is one of the most inspiring records I've ever heard. This is just two women playing acoustic guitars, along with the occasional percussive stuff and a cello. These songs are beautiful, full of wonderful imagery, creative chord structures, haunting melodies, and a passion not usually heard in punk. And yes, this is punk to the bone. I am so excited by this release I can barely contain myself. (DS)
(St Francis Records PO Box 95587 Seattle WA 98145)

Shenoem - 7 inch

One word: emo. It's not your run-of-the-mill emo stuff though... It's not whiny, and I can sing along. I actually like it, which is odd for stuff like this. The last song is acoustic, which is a nice surprise. (MM)
(Trustkill 23 Farm Edge Ln.Tinton Falls, NJ 07724)

Skimmer-Happy, 7"

Melodic power pop like crackle is wont to do. This label puts out consistently good British power pop punk. I mean, this is just top class stuff. I actually sense a heavy Beatles influence in their first song and just a regular old power pop influence in the rest of them... It's "Happy", come on... (MB)
(Crackle; POB hp49; Leeds; ls6 4xl; UK)



**Skintrade, CD**

Imagine U2... ok, got that in your head? Now imagine the Smiths... now cross the two... ok, got it? now add 30% bad 80's rock. got it? good. that's what this is. this is not a bad review, however, because I like this. it doesn't work, but you'll like it too (unless you don't like anything soft at all). generally, pretty damned longterm listenable. (MB)

(POB 010-122; St. George PO; Staten Island, NY 10301)

Slowblow-Quicksilver Tuna, LP

This proves once & for all that there's more than ice in Iceland. Good lord, this is some of the craziest music I've ever heard. This is less music than auditory collage. Vocals are fed through mountains of effects, mixes are tuned so tinny they hurt, noise, then pop, then they'll through in an accoustic number, then they'll knock you on your ass with feedback. This is just nuts. This is just incredible. Buy or die. (DS)

(PO Box 7257 127 Reykjavik Iceland)

Slowsidedown, 7"

Insane disturbing emo-hardcore-chaos. There was a guy whistling outside my room, he stopped. It's basically what you can listen to when you're depressed and you feel like beating on things. (MB)

(Red Alert; POB 82865; Portland, OR 97202)

Sister George-Drag King

I pushed the play button on my CD player not knowing what to expect, what I heard was the voice of Sarah Gilbert talking about being a lesbian...or not...an out-take from "Poison Ivy" I believe. I was vaguely amused. My first thoughts were, "Hey, this isn't terrible." The first three or so songs start out with clips from the movie and the songs weren't even that annoying. But as milk rots when it is left out of the fridge, this album kept getting worse and worse. My next thoughts were those of misconception. Grave misconception. The songs are too long for what they are, and...well let's just say this ain't Beethoven (the composer, not the dog). If you feel the urge to support their cause then go ahead and buy this. If you have good taste in music then save yourself a few bucks. (MD)

(Outpunk (#14); POB 170501, SF, CA 94117)

Smoothies-Pickle, CD

One part fuzzy guitar, two parts faked angst and anger. Sprinkle with female vocals for credibility. Shake well. Voila! Punk band circa 1995. It even has a cheesy rock star picture inside- the kind

where three of the members try to look serious (like true "artists") and the one big guy in the back hams it up with a cheesy ass grin. Just plain bad. (GG)

(Southern Records PO Box 25529; Chicago IL; 60625)

Society Blah, 7"

I wish this band was instrumental! Then they'd be really good, with a sort of loopy, swinging, offbeat sound. Unfortunately their singer is awful. This has pretty garagey feel and production. Pretty eclectic. There are keyboard parts with melodies that could have been lifted from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," as well as really retarded 1-4-1-4-1-5 chord change garage. I still wish they didn't have a singer. They'd be soooooo good! The cover is handmade. (AG)

(Pobox 241 riverside IL, 60546)

Spasm-s/t, CD

Yup, another one of those supergroup type projects, this one with Martin Atkins (Pigface, Killing Joke, PiL, amongst others), Mark Spybey (Dead Voices on Air) and Eric Pounder (Lab Report) make an album length ambient sound, broken up into "songs" This has its origins were as the soundtrack to a Carl Edwards visual piece, and you can tell. It has the pointlessness and atmosphere of a lot of soundtrack work, and without any context it's rendered somewhat uninteresting, though it has more in common with Brice Glace and other avant stuff than the avant stuff would like to admit. I can't say it wasn't good background sound for reading a 700 page book about the false sources of Christian doctrine, but I can't say that I'll be sticking it in for fun anytime soon. (DC)

(Invisible, P.O. Box 16008, Chicago, IL 60616.)

Split Lip-Fate's Got a Driver, CD

Somebody thinks slick, polished, readable, attractive and well-thought-out presentation and aesthetics will make a great record. Somebody's right. This is a totally solid release. It has good production, lyrics, layout, darkly sublime photos ... you name it. Musically, Split Lip is a band that can get away with emo inflections without coming across as pathetic or contrived. The songs range from slow (there's even a ballad) to mid-tempo, post-hardcore influenced, guitar heavy, rhythm driven compositions that convey a seasoned grasp of dynamics, contrast, acumen and imagination. Impressive. (BC)

(Doghouse Records, PO Box 8946, Toledo, OH 43623)

Squish

These two lost all of their punk credibility (we know how much that's worth these days...) by having a song called "Punk Rock Girl." I thought that maybe it would be a Dead Milkmen cover to which I would have been impressed at once. Ha! Perhaps if the Dead Milkmen suddenly turned into the Smashing Pumpkins, and something tells me they didn't. They probably do have some talent, as some of this is musically pretty good, but they've been wallowing in self-pity way too much. Trust me, it shows. A message to all of you riot-grrls: Peter here thinks that you're fine. Really, he says so...several times. (MD)

(Deadbug records; 3136 Donnegal Bay, LV, NV, 89117)

The Stand GT-They're Magically Delicious, CD

Sicko's cousin undoing puberty and experiencing an occasional downer. Good pop from Canada. (BC)

(Top Drawer, 1912 Franklin Ave. E., Seattle, WA 98102)

Starfish-Stellar Sonic Solutions, CD

Do you ever get the feeling, when you're listening something to the first time, that you'd heard it before? And it makes you think they've ripped their sound off someone? I got that feeling throughout this record. It's pretty lame altogether with dueling male female vox and cheesy guitar solos. Avoid it. (GG)

(Trance Syndicate No Address)

State of the Nation, CD

This is so amazing. Upon three listens it just hit me how this CD came together... like a good book. I can't even go into details about it's superiority. It's sort of hardcore-ish, but it really has also Farside influences and influences coming from everywhere. It's political, but not so in a cheesy way. It smacks of thick hardcore (not of the chugga chugga variety) with a pop edge and yet slow and melodic. Just go for it. After listening to it twice, I was sad emotional and I wanted to help someone and I had to make myself take it out of the CD player. (MB)

(Revelation; POB 5232; Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)





Steakknife/2 Bad, split 7"

2 Bad suck way 2 Bad. Monotonous, regimented and therefore boring punk. Steakknife is a little better; they have more energy but remain fairly generic. Not bad, not good. (BC)

(X-Mist Records, Riedwiese 13, 72229 Rohrdorf, Germany)

Steel Miners-Excuse Me, You Can't Park There, 7"

Woah! "Excuse Mé, You can't Park There" is almost an anthem except the words are too silly. Fast, off beat and very sloppy style punk 'n' roll. The B-side is slower and fits the definition of a B-side. Like to hear more from these Pittsburgh boys. (EA)

(Get Hip Records, PO Box 666 Canonsburg, PA 15317)

Stepford Husbands-2 Song, 7"

It is 1967 and the Byrds just invaded my family room in the face of the Stepford Husbands. Ace Tone organ and all. Since I just watched the History of Rock n Roll on PBS I am actually gonna say that this is better than most of that psychedelic crap of the past. Funny but your Mom probably grooved to shit like this a few decades ago. I can't say run out and get it but it was fun to listen too, made me dance. (EA)

(Get Hip Records, PO Box 666 Canonsburg, PA 15317)

Stink - I Don't Want Anything That You've Got, 7"

Stink is not your typical Seattle band (thank God). What you've got here is an excellent, up-tempo, pop song on the first side and a mediocre slower one on the flipside. I really dislike the growing trend of putting only one song on each side though. (MM)

(\$3 ppd. Mutant Pop Records 5010 NW Shasta Ave. Corvallis, OR 97330)

Stinkerbell-Hissy Fit, CD

This is it. Every killer tune clocks in under 2.5 minutes, most under two. Stinkerbell has great female vocals and a rockin', garagey band to back them up. It is packaged as a soundtrack for "Hissy Fit." I am unaware if such movie exists but it would be worth hearing songs such as "Brand New Boifren" and "Elvis in my Pelvis." A must for garage folks. (EA)

(Last Resort Records, PO Box 2986 Covina, CA 91722)

Strawman-The Lottery, CD

Another great release from these guys, in fact their best yet. Good poppy stuff that's kinda like a working man's Jawbreaker if you understand. It's got that same bit of pain crossed with power in it that makes you feel the songs while singing along with them. Great music and no matter what people say about the singer I like him too. (WD)

(Allied)

Subincision- Misanthropy, cass.

Old School punk. Sounds like it was straight from 1978-79. Pretty good stuff, although from the name I thought it might be crust(boy was I surprised). Lots of group vocals and such, pretty simple classic punk, but sometimes with a little bit of a noisy edge. (JE)

(Subincision (510)528-5047)

Swirl Happy - Perpetual Atonement, CD

The music is somewhat interesting but is completely overshadowed and ruined for me by the vocals. They are done in that deep, affected, Eddie Vedder style which I absolutely loathe. If they had a screamer for a vocalist (I'm thinking the singer for Dirt Clod Fight here), and if the production was heavier, I'd probably eat this up. (MH)

(Swirling Discs: 966 Minnesota St San Fran CA 94107)

Swoons-Party Time Lover, 7"

Some pretty basic punk rock with relationship tones. It's been done before but it's not bad at all... They're pretty tight and they definitely keep my interest... One of the better bands of this type recently. (MB)

(Last Resort; POB 2986; Covina, CA 91722)

Tanner - s/t, 7"

Weird experimental heavy melodic rock

music. Very well done. At times it gives me a Fugazi sort of feeling. Plus, a spastic version of the English Beat's "Click Click" Check it out. (MH)

(Liquid Meat: PO Box 460692 Escondido CA 92046)

Tar - Over and Out, CD

I'm not familiar with their earlier stuff, so I don't know how this compares. This album is slow(ish) and discordant(ish). Pretty boring in my opinion. My roomie agreed when we listen to it. (MM)

(Touch and Go PO Box 25520 Chicago, IL 60625)

Tin River Junction-Drunk in San Fran/Lackluster, 7"

Drunk in San Francisco is very cool, edgy and melodic. It makes me think of car chases in the dark, the kind you used to see in '70s cop movies. It's nervous and propulsive and very, very good. "Lackluster" is not as good — also edgy, just self-indulgent and not very interesting. "Drunk in San Fran," however, is excellent, and overwhelms the bummer. Very promising. (DC)

(Behemoth Sound Recordings, Inc., P.O. Box 874, Lindenhurst, NY 11757-0874)

Toast - Smart Kids... Dumb Music, 7"

Four short and snotty punk rock tunes from this UK band. Fantastic use of backing vocals, which make the songs above average. Fun 3-chord punk rock. Recommended. (MH)

(Crackle: PO Box HP49 Leeds LS6 4XL UK)

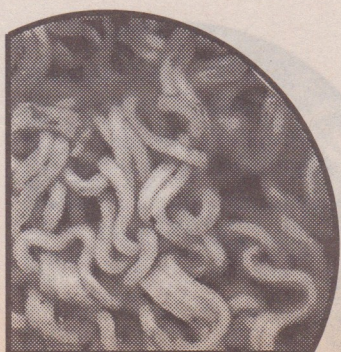
Total Passover - And Then You Woke Up, CD

It says in the liner notes, "Take 7 Seconds' classic, "Young Until I Die," make the lyrics less PC and even more moronic, and you've got the title track to this CD." That sentence pretty much sums up the rest of it too... Moronic, un-PC, pop, punk with songs about Ron Jeremy, Drew Barrymore, Edith Bunker, and wanting to meet an Amish girl. The music is pretty sing-songy, almost like the Hard-Ons record I have, but not quite as good. (MM)

(Final Jeopardy Records PO Box 8973 Welch Ave. Station Ames, IA 50014)

Touchcandy

"Wow this came with a rad sticker" is about the only thing good I can say about this...um...what can I call it...effort? I could have sworn they were from England by the sound of their voices, imagine my surprise when I saw that they were in fact from LA. Gee, they know how to whine really well. Too well. They must be experienced in that field; I can't think of any other way they convinced someone to press this. Avid sticker collectors should definitely run out





that get grindy. This is reminiscent of faster punk/grind bands such as Discharge. Dual vocalists make them even better. Dirty Bird are hardcore punk that is ok, not especially great but not bad. The lyrics are kinda stupid, but it's punk rock. (JE)

(Outcast Records, 689 Queen St. W. 178 Toronto, Ontario M6J 1E6 Canada)

and buy this, but I'm warning you: Do not play it, or the sticker will seem about half as cool as it was at first. (MD)

(Septic Tank; POB 26B96, LA, CA, 90026)

Travis Cut-Serial Incompetence, LP

I raved about their 7", now I'll rave about their full-length. These guys have that dancy-pop-punk thing down pat. They will have you bopping back and forth in your seat and singing along in no time. To give you an idea, they cover a Screeching Weasel song. But if I were to draw any connections between them and SW it would be like Anthem for a new tomorrow SW, when they were kinda slow and developed. That's what this is like and it is cool as all get out. (WD)

(Damaged Goods; PO BOX 671; London, E17 6NF)

Trench-Magnet, 7"

Hardcore. It's mildly repetitive and has industrial to it... I am not personally a big fan of industrial, but I have some friends who are into both punk and industrial and they would probably think this was the shizz... Cause that's the kind of thing this is. You know? (MB)

(Allied; POB 460683; San Francisco, CA 94146-0683)

The Trigger Quintet-s/t 7"

This is great, driving, fluid music. The beat keeps moving right along, while the guitars slow & speed up. Everything moves very smoothly. However, this isn't the most original stuff I've ever heard. It's definitely in the emo/hardcore vein, but they do it well. Plus, the art is just great, and that's a major plus. (DS)

(Twistworthy PO Box 90792 Houston, TX 77290-0792)

Turbo A.C.'s-Supercharged Straight to Hell, CD

They look like Social Distortion, sound like a cross between NY punk and a 70s metal band who cannot be named. The packaging gave me high hopes and I suppose that they may be better live. Six songs that don't warrant a compact disc. I am sure there are fans, but there are too many better rock n roll bands these days. (EA)

(The Turbo A.C.'s, PO Box 20691 NY, NY 10129)

Ulcer/Dirty Bird- Split LP

Ulcer (not to be confused with the grind band of the same name from Massachusetts) are sludgy noisy punk with political lyrics

Uzeda-4, CD

Three guys and a woman from Sicily (yes, the island getting kicked by the boot of Italy) who seemed to have spent the past several years listening to Rapeman's Two Nuns and a Packmule. In fact, the beginning of "right seeds" sounds so much like the beginning of "Radar Love Lizard" that you may be tempted to check your stereo. So it seems appropriate that Steve Albini's producing this four song ep, don't it? It is interesting to hear Italians make this kind of noise, and the distance from its American source does provide an interesting perspective, but while I like this, it isn't earth shattering.

Apparently, these guys have been around for awhile, and I'd be interested to hear their full length stuff — I think they'd impress me more in a longer format. (DC)

(Touch & Go Records, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

Velvet Pelvis 7"

¡Viva! Fast, howling, moshy, slammin bitch punk. Groovy harsh flipcore you can just dance and sing along to. "We're the Star Wars Generation! The Star Wars Generation!!!" Ooo, I'd check em out if I was you and hadn't already. Hmm, one of the members' voice just kinda.. annoys.. but, they manage to punk through it. You gotta like it raw! (JM)

(Too Many Records, PO Box 1222, Spokane, WA 99210)

Vicious Power-Abracadaver, CS

Will says I'm not allowed to leave my review at one word (it was "shit."). This is quite possibly the stupidest thing I've ever heard, and I find it hard to believe that the people that put this out have submitted this for review. I know there's a lot of bad music circulating these days, but I would be embarrassed to have my name attached to this release. This is orally satisfying. (AG)

(Razor Records)

Walker/Back Of Dave, split 7"

Back Of Dave plays one song of rather slow, even tempo third rate college rock. It was a very short song, and that was fine because I was about to turn it off. Walker is rather poppy and draw from some cool influences (i.e. Bouncing Souls) but falls way short in energy and originality. The record comes with a zine that I didn't see. (JB)

(Polyvinyl Press/ PO Box 1885/ Danville, IL 61834-1885)

Wallside-s/t, 7"

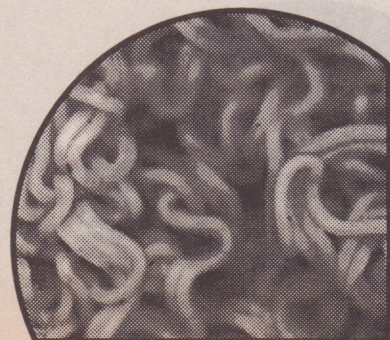
Right on. I love this record, and not just because of the music. It comes with a little art/zine/lyric booklet that tipped me off even before I listened to it that it would be good. Musically I'd say they're hardcore in the vein of Heroin and other such gravity bands and they pull this off pretty well. The picture on the front made me sad cause it reminded me of this guy I knew who died in the ocean but otherwise, this is great. (J.Z.)

(Lonely Kid Records, P@O.Box 40128 1, Redford, MI 48240)

Wat Tyler-Yummy, CD

I guess this is band from the UK who has released tons of records and compiled them into a compilation that was licensed by Lookout. I won't comment on the politics of the bands written intro to this CD because I simply do not know enough about them, but with the number of different releases (comps and split 7"s mostly) they have on so many different labels it seems they do have some sort of ethics regarding helping small labels and other bands. The music is very well produced, and honestly there is more than enough variety from song to song to maintain my attention for the whole 43 songs. There is both a male and female singer, and they are both very good. The music is college rock at times, other times it is slightly grungy, and sometimes it has hard punkish feel, other times it is more pop punk. Maybe I've been suckered, but I really do like this, the consistently good song writing is a remarkable thing. (JB)

(Lookout Records/ PO Box 11374/ Berkeley, CA 94712)



Wayne Jayne County-Rock N' Roll Cleopatra, CD

Classic indeed. I shouldn't have to let you know who this is. 1977 was a good year in punk and the Wayne Jayne County was right there. Twenty tracks highlighted from 1977-1981 on this disc. I think that the first half is strong and receives the classic award while the last half is a little too experimental. Think of it as a textbook in punk rock, get it and learn. (EA)
(Royalty, 176 Madison Ave. Fourth Floor NY, NY 10016)

Well Fed Smile/The American Psycho Band-split 7"

Well Fed Smile: Decent, mid-tempo pop-punk with horrible vocals. This band sounds like they need a foundation. They don't have any apparent direction. The American Psycho Band plays slow grunge a la Seattle 1990. Think Tool. Boring. (BC)
(Lil' Deputy Records, PO Box 7066, Austin, TX 78713)

Whatever-Jabberwocky, LP

Somewhat aggressive, somewhat poppy, somewhat emotional, and overall pretty solid. There's some good stuff on this disc. Check it out. (BC)
(Dead Bolt Records, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078)

Witch Throttlegush and the Green Devils/BOMF!, split 7"

Witch Throttlegush sound like the cousins of White Zombie and therefore are not good at all. BOMF! is slightly better slow hardcore style stuff reminiscent of Stompbox. Not bad I suppose, but not that good either. (GG)
(\$3.50 ppd WTATGD 141 C Ave., Lake Oswego, OR; 97034)

Wives - Girly Girl 7"

All girl punk rock that doesn't suck! Yippee!!! The b side if a fast number that I like a whole lot. The first side is slower but good. This stuff is not in the Spitboy vein, but in a straight up, power chord, punk rock thing... I know that didn't make sense but whatever. This record can hold it's own. (MM)
(Vital Music PO Box 20247 NYC, NY 10021-0064)

Worthless-6 Song, Cassette Demo

WOW! These guys are the fucking best!! 6 songs of catchy sing along raunchy popcore! With a few ska and rap moments to mess witch a head. "Five dollar donut you look so good, Five dollar donut, I would eatcha if I could" YAY! Ah, check em out, it's speedy throat punk for the glucose enslaved. (with very good DIY artwork & samples in between songs) Worth chasing after. (JM)
(Stanley Records, c/o Dan Benner, 1308 Opdyke Ave., Wanamassa NJ 07712)

Wynona Ryders-J.D. Salinger, CD

The Wynona Ryders (no relation to the actress... natch) have a thick pop melodic punk rock sound. This CD is a bunch of stuff that's already released with some stuff I haven't seen before... The unique thing about the Ryders is that they have this great ability to express emotion and anger and sadness and boredom through their music. They don't quite reach the level of J.D. Salinger, but they're good nonetheless. Plus you get this great essay on the origin of the name Wynona Ryders. It's something about the charitable clearing of woodlands for farmers... who could've guessed? (MB)
(Lookout; POB 11374; Berkeley, CA 94701)

Yona-kit-Yona-Kit, LP

Totally not my thing so there's not much I can say about this. Recorded by Steve Albini, I'm sure that several of you are familiar with him. Fans of the Melvins and the Residents would probably like this. (MD)
(Skin Graft; POB 257546, Chicago, Ill., 60625)

V/A-American Ska-thic, CD

Great name. Great cover. —But ska. Bad ska. Midwest ska. Filled with enough "Pick it up's" and fake Jamaican accents to make you taste last week's Lucky Charms. I guess them corn-growing "skankers" wanted people to know that they are out there. That's all good and well, but here's a little hint...come close...there was a reason why no one cared. In any case I do grant Johnny Sock five "punk points" for using Alphi to begin their song. (MD)
(Jump up USA 4409 1/2 Greenvue Ste 2W, Chicago, Ill, 60640))

V/A- American Skathic II, CD

Hey, guess what? A ska comp cleverly using the word ska? No way..... 22 songs of ska that for the most part, aren't terribly original. Stand outs are the Blue Meanies (who are a great lead off track), Parka Kings, Mista

Mina, and Superdot. The real treat is Skapone, with male/female vocals together, giving an interesting feel. About 75% good, at the very least for background music, which is good odds for a comp at any rate. (JP)
(Jump Up! USA. 4409 1/2 Greenvue, suite 2W Chicago, IL 60640)

V/A-Avocado Baby, LP

This is a compilation that was previously released as two tapes titles "A Million And Nine" and "Sex And Gum". There are over forty bands here all representing real DIY punk from the UK, mostly folk type music from bands that probably rarely play out and are comprised of friends getting together and playing for purely the fun of it. I have so much respect for this project, and although musically most of it is crap, these efforts are much more representative of the real punk scene than most of the ultra extravagant commercial punk that is perceived as the "norm" in the punk scene. For that reason alone they deserve to be immortalized on vinyl. Pick this up, if just one song gets to you, and moves you to do something like this, then we would all be much much better off. (JB)
(Slampt/ PO Box 54/ Heaton, Newcastle/ NE6 5YW/UK)

V/A - ¡Cinco Años! Trance Syndicate Records CD

A compilation celebrating five years of Trance Syndicate Records with the net profits to benefit Christopher House of Austin Texas. Bands include Starfish, Cherubs, Ed Hall, Lowbrow, Sixteen Deluxe, the Butthole Surfers, and many more. The music ranges from slow and melodic to fast and noisy. All of it has that indie-rock feel to it... this was not my cup of tea, but there are some who would kill for this. (MM)
(Trance Syndicate PO Box 49771 Austin, Texas 78765)

V/A-Cowtown EP Vol. 2

Rarely do I dub any record with the New Bomb Turks on it unessential. This is one such case. They toss in a song with a rehashed guitar track and some new lyrics. Vibratux is just plain bad. The Bassholes offer a nifty garage cover of the "Hokey Pokey" yet are able to massage in sexual innuendo. Nice. And Log checks in with a decent Uncle Tupelo style country/rock number. You'll get some enjoyment out of it, but there are much better things to buy. (GG)
(Get Hip Recordings PO Box 666; Canonsburg PA.; 15317)

V/A-Damned For All Time Vol. 2, 7"

This comp. features North Atherican Bison, Iceburg Slim, Candy 500, Detonators, Nervous Christians, and Starved and



Delirious. Overall, there's a wide variety of musical tastes, mostly poppy though. Starved and Delirious have a great anti-fascist song I enjoyed, and all the other bands seemed pretty decent too. Great. (J.Z.)
(National Dust, P.O.Box 2454, Portland OR 97208)

V/A - Does the Word DUH Mean Anything to You?, CD

Featuring: DART (slow-paced pretty/melodic softcore rock) 18TH DYE (sometimes noisy, artsy, sometimes semi-mindblowing humming indie rock) MAGIC HOUR (moderate poppy Pink Floyd™ false-to-voiced wavy gravy music) URUSEI YATSUMA (slanted & enchanted-era Pavement resembling band) THE BARDOTS (Counting Crows-like spacey brit-rock) SLIPSTREAM (like The Bardots but with electronics & effects. weirder, lamer, catchier, with slash on guitar. or so it sounds) Bardo Pond (Acid-Laced Instrumental Hendrix Noise Jam) Kirk Lake (Witty Spoken Word with English Accent!™) Disco Inferno (Boring 80s-like schlocky music)
This comp is not punk, but not bad. (JM)
(Che Records, PO Box 653, London E18 1AY)

V/A-Emergency Broadcast System, 7"

This is a comp with Sake, who are a punk band fronted by a female singer. They play decent punk in the 7 Year Bitch style. The Boston band Nevertheless turn out and emo rock tune that is decent, but much more mainstream than their earlier releases. There are some parts that show their potential, but I just wish the whole sand was more abstract. Crease and Mary Me are both pop punk bands. Crease are pretty fast for the genre, both are unfortunately yawnable (JB)
(Allied Records/POB 460683/ SF, CA 94146.)

V/A-The Fifth Annual FLIPSIDE Company Picnic Desert Show.

What we have here is a CD with nine bands, all on Flipside records, all playing a few songs, all playing live, and all at the same show. The Neptunas, Chrome-Moly Violets, Kryptonite Nixon, Anus the Menace, The Paper Tulips, TVTVS, Popdefect, Dirtclodfight, Babyland are on here playing everything from surf rock to industrial. As is true with most comps, there is some good and some bad, but this is a cool concept and it sounds good for being live, so if you like these bands this would be a good thing to have. Nice art, too. (SM)
(Flipside / PO Box 60790 / Pasadena, CA 91116)

V/A-Oi! ... it's StreetPunk, CD

Oi! Yerself fascist. Just kidding don't beat me up. You could probably skewer me with your 5" mohawk. ok, seriously this is great music, (and yes, you guessed it,...it's oil) but I found myself a little confused as to whether these guys are racist or not. Seriously, one of the bands is called "Capo regime" how are you supposed to take that? And the cover is black and white so I can't tell if that skinhead's got white laces on or not. Oh well, fuck you if that's what this is, and if not I'm sorry. The Dollarslut song on here is really good. (J.Z.)
(Helen of Oi Records, 15 Spring Gardens, Ventnor Isle of Wight, PO38 1QX, England)

V/A-Richmond Music Cooperative Vol 3, CD

Eight different bands make up this compilation. From Ipecac to Uphill Down, the music is pretty diverse. The first song by Inertia, "What are you Doing Here" was surprisingly different and the good majority of the music is good. It looks like a lot of time went into this, so go ahead buy it. (J.Z.)
(RMC3, P.O.Box 5563, Richmond, VA 23220)

V/A- Sick As Fuck, tape

A tape and semi-zine from some strange people. Features bands such as the Meatmen (unfortunately a newer song), Chrsitian Science AD (pretty good), Drunk In Public (annoying pop-punk), and China White (metally hardcore). There is also plenty of ska on this comp. There are a few standout bands, and overall it's a decent effort, but something about this comp. annoys me badly (JE)
(Stink Box Records, c/o Heiko G PO Box 292 River Edge, NJ 07661)

V/A-Songs That Will Make You Cool, CD

This seems to be a pastacore Florida kinda release ... not that that's necessarily a bad thing. It's just that I'm really not into that type of music. There's a lot of bands on this CD and a lot of material so if this is what you're into then I'm sure you'll love it. The highlight of this release for me was the band Slinky, so, I don't know, buy this and you'll be cool. (J.Z.)
(Rockstar Recordings, P.O.Box 7756, Clearwater, FL 34619-7756)

V/A-Step On A Crack Vol 2, CD

From New York comes this abrasive new compilation containing, not only bands, but a lot of good contacts in the area. The bands go from labhorher to Garden Variety. Overall, this is great, most of the bands are listenable, which is rare on most compilations. The best thing about this is the hidden track on which is recorded these annoying answering machine messages by this whiney ex-poet named prologue. (J.Z.)
(Go Cart Records, P.O.Box 20, Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012)

V/A-This is Berkeley Not West Bay, 7"

Yeah so? Berkeley bands play Berkeley music. Black Fork play early 80's style punk with squeaky female vocals. Pretty boring. Dead and Gone play really boring, poorly produced metally/Discharge hardcore. The vocals are too prominent in the mix, considering their poor delivery. C'est generique. A.F.I. play superupbeat bratty pop-core. Nothing special, but not at as heinously boring as most poppy bands. Their song is the right length too (short). Screw 32 definitely have the best track on the 7". They have all of the good qualities of pre-credibility-assertion Epitaph bands (tight performance, good arrangement, catchy and memorable riffs) without being too slickly produced to have any edge. Great textural work. Worth \$3 if only for the Screw 32 song. (AG)
(Zafio records)

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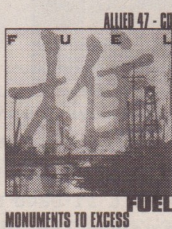
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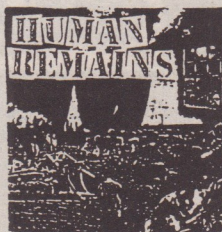
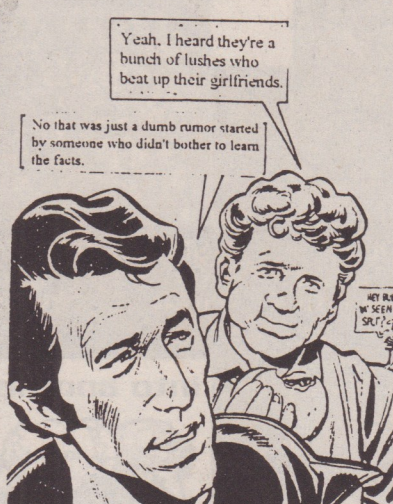
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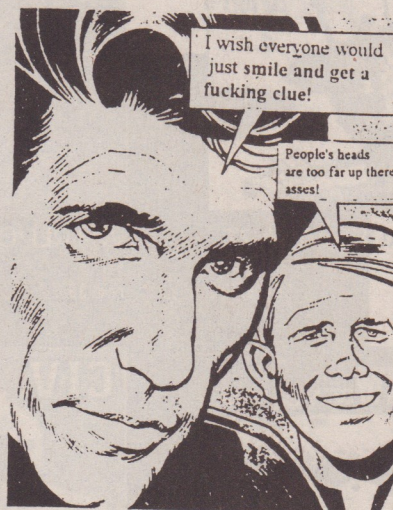


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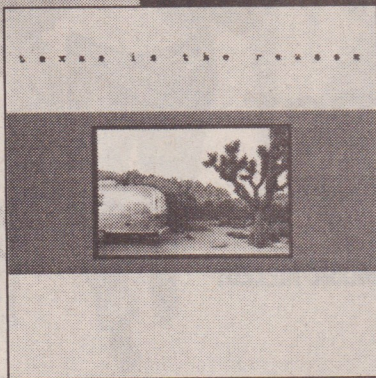
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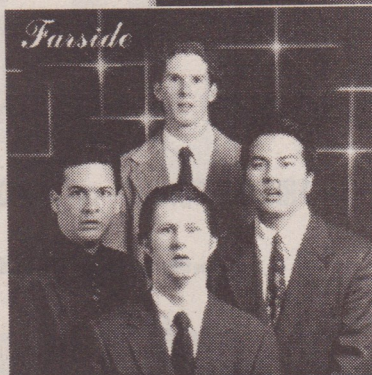
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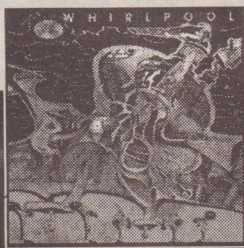
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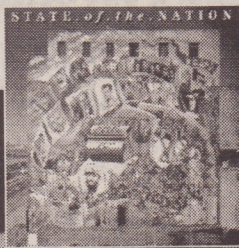
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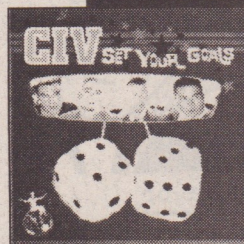
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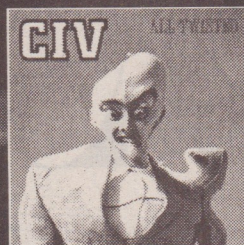
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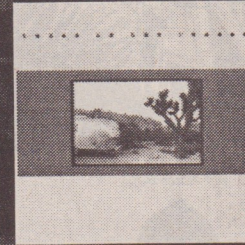
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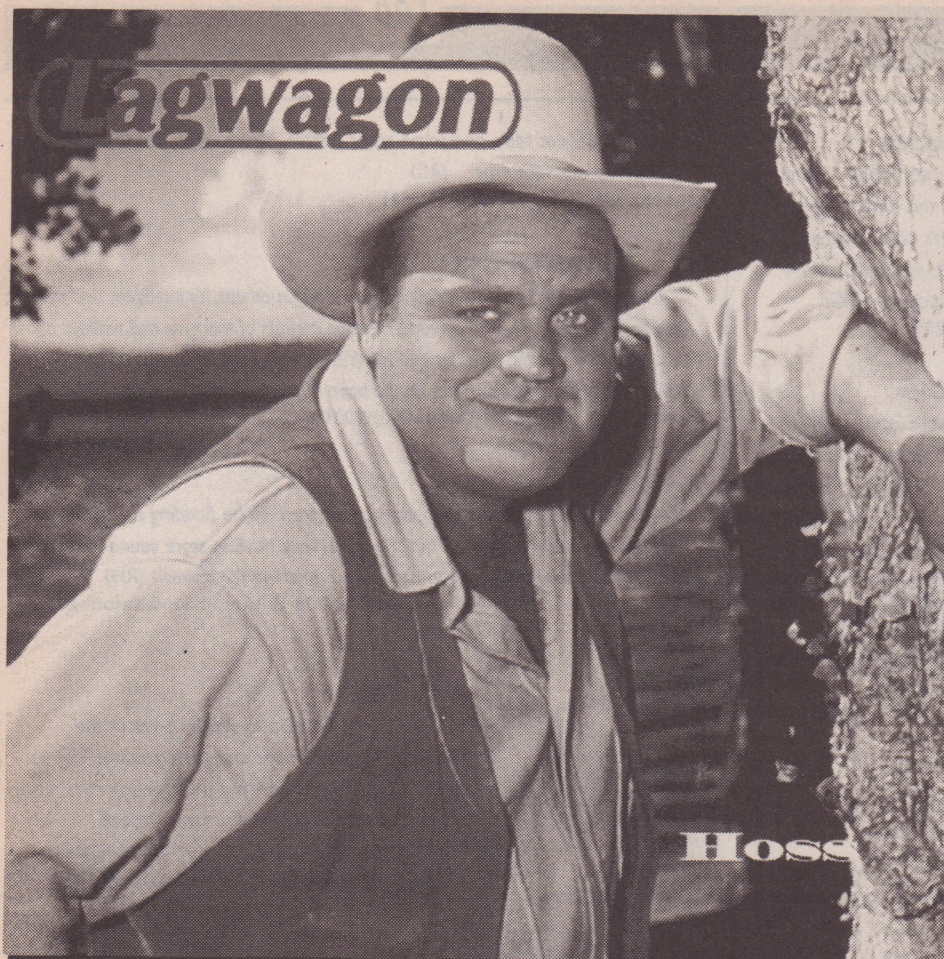
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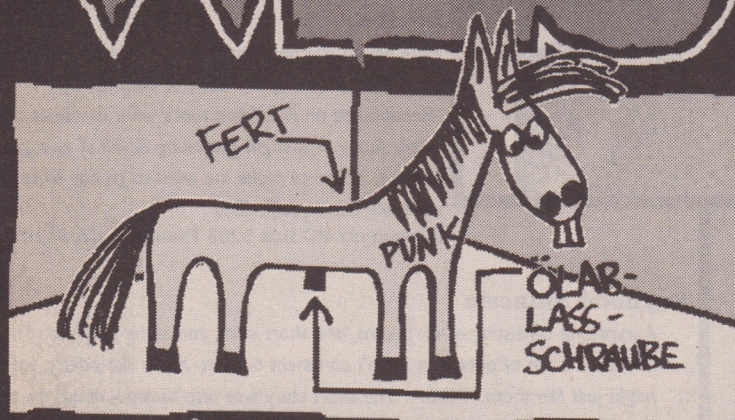
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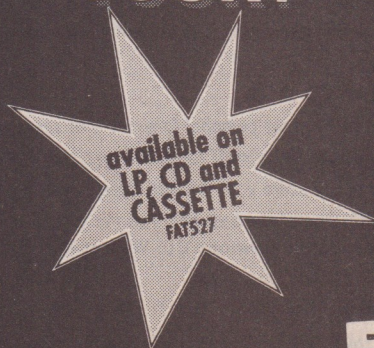
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Highland St. Wethersfield CT 06109)

Alley Cat #4

Wow. This is great. A short zine of stories, as the author said, "dedicated to the wonderful world of juvenile delinquency as I remember it." These stories are extremely well written and absolutely hilarious. I found myself laughing out loud many times. There are stories of setting fires, farting in church, sniffing glue, and looking in windows, and they all have an underlying theme that using juvenile delinquency is the natural route for kids to take to escape the overwhelming world of boring adult morality; at least that's what I got out of it, and I totally agree. (SM)

(Lee Reiherzer / 820 Fredrick St. Box-E / Oshkosh, WI 54901 \$1)

AMERICA #5

This zine reminds me if peaches and Herbicide or Tatterfrock or any other one of those cool perzines that also ahve non-personal stuff thrown in (got it?).

Inside #5: Some diary excerpts, some clippings,

Interviews with Paul Weinman, Slamdek/Scott Richter...and more. (RH)

(\$1 or 3 stamps 1329 Nylic Ave. Tallahassee, FL 32304)

Bantha Fodder #2 & 3

Wow, these are really great personal fanzines that seem to mainly deal with relationships and such crazy stuff (or Star Wars...). It's got a bit of a feminist edge but that's not to scare you. It's just there, but in a good happy way. Just great great stuff! One of the best perzines I've picked up in a while. (WD)

(1 stamp; Caroline; 31 Yellowstone Ct.; Walnut Creek, CA 94598)

Besmirched 92

halfsize pretty thick. While I did kind of enjoy this zine, I thought it had way too many interviews with way too many bad questions in a font that was way too big. Beer reviews, Zine Reviews, Record Reviews. Interviews with

Adventures of Stickman #4

While this is not as awful as #3 (which I reviewed in a previous PP), I still think this zine is missing something very important. It's called content, Where IS it? There's a couple of reviews and a couple of funny pictures of stickmen. (AG)

(290 Fargo BFLO, NY 14213)

Afraid of the Truth #5

A very well written zine about coming out to family & friends, as well as simply living your life. This is fantastic! The writing is strong, and the feelings expressed really do seem genuine, not forced like so many "emo" zines. This thing is so chocked full of writing that it seems a little hard to get through at first, and it is, but it's worth it. (DS)

(\$1.00; 362

Strungout, Spent Idols and some other people, Needs work, but It could definitely improve with time ... (AG)

(pobox2961 vista, ca 92085-2961)

beyond hinduism #24

Davida is the edtrix of this rad zine. She's a vegan atheist. It's intelligent and interesting and definitely worth a read...The zine consists of thoughts and writings about the various things that are her and her friends' lives. Another cool feature you get is that she argues abortion rights on the basis of the fetus as a parasite... (MB)

(Davida; POB 29044; Portland, OR 97210)

BLAHL #1

Yet another one of those one-pagers that seem to be flooding my mailbox as-of-late. It's just starting out but the ideas they have in store sound very

promising...send anything for review!! (RH)

(Jason Sickle 208 Hampton St. Clinton, MS 39056)

B.O. ZINE #4

Cool little read brought to you by Brian of the Bollweevils and this here mag your reading. The contents of this issue is basically a Bollweevils tour diary. Quite an interesting read, if I say so myself.

Interesting, revealing and repulsive at times. (RH)

(\$0.50 + stamp 442 Hyde Park Ave. Hillside, IL 60162)

BOOBY TRAP #1

The cover says "A Psychozine For Action Kids". This was a really good read. Done in the usual cut-n-paste style, this zine has so much good stuff to read. Mostly thoughtful, personal insights into culture, music and just about anything else you can think of. (RH)

(\$1 Olivia Lane 220 E 120 St. #8D NY, NY 60162)

Bovine

Here we go, the best fanzine that I got for review this issue. The subtitle of this issue of Bovine is

"Republicans on Film." And that's what its about. It's totally funny & thought provoking & full of enough anger & action to make me want to go out & do an issue like this myself!! (DS)

(2 stamps? PO Box 2263 Pasadena CA 91102)

Boyhood Amnesia

A mini-zine consisting of six poems, one short story, and some graphics. I'm not at all a fan of poetry so I can't comment on that- if you like poetry, you might just like these. I didn't. The short story was nice to read- about an old guy named Mitch- but really didn't have a point. This looks pretty nice, so if poetry and short stories are your thing, then you might want to get this. (SM)

(Swivel Action Press, c/o Jason Pruitt / PO Box 40674 / Portland, OR 97240-0674 \$?)

Broken Routine-#2

76 pages packed full of articles, reviews and columns, Broken Routine proves to be an exemplary model of what a punk rock zine should be. Stuffed with



text from cover to cover, this issue sports some really insightful show reviews and perspectives of the Punk Rock scene in Santa Rosa, CA. Overall, a very honest and sincere effort. (BVH)
(\$2.00 PPD to: P.O. Box 1395, Santa Rosa, CA 95402)

BRV #8

What happens to straight edge zines when they go emo? Not every much. Instead of big photos of Earth Crisis with the words EARTH CRISIS in torn out paper below, now we have big photos of Christie Front Drive with the words CHRISTIE FRONT DRIVE below. The more things change... Beyond photos, there's not much else here. An article on the Columbus emo fest that goes nowhere (not unlike the festival itself). There's just nothing much here. (DS)
(2 stamps or trade; PO Box 470923 Br. Hts Ohio 44147)

The Bug Race #1

"Being 15 Can Suck." Need I say more? (DS)
(6269 Apache Plume Rio Rancho NM 87124)

Bugzine #5

This is a one-sheet 11x17 tour diary zine. Just one sheet, just one tour I guess. It's not a particularly interesting tour, or zine. So it goes. (DS)
(a stamp; PO Box 752 Boise ID 83701)

Burn Collector #2

Awesome. A zine about travel that doesn't mention anything about what the author did when he got there, but concentrates entirely on what he did while getting there, which was ride cross-country on Greyhound with an assortment of lunatics. Sure, this sort of theme has been covered tons of times, but Burn Collector does it with thoughtfulness and style that is found in very few zines. Anyone who's ever taken a long Greyhound trip will recognize parallels in this story, and everyone who hasn't will still enjoy it because Al's writing is descriptive enough to make you feel like you're on the bus even if you've never been on one. I read it all in one sitting and didn't take my eyes off the pages for a second. (SM)
Al Burian / 307 Blueridge Rd. / Carrboro, NC 27510 / two stamps or trade.

Burning America

halfsize 40pgs. This is a well put together zine with a political focus. Most of the zine is columns about social issues. These are all written fairly well, although they do tend to get a little tired and dogmatic in places. There are reasonably interesting interviews with Tilt, Capitalist Casualties, and Good Riddance. My favorite part of this zine is the handwritten (by the way, the zine alternates smoothly between handwritten punk and computer slickness) review section, which made me laugh at least once per line. The next best thing about this zine is a picture of Kelly Halliburton from Masskontroll. Seriously, this zine is well worth the dollar they're asking for. (AG)
(\$1+2 stamps P.O. Box. 898 Largo Florida 34649-0898 usa)

Burping Lula in the Secret Sandbox-#4

Burping Lula is mostly reviews with a Bim Skala Bim interview, an article on the history industry and an amusing spoof of Danzig. I'd like to see more con-

tent than just reviews, in the future. Not bad. (BVH)
(Send stamps to: P.O. Box 14738, Richmond, VA 23221)

Canvas #9.5

Yeah!!! This is fucking awesome. This is an unassuming 1/2 page zine that holds a whole lot of great writing inside. It also proves that you don't have to run at a national scale or whatever to have the column/review thing going on. All of their columnists are great! Good job people. (DS)
(\$1.00 2176 Turk Hill Rd. Fairport NY 14450)

Change Zine-#6

Change Zine is kind of a hardcore/basketball/punk zine. This issue has a ton of interviews with the likes of Fugazi's Joe Lally, Lifetime, Doc Hopper, Farside, Today is the Day and Suburban Voice. There's also some articles on the zine's

debt of \$4000.00, the Punk/Hardcore savior, letters and various other stories, reviews and columns. Not bad. (BVH)
(\$2 PPD to: 9 Birchwood Lane, Westport, CT 06880)

CONTROVERSY #3

Nice DIY fanzine (oxymoron?) from Ohio. Great Skate/Punk Rock mix, focusing on bands like ANTISEEN and Murder Junkies plus lots of stuff for skaters and bits of other good stuff thrown in here and there. (RH)
(\$2 Orin G. 3355 Desota Cleveland Hts., Ohio 44118)

CUTTER BOY #3

A handwritten personal zine, with some musings (Adam recently lost his long-term girlfriend and is depressed,) some reviews, and some rants (he really goes off on Kent McClard.) Okay if you obsess over this stuff although I've probably had my fill of this moody-teenagers-doing-zines-as-therapy business. (JT)
(Adam, PO Box 52, New York NY 10276 \$1)

CYNICAL PRICKS DIGEST #3

This is the Capri cigarette of zines. It seems like it will at least last a while but there's nothing really there, there's no flavor. This "zine" consists of 2 stories, one about compromise and one about the editor

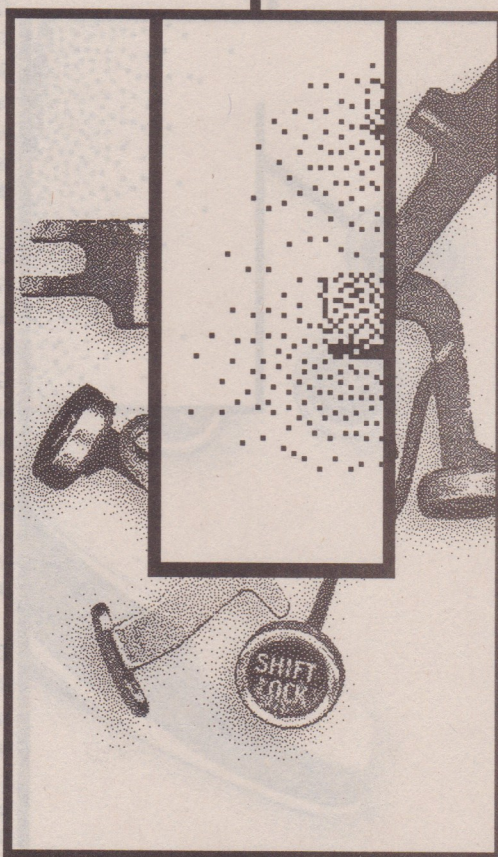
injuring himself, and a couple reviews. I'm not joking, that's it. (KB)
(SASE * Mike Cynical * Suite 1495 * 660 Park Ave. * Albany, NY 12208)

Cynical Pricks Digest #4

Cynical? Nope. Pricks? Yes. (AG)
(660 Park Ave, Albany NY 12208)

DIRT #5

This is pretty bad, except for the spent idols interview which is (unintentionally) funny enough to warrant sending the editor, a guy who is "old enough to remember what punk really came from" 50 cents. (AG)
(P.O. Box 383 Vista CA 92085)



DORK ZINE #5

Some band photos, a little softcore porn, interviews with Fourth Grade Nothing and the Queers, how to scam stamps, and some zine reviews. I breezed right through it but enjoyed the trip. (JT)
(George Hewitt, Rte 2, Box 774, Copperas Cove TX 76522 \$1)

DWGSHT #3

This is pretty cool. It starts out with Alex's campaign to become an MRR shit-worker, another I-hate-suburbia shpiel, followed by a hate letter a kid gets from God, an interview with Das Clown, Baboon Dooley, reviews, and a few longer, humorous stories. Recommended. (JT)
(Alex, PO Box 2819, Champaign IL 61825 \$1+2 stamps)

Evil Eye-#16

Evil Eye is a really well-written and laid-out zine specializing in garage and retro music. This issue has the standard review section, an article about the division of America, the history of Douglas Sahm and the Sir Douglas Quartet, the five best versions of the song, "Gloria," a guide to garage music online, the history of the British indy labels and an entertaining commentary on Oliver Stone's "Natural Born Killers." Ignore the fact that this zine is garage-oriented, it's still got plenty of well-researched and informative material to keep anyone's interest. (BVH)
(\$2 PPD to: Evil Eye C/O Crogan, 3 Tulip Ct., Jackson, NJ 08527)

THE FIRST STEP #1

Four pages of record reviews, in English...what more can I say?(RH)
(SASE BP N90 93270 Sevrans France)

FIZGIG #6

Wow. I really enjoyed reading this. This is probably one of the shittiest-looking zines I've ever seen, it's not stapled, and has tons of typos and errors but I still really liked it. There is/are a lot of personal writing and short stories and cute little drawings that aren't very good and the whole zine gave me a really comfy, warm feeling. There is definite room for improvement in layout and presentation but the content is really good. I can't even begin to list everything in here so check it out for yourself (especially if you like perzines). (KB)
(\$1, 3 stamps, or trade * 2523 Fairbanks Rd. * Decatur, GA 30033)

Fizz-#3

Okay, so I don't really get Fizz's numbering scheme... it seems to go backwards but, hey, who cares anyhow? The usual scenerio/insider stuff mixed with interviews with Hazel, Ex-Idols, Kathleen Turner Overdrive and others, plus the fashion, art and other standard Fizz sections. Great layouts, varied content. (BVH)
(#3 PPD to: 1509 Queen Anne Avenue North #276, Seattle, WA 98109)

FROG GOD #7

This is a sloppy cut and paste punk zine with punk columns and punk records. (AG)
(1561 NW Monroe ave Corvallis OR 97330)

Generic 101-#1

Kalina has really done a good first effort with Generic 101. Although the copy quality is a little sub-par, the content and her adventuresome collage-like layouts offer more rewards than any high-falootin' copy machine could ever hope to provide. There's a cool story about a mysterious family of white mice, an interview with Joe from the Queers, a list of Kalina's favorite things, a brief, yet really insightful short story about what her Mom taught her and a comical story about getting a massive burn from mustache remover. This zine has more soul and sincerity than most zines these days, so check it out, because it's as punk as punk gets. (BVH)
(No price/send stamps, money or trade to: P.O. Box 13681, El Cajon, CA 92022-3681)

GET A LIFE #4

This seems like it was tossed together in an afternoon. Sloppy and hard to read, it includes a lot of reviews, a one-page interview with the Beatnik Termites (they do include a complete discography though,) and an interview with Rev. Norb of Boris The Sprinkler. (JT)
(Mike Frame, 228 1st Ave., Evanston WY 82930 \$1)

Gimp-#1

Fro trying to be a glossy-style magazine, Gimp is doing okay for a first issue. The layouts tend to be a little buggy at times and fairly strong at others. Content wise, Gimp has some good ideas, but a lot of typos and some writing that loses its train of thought at times. Interviews with 7 Year Bitch, Deadguy and Guy Heller, stories and informative articles, an amusing "write your own song" type-article and the standard, overdone, reviews section. Not bad for an issue #1. (BVH)
(\$3 to: P.O. Box 154 New Brunswick, NJ 08903-0154)

Girljock #14

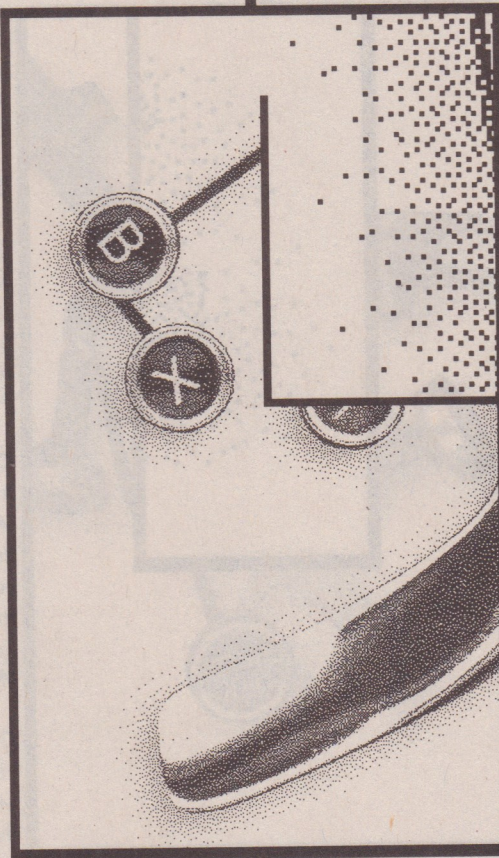
It's glossy, it's neat, it's about lesbian jocks. You know, a sort of sports magazine with references to lesbianism and a sex story (well, sex toys). Although it's sorta neat, I think it's not really worth springing for unless you are a girl jock. But if you are, definitely go for it. (MB)
(\$3.95; POB 882723; San Francisco, CA 94188-2723)

Good Auspice Wish #1

This is a really cool personal zine. One that I actually feel the need to read at one sitting. Stories of loneliness and general people suck mentalities that are easy (for me at least) to relate to. Written pretty well, but straight from the heart and that's what counts. I thought it was great, however in the end the author says she doesn't like it or writing it which almost made me feel dirty liking it. Go figure, but then again, maybe you'll like it too? (WD)
(2 stamps or trade; Good Auspice Wish; 140 Cedarbrook Rd.; Ardmore, PA 19003)

Grand Americana #2

Oh, this is so punk. (AG)
(1204 N. LBJ apt. #205 San NWcos TX 78666)



Green Means Go! #2

Hey, this is great! There's a nice interview with Var from No Idea zine, lots of amusing and interesting talk about punk rock radio, a fairly well-argued bit of MRR criticism, a fucking million record and show reviews, and a really damn funny piece called "the day two different people put their hands up my ass."

Good stuff. (SM)

PO Box 6728 / Hoboken, NJ 07030 \$1 + 2 stamps

Headline Communications-#2

Greg Bennick's Headline Communications is more along the Political lines than punk. Is that bad? No. This zine leaves you feeling pissed off about all of the shit that goes on in the world daily—and supplies you with a forum and means to help try to make things better. In this issue are a feature on Seattle's wonderful Community Action network, a feature on the Western Shoshone Defense Project, the All Ages music Organization, Food Not Bombs, Real Change (a homeless benefit newspaper and a startling photo essay of a rape victim's revenge. This zine is a treasure in that it makes you realize all of the shit going on in the world that is so easily swept under the carpet. Buy this and get involved. (BVH)

(\$1 in cash or stamps to: P.O. Box 23325
Seattle, WA 98102

Heavy Rotation-#7

This issue breaks the standard punk-zine topical material about bands and focuses on zines and independent publishers. Great interviews with Murder Can Be Fun, Aversion, Jersey Beat, Riot, Slug and Lettuce, Engine, Suburban Voice and Hardware. Plus book/zine reviews, record reviews and a sort of advice column on zine publishing. More people should do this stuff, check it out. (BVH)

(\$1.50 to: P.O. Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

Heights Kid Fanzine no. 1

This has an interview with the ever popular Kent McLard (master of the copout), and a nice interview with Fifteen. The editor uses boyscout clip art very creatively in the layout, even using a bunch of unrelated pictures to make a damn funny story/comic. There's also some very nice personal/social writing. (AG)

(\$.50 paul 4017 glen canyon ct. Albuquerque NM 87111)

Hellbender Fanzine #12584

Crappy. Short, pointless interviews with Shudder to Think and Serpico, lots of reviews, tons of ads, a pro-major label rant, an anti-Lent rant, a bullheaded write-in column, and a bunch of pictures. Did I mention that this is crappy? (SM)

Jason Horton / PO Box 547 / Vails Gate, NY 12584 \$1 or four stamps

HELLO MY BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS

Needless to say, I am going to have to read this yet again. I still don't get the whole picture. it's basically letters from people in jail who know each other...let me get back to you on this one!?!(RH)

(\$? Marion Pruett #sk907 Max Sec Unit Star Route Box 22-B Tucker, AR 72168-8713)

The Holy Bile #8

8.5x11 copied 28 pages. This is a surprisingly well written zine. I want expecting much, due to the lame title pun. There are lots of well researched political articles that are, surprise, more than a page long. Actually, this has all of the things that I feel make a zine good. It has relevant, up to date topics of discussion. The topics discussed are dealt with in a professional and entertaining manner. There are comics (again, surprisingly good), and book reviews too. This is a great zine. (AG)

(\$2 515-916 W. Broadway Vancouver, B.C. v5z-1k7)

Huh What!?: Disbanded #1

Interview with Rancid and the Smoothies. The entire Rancid interview is just them defending themselves against the MTV rock star type rumors. There are live reviews, record reviews, and a seem-amusing story about getting in a car wreck. Only worth it if you like Rancid. (SM)

PO Box 6114 / Woodridge, IL 60517 \$1

I SHOT KURT #7

Well, this took about 5 minutes to read. It is handwritten which can sometimes be nice but looks kind of bad here. There is a lot of info (mainly in ads) about Canadian bands and a couple contests and games but the majority of the zine basically seems like filler. Interview (very brief) with Morning Glory and reviews, etc. (KB)

(50c CAN, \$1 US * Bobby Pinn * #7,6912 101 Ave. * Edmonton, Alberta * T6A-OH7 * Canada)

IMMEASURABLE DIFFERENCE

#4 Ha! Pretty interesting that this zine went to Will (zine review coordinator) in AL and came back to me because it's from Champaign (where I currently live) and I actually know one of the editors. Anyway, lots of stuff about skating and about the negativity and trendiness of the scene, some reviews, and a story about Sloppypalooza. Sort of a bland read but decent (don't hate me Barry!). (KB)

(\$1 + 1 stamp * Barry and Shelley * 507 W. Church St. #11 * Champaign, IL 61820)

The Importance of a Frown as a Badge

At first glance, I was ready to write this off as a horribly pretentious poetry/emo zine, and while it still

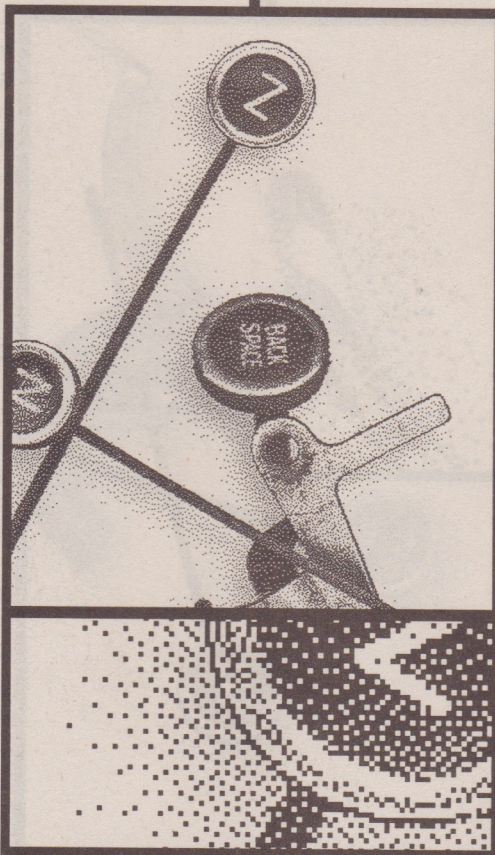
probably is all of those things, it has one thing going for it: image/word relationships. Most of this zine is just poetry on a white background, and that's really boring, but a few pages will have little more than a sentence or a group of words on them, along with an image that doesn't necessarily relate. It allows you to get deeper into the words, to look for the relation. More of that, less of your bad poetry, then we'll have a really interesting zine. (DS)

(c50; c/o Jason Pruitt PO Box 40674 Portland OR 97240-0674)

INSOMNIAC DILEMMA #1

I'm not sure about the title, this thing put me to sleep. Lots of poems and pointless rants, about topics like why waste money on braille writing on ATMs and people who write letters to the editor, plus the two editors interview each other and ramble incoherently. Duh. (JT)

(41 Comburt Ct, Owings Mill MD 21117 \$1)



INTERBANG #1

I enjoyed this zine because it had everything I wanted in a zine in the exact proportion I wanted them. No bullshit articles, interviews and reviews, all with a personal touch and all at a cheap price. Oh yeah, it also has an article on my favorite subject: Amnesia! (RH)
(\$0.35 Ben Brucato 990 Thomas Dr. Ashland OH 44805)

It Gives me the Creeps #5

Fuck... Every issue of IGMTC gets better and better. Jason is an incredibly gifted artist, and this fanzine is really a showcase for his talent. He is also becoming a really great writer. This is one of the best fanzines out there right now, and if you haven't seen a copy yet, you need to. Jason, you have an open invitation to do a comic in PP. (DS)
(\$1.50; PO Box 14 Johnstown NY 12095-0014)

Jersey Beat-#54

Jim Testa is a fucking zine god! #54! He's crazy! He's mad! He's going totally nuts! This issue is the Do It Yourself issue with home recording tips, secret lives of fanzine editors, American Standard, Dog Pound, Headache Records, Flatus and the usual fiesta of endless information. Get this or fail miserably at everything you attempt. (BVH)
(\$2 to: 418 Gregory Ave. Weehawken, NJ 07087)

Kappa King #1

Whoa... Smack dab in the middle of a terribly boring fanzine is a great interview with Gus Van Sant, the movie director. Sheesh!! (DS)
(\$2.00 PO Box 172 Cooper Station New York NY 10276-0172)

KiT 'ZINE vol. 2 no. 6

This was truly boring. Pages upon pages of reviews, an interview with the Piss Shivers, very short undeveloped articles, poetry, and an interview with the editor's band as well as multiple reviews of said band's material (which comes across as very egocentric). That is, in all honesty, all I have to say about this zine. (KB)
(\$1 * James D. Harvey * 27 E. Central Ave. R5 * Paoli, PA 19301-1358)

KNIK FANZINE #2

Nicely done newsprint zine. Lotsa good stuff in this well-rounded mag. Articles, reviews, Tilt, Rhythm Collision, and more great stuff for such a low price. (RH)
(Free Nik Kozub PO Box 246 Edmonton. AB T5J 2J1 Canada)

THE KVINDE HADER KLUB #11

This was very confusing. Reviews, bits of news, and comments are jumbled around with no headings to indicate what is what. His writing was also confounding, the most clear example of which was "only the Netherlands and Australia have laws allowing such murders, I mean euthanasia. and for the record, I favor euthanasia." The whole zine is photocopied onto the backs of random flyers and printed notices which is amusing, I guess. He also types like I type my e-mail: no caps and with a lot of shorthand. (KB)
(40¢ * Herbert Jue * 144 Hester Strasse #8 * NYC, NY 10013-4768)

La Belle Dame

A 12 page zine with several poems and some long winded stream-of-consciousness writing that I just couldn't bear to plow through. This has some nice graphics, but unless you really like poetry, this is definitely not worth your time. (SM)
PO Box 376 / R.S.F., CA 92067

LAMEGUY#2

This has an interview with Assfactor4. It also has a lot of personal and punk related writing. It's all very entertaining. Entertaining without being important. Personal and cathartic without being stupid (emo, whatever). I like how he reviews bands instead of records. This is sometimes a little trite, but never generic. I think you'll like it. (AG)
(263 9 Central Ave Apt c-2 Memphis TN 38104)

Lentil Boy #2

Interviews with John Stabb, The Vandals, and The Allstonians, the obligatory music and zine reviews, some poetry (unfortunately), an amusing essay on politics, and a funny thing comparing the writer's Uncle Ernie to Forrest Gump. If you like any of the bands, then this would be worth looking into, it's a pretty good music zine. (SM)
10305 S. 197th E. Ave. / Broken Arrow, OK 74014 \$1

Lie for a Lie #1/2

VERY emo zine with extremely emo layout. It works for me, though. Unlike a billion of these zines, this isn't half bad, it's got good thinking and not all too much bad poetry. The art is also really good. (MB)
(Swivel Action; POB 40674; Portland, OR 97240-0674)

Lie for a Lie #1

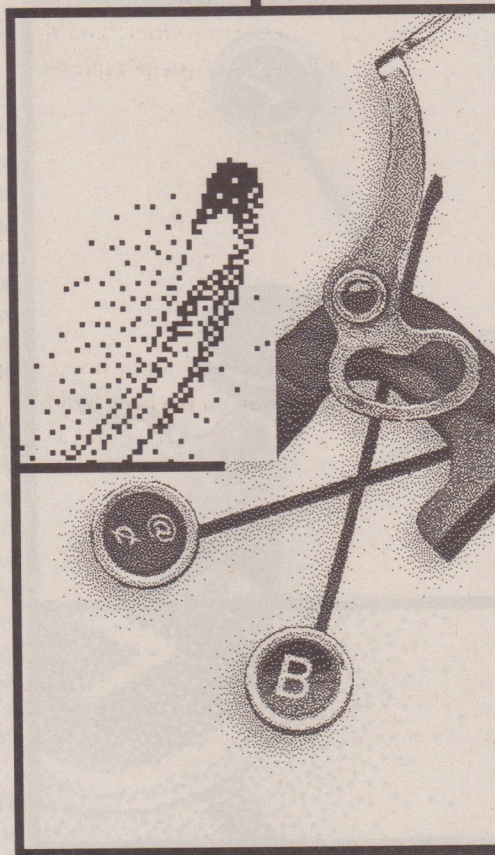
This is done by the same person that did The Importance of a Frown... fanzine (reviewed up in the I section). Once again, the strongest part of this fanzine is the graphics, this guy is really good. However, this issue has much less poetry & more actual essays & writing and it's pretty damn good too. I'm excited! (DS)
(\$1 PO Box 40674 Portland OR 97240-0674)

LIONESS #9

Formerly Amazon Anxiety. Another personal zine, although Tiger Lily does offer some original ideas. There's an essay about a little-known female pope (I have no idea if this is history, myth, or a joke,) Tiger's wish to grow up and be a slut, a lot of good information on vegetarianism and feminism (this almost reads like a term paper, or at least the raw research for one,) and a short interview with the band FYP. Good job. (JT)
(Tiger Lily, 13701 Winterberry Ridge, Midlothian VA 23112 \$1+2 stamps)

Lost In Happyland #1

Well, this looks pretty nice, but that's about its only redeeming quality. Besides the tons of reviews, the writing in here is the same recycled rehashed pun crock topics and opinions, except this guy doesn't say it very well. The best part is his little essay on pot heads, which starts out by saying that all people



who want pot legalized just want to smoke it and don't give a shit about the practical applications of hemp, and then proceeds to deliver the Republican party line rant about stoners being good-for-nothing welfare bums. Do your research, pal. This zine sucks. (SM)

Jason / Rt. 2 Bx212 / Blooming Prairie, MN 55917

Marcy-#5

"Entertainment For Hipsters," claims the banner of this Aussie zine. Well, upon further inspection, this zine has some really good writing with a nice journalistic feature piece of a speed addict. Aside from that there's a humorous interview with a hardcore band on a local radio show, as well as many live reviews and record reviews. (BVH)

(No price info: 13 Bamlett St Kelmscott Perth 6111 Western Australia)

Miasma July/August95

I don't really understand at all why this is so expensive... It's really small. It's just basically an interesting, well written thoughtful cool editor's note and a few bits of snippets of research. (MB)

(\$2; 216 Ontario St #1; Albany, NY 12203)

MINDLESS SCRAWL #4

Emily is a punk trapped in the Preppie Triangle (Wilmette, Winnetka, and Glencoe, IL) and I'm sure her rants and raves will seem familiar to lots of kids in similar circumstances. Her zine is funny and chatty and very personal, more like having a pen pal than reading a fanzine. (JT)

(Emily, 2733 Birchwood Ave, Wilmette IL 60091 \$1)

MOO COW #17

This sort of reminds me of Slug & Lettuce in layout and content with the tiny type, thousands of reviews and a few editorial pieces but differs from it in one huge way - its attitude. I can't tell if this guy/gal is extremely pompous and egotistical or just disappointed and bitter but the message is nonetheless the same: I'm right about everything punk so fuck you if you don't agree. S/he (sorry, I couldn't find a name anywhere) is, however, pretty eloquent and I can really see how a lot of people could identify with this (especially if one has a tendency toward being elitist). This is the last issue so...uh, do what you will. (KB)

(postage = 1 stamp? * 38 Larch Circle * Belmont, MA 02178)

My Own Blood #1

Um, this is the feelings of a couple people expressed... It's got some poetry, but also some stories and some thoughts... Since I really can't judge these thoughts and stuff as anything good or bad, I'll just say that they were enjoyable to read... very personal and personable. (MB)

(Living Hell; 61 East 8th St., #230; NYC, NY 10003)

My town on a hill #1

A quarter sized zine filled with stories and stuff by the same people who put out (I am the) Thumb Tack. Definitely some more good stuff to include on your wish list. (MB)

(nora; POB 156; Warrensburg, MO 64093)

No Room For Squares-#4

I love it when Will sends me stuff from Portland, because, most of the time it's stuff that I've either never heard of, or stuff that I never took the time to investigate on my own. In this case, NRFS is one that I wasn't aware of. Max and friends do an excellent job of presenting their views in a varied and tasteful format. The clean layouts are all the more of a compliment to the fact that they don't take themselves too seriously all of the time. Included are some interviews with Low, Plume and Tilt. Plus you get some funny Heshner humor, some great columns/articles and a general collective feeling of greatness. Buy this. (BVH)

(\$2 to: 2240 SE Taylor, Portland, OR 97214)

NORTH OF BOSTON #3

This is a nicely laid out New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts contact zine...with you guessed it...contact listings! But it also has reviews of all types

and even poetry...odd combo. (RH)

(\$1 Brian Morrissey 3 Sunset Circle Littleton, NH 03561)

Now I Don the Masque of Melancholy #4

I really wanted this to be bad... I mean, he sounded sort of snotty on the little to-reviewer letter and it wasn't stapled and it all fell apart, but I really thought this was superior material. I read this zine from cover to cover non-stop, and I really was sort of disappointed there wasn't more even though it was incredibly thick. It's done by Josh ex-from the Mulkiteo Fairies. (MB)

(\$1+2stamps; POB 1473; Olympia, WA 98507)

OCULUS #3

I really dig this zine. Great professional layout and printjob. Cool articles, lotsa news and reviews. Good, good, good. Inside: Stereolab, Earwig, Sammy. (RH)

(\$5 for 6 issues PO Box 148 Hoboken, NJ 07030)

once a coyote

A emodesigned zine, but well done. Not sappy at all, it actually just gives some cool, well written interesting stories. It's rather short, but the art is really cool, so... yeah. (MB)

(2109 nw irving; apt #209; portland, OR 97210)

OUTLET #3

Oh my, I can't say that all zines suck anymore. This was great. Lots of funny, satirical comics, great personal stories and editorial pieces ranging from masturbation to David Letterman to fighting over boogers to racism and a whole lot more. If you're sick of (as I am) hastily thrown-together idiotic pieces of crap that can't even be called zines, do yourself a favor and get this. It's honest without being preachy and sarcastic without being mean. Yes. (KB)

(\$1.75 * 4704 Village Bridge Apts. * 98 Oak St. * Lindenwold, NJ 08021)

Paranoy

This is a personal 'zine. I think that if you like most personal zines, you'll appreciate this, but I didn't really like it. Personal zines are pretty hit and miss, and basically I only like them if I can empathize with the writer/s, or if they're written really well. Some have both attributes, this has neither. (AG)

(1477 Leonard, St. Peter MN 56082)



POLYVINYL PRESS #3

This half size zine includes some local show reviews, some handy tips on postal regulations, reviews, an advice column, and an interview with a band called Toofless, plus a bunch of live band photos. It's a little thin but fun for a buck. (JT)

(PO Box 1885, Danville IL 61834 \$1)

PROHIBITION (THE NEXT GENERATION) #2.5

This is thick as hell but I skipped over a lot of it (letters, reviews, the article on Earthwell) but what I read, I enjoyed. The layouts are very creative but at times makes reading impossible. Interviews with Holger Ohst of Summersault, the editor's bro who is in jail for disrupting an Al Gore speech, and Ivich (which is in French), lots of reviews, and a cool photodocumentary of the Geleen hardcore festival. This is pretty good and if nothing I describe interests you, at least get this because it looks great and the photos are excellent. (KB)

(\$? * Aaron Vyvial * DCMAO Brussels/EMB * PSC 82 Box 002 * APO AE 09724 [if in the states] or Schoonzichtlaan 78a * B-3020 Herent, Belgium [from anywhere else])

R2-D2 is an Indie Rocker #3

Not as brilliant as R2D2 #2, the story just isn't as funny. This is, however, still entertaining. The plot? The title gives it away! R2D2 is in a band & has adventures & beeps a lot. Great idea, great follow through, great comiczine (even if #2 was better). (DS)

(\$1.50; Jef Czekaj 515 W. Buffalo St. Ithaca NY 14850-4013)

Research Fanzine #5

A zine filled with intelligence, which is relatively rare. In fact, it has a lot of intelligence and relevance. It's got articles on interpersonal relations, but mostly, it has to do with politics. He reviews the major republican/christian right platforms and give rebuttals. Nicely done. It's a really great read, and he's a really great writer. (MB)

(\$2; 5669 Beacon St.; Pittsburgh, PA 15217)

Roessiger #5

In this West coast based zine we find reviews of bands (by their names alone), a painful interview with a guy that almost lost his testicles, and some sex in public tales. This zine has a very funny edge to it. Inside is a great piece about the life that the average punk leads to that of Aaron Cometbusses'. It's in a nice book size too. (BC)

(\$1.00ppd. p.o. Box 201, Redmond, WA. 98073-0201)

Rude #2

WOW! The cover model Shelia Ward wins my "Best Nude Buns of 1995 Award!" This is the sexy zine that's published by two very young and loving couples. Photographer (Big Town Little Town) Frank Wallis interviews Shelia and asks her about posing nude and her theater career. The four editors tell their stories of all their sexual experiences in a blunt way. The writing is fun and mature enough to deal with the topic of sex. Inside also are love letters, part 2 of a homosexual experience, and other tidbits. I can't wait to see the next issue. (BC)

(\$2.00ppd Rude Box R 9604 S.E. 5th Street, Vancouver, WA. 98664)

Sanjam #3

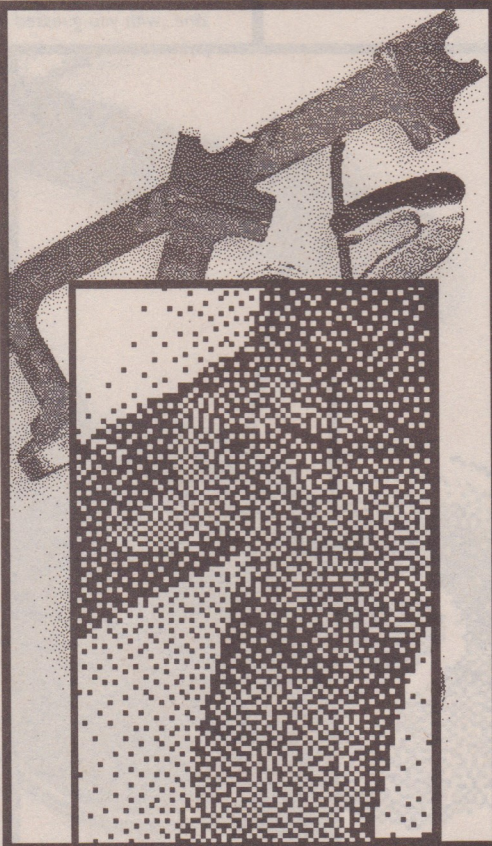
This is a pretty good zine; it's filled with reviews and interviews... It's got Nekhei Naatza, et al. and the interviews are relatively intelligent and well done. Keep it up. (MB)

(\$3; Yann Dubois; 9, rue des mÈsanges; 35650 Le Rheu; FRANCE)

SCHTUFF... #4

This was mildly interesting and mildly annoying. He has some good ideas but there are also a lot of irritating ones as well such as printing reviews of his previous issues and responding to them and mentioning all the times he was on the guest list in his crappy, boring show reviews. Reviews, interviews with his friend Karl and Down By Law, and a couple articles/rants. Not too exciting but a bit better than most of the other shitty zines coming out nowadays. (KB)

(\$1 * Jason Schreurs * 7110 Westminster St. * Powell River * BC * V8A 1C6 * Canada)



Scrag #1

A sloppy mass of reprints, some reviews and interviews with Gun Fury and The Unseen. The interviews are short and the reprints have no unifying theme. I'm sure that some of this stuff is interesting and fun to read, but it seems pointless to make a zine that's all filler. (SM)

47 Pearl St. / Northweymouth, MA 02191 \$1 and a stamp

THE SCREAMING UNDEAD #2

Mostly poetry and short-short stories (the kind written in one paragraph with no capital letters,) plus a piece on Star Wars and a lot of pasteup graphics. I'll pass, thank you. (JT)

(John Hand, 5640 Mulat Rd, Milton FL 32583, 50 cents)

Shag Stamp #5

This Brit zine has a Sheffield Scene report, hitchhiking tales, and the author's experience of being a nude model. It also has some discussions about feminism and pornography. (BC)

(\$3.00ppd. Jane p.o. Box 298, Sheffield, S10 1YU. U.K.)

Shtuff! #1

Some comments on 'current punk rock issues,' a couple little stories, some reviews, and the embalming laws of all 50 states, all presented in a lifeless, unattractive layout style. Sorry, I just couldn't find anything to like in this.

Better luck next time. (SM)

4 Santa Anna Drive / Poughkeepsie, NY 12603 \$1

Slingshot #53

Tabloid 16pages. "Everyone in our political scene certainly knows how messed up society is..... And so on. This is a pretty generic political paper from that hot bed of hasty radical thought, Berkeley, CA. It's got some news, some views. None of it terribly exciting or interesting. (AG)

(No address)

Slug & Lettuce #40

An awesome punk rock newspaper with columns, reviews, free classified ads, and tons of great photos. This is one of those zines that has been good enough and consistent enough long enough to attain the position of institution.

A great resource. (SM)

Christine / PO Box 2067 / Peter Stuy. Stn. / New York, NY 10009-8914 / \$5.55 cents stamps or cash

SLUR #13

Amazing how many zines like this I've seen this month: You got your funny letters to the editor, an essay about why the writer's hometown sucks, poems, little rants (this one has a straight edge vs. non-straight edge mini-debate,) short reviews, and some humor pieces (I did kind of like the page where the editor pasted up dirty words he found in the dictionary, with their pronunciation an definitions.) (JT)

(John Scarano Jr., 3024 Duckworth Dr. Sanatoga PA 19464)

Son of Skam-#1-2

Jesse and Chuck have a good thing going here. SOS is a bi-monthly ska/punk/humor/horror zine that actually comes out bi-monthly. Issue one is more humor based, with stuff like a Cereal Review section, reviews, interviews with JC Superska and Electric Frankenstien and an article about homophobia. Issue 2 has more of a serious side to it, which provides it with more balance and contrast. An interview with Johnny Too Bad and the Strikeouts, Horror Corner, reviews, a punk idealism article and a brilliant story called "Malt Milkshake" which challenges the way we look at gender relations (how's that for a thesis?) Get this zine now, before you regret it. (BVH)

(\$1 PPD to PO Box 781, Granby, CT 06035)

SOPERIDE #2

More voices from angst ridden suburban youth, starting with a letter on why NYC sucks. Then there's an interviews with Heft and Avail, short poems, a story about wanting to kill your piano teacher, zine and record reviews. Fun and a little bit better written than most mini zines of this genre. (JT)

(Jimbo, 217 9th St, Cresskill NJ 07626 \$1)

Sound Views-#36

Right on the tail of Jersey Beat and Suburban Voice, is Sound Views heavily vying for the title of "Most Consistent East Coast Punk Zine." This issue has Frank Lowe, Cause For Alarm, DIY Employment, Suffocation and a ton more stuff. (BVH)

(\$2 to: 96 Henry St., Suite 5W Brooklyn, NY 11201-1713)

Spectacle #3

This whopper of a zine comes from Little Rock, Arkansas. Interviews with Propagandhi, and stories about the war against Frats! Local photographer Andy Stivers is also featured. This is a very well written zine that has great features, comix, you name it! There is nothing as cool to read as a thick lil' personal type zine. (BC)

(\$2.00ppd: Theo 1010 Scott St. Little Rock, Arkansas. 72202)

Spinsterswitch #3

As opposed to Surly, a girlzine that really got me excited about the state of grrrl power today, Spinsterswitch does just the opposite. Terribly dogmatic & heavy handed. While it is important to talk about the issues brought up in this issue (rape, masturbation, self defense etc..) I can't help but feel like I've seen it all before. (DS)

(\$1.00 3354 Palm Aire Ct. Rochester Hills MI 48309)

SPITPOCKET #1

Something I haven't seen lately...a punk rock literary arts zine. Kind of if all the punks in english class had to make a school newspaper and got graded on it. It's pretty good! (RH)

(\$1 3095 SW 15th Ct Gresham, OR 97080)

Spongey Monkey #1

This zine comes out of the ashes of ZINE, a really good fanzine out of Corvallis OR. While this isn't as good as zine, I'm attributing it to being a first issue. There is a lot of promise within these purple pages. I can't wait to see more. (DS)

(\$1.50 7974 SE 6th Ave Portland OR 97202)

STAR WARS #1

There were typos all over the place which really irritates me but there were also a lot of good photos that copied crystal clear which sort of balance each other out. Interviews with Murphy's Law, 25 Ta Life, and Rejuvenate that were all pretty boring (except for the Murphy's Law one) and lots of poorly written reviews. Definite NYHC slant/theme. (KB)

(\$2 * 32 Shadyside Ave. * Summit, NJ 07901)

Stop, Look, and Listen! #5

The kind of zine that people do for their friends. Interviews with the editor's friend who does a zine, her friends who are in a band, reviews of tons of different stuff, some poetry and a couple essays. A good zine if you're a friend of the editor; me, I've never met her, so I didn't much like this. (SM)

PO Box 24067 / Jax, FL 32241-4067

STANDARD DEVIATION #1

A collection of stories and essays, boring to look at (no graphics) but pretty good reading. What it's like to work in a car wash, a piece on guitar geeks, some well written record reviews, and an essay on why school sucks. (JT)

(Eric Hughes, 295 Wyant Rd, Akron OH 44313 \$2)

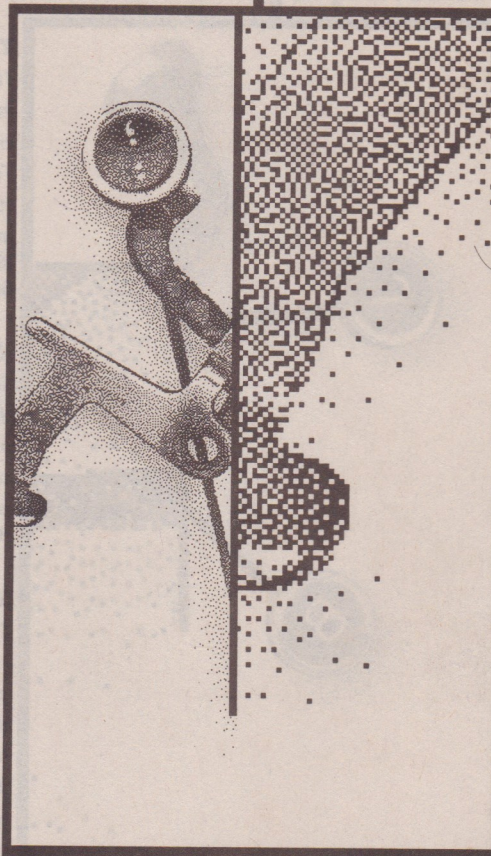
SUBURBAN JUNKIES #1

Really good first issue. Suburban Junkies seems to be (possibly is) one of those zines put together by one of those punk rock girls who you sat next to in high school. Cut-n-paste, full of angst, and kinda reminds me of Scruffy. (RH)

(\$1 PO Box 1009 Belvedere, CA 94920)

Surly #2

Grrrl power & skateboarding... Not usually my cup of tea, but Surly fanzine pulls both of these topics of in a way that is totally refreshing & exciting!



Some of this is a little heavy handed but for the most part it has some new thoughts on old ideas, and some new ideas founded on old thoughts. This is really exciting & I can't wait to watch it become a great zine. (DS)
(a few stamps; c/o Angela 709 99 ave NE Hellevue WA 98004)

SURPRISE ATTACK #4

Usually I'm turned off by zines that are so strongly and obviously SxE with the ripped photos and band names but this was pretty well done. The editor takes up a lot of room shit-talking but also seems to utilize his zine as an open forum where a lot of different people can express opinions ranging from vegetarianism to hardcore vegan and anti-prohibition to hate-edge. This was definitely a welcome break from the stereotypical only-one-way-is-right SxE zine. Interviews with Outcome (which was very, very disturbing) and Blindside. But please, someone tell me what's up with SxErs talking like gangbangers. (KB)

(\$? * SA Mob Productions c/o EMS * PO Box 90008 * Harrisburg, PA 17109-0008)

Tailspins-#23

Tailspins covers the world of punk/underground music with great objectivity. The articles in this issue range from Garageshock, to Earth Crisis and all reviews few and far between. Not bad. (BVH)

(\$2 PPD/US to: P.O. Box 88, Franklin, PA 16323)

Termite #1

A sloppy handwritten zine with personal stories and some urging for people to fuck shit up. The first story is about living in a cult, then a punk house, then going to a GG Allin show and it kinda flies all over the place and ends up without a point. Thankfully, the other stories are more coherent- about working at Dunkin' Donuts, a Slayer show, and a restaurant. A decent read, but nothing to get excited about. (SM)

1329 Nylic St. / Tallahassee, FL 32304 \$1 or trade/stamps

(I am the) Thumb Tack #3

Amazing... J.D. Salinger said, "What really knocks me out is [something] that when you're all done reading it, you wish the author that wrote it was a terrific friend of yours and you could call [the person] up on the phone whenever you felt like it." Yes. I want to live in Warrensburg. Or not. (MB)

(\$1+stamp; POB 156; Warrensburg, MO 64093)

to mend a man

This is a thick, well-done pretty hardcore looking zine. It's got all the makings... A silkscreen cover, etc... and it follows through. It's got interviews with Wendy-O-Matic Angel Hair and a bunch of cool rants... Lose the little extra zine that comes with it, though... The patch is a good thing, though. One particularly cool thing was the explanation of Maria Montessori's beliefs. Très cool. Definitely. (MB)

(\$1; 235 kingsolving; Austin, TX 78705-9009)

Too Much Red Cordial #1

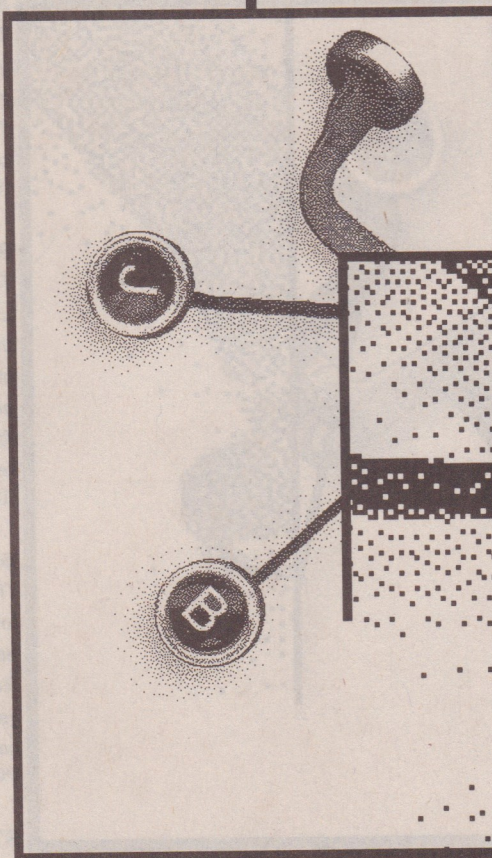
This debut issue is a strong one. This "Down Under" zine has the usual stuff, but it makes everything fun to read. Interviews with Seed, Sinkhole, Doc Hopper, The Posies, Germ Attack, and a few more. Also inside is a piece on a U.F.O. researcher. The best thing is this cool guide to all the record stores in Sydney. Get this! (BC)

(\$4.00ppd T.M.R.C. PO Box 212, Wentworth Building, Sydney University, NSW, 2006, Australia)

Under the Volcano-#26

This issue sports a 16Volt tour diary, interviews with The Business, Dr. Strange Records, Foetus, Lunachicks, Uncle Joe's Big Ol' Driver and some more boring Fugazi photos. Plus, the usual reviews. (BVH)

(\$2 To: P.O. Box 236, Nesconset, NY 11767)



You Could Do Worse-#3

This issue of YCDW shows some strong improvements over #2, with some strong writing and interviews. In this issue are interviews with Jeff Buckley, Tsunami, Pavement and many more. They should still use more photos and graphics, but an improvement nonetheless. (BVH)

(\$3 To: P.O. Box 74647 Cedar Rapids, IA 52407)

You Think You're A Failure? #5

Some well-written (is this trend? cause I like it.) thoughtful short stories of the personal nature. I mean, if anything is worth a few stamps and a few secs, this would be. A great value, a great zine. It could be fleshed out a bit more, though. (MB)

(Free; 6615 Chambers; Cleveland, OH 44105)

YUP #1

This zine is done by Kelly and Mike, two guys in the Navy. I think a zine about what it's like to be punk and in the Navy would be more interesting, but this thin zine consists of a few miscellaneous stories and rants: homelessness in San Diego, a phone-sex call, the CIA's connection to LSD, and what it means to be punk, plus some poems. I can't really recommend the zine but I bet these guys are lonely and would love getting letters from Punk Planet readers. (JT)

(SH3 Hutchinson, Kell (S-3 Division.) USS Jarrett (FFG-33,) FPO AP 96669-1489 - one stamp)

What's this? The fanzine review pages are dramatically shorter than they have been in past issues, and are an embarrassing 10 pages shorter than the record review pages. Get writing kids! Once you're done writing, send them to:

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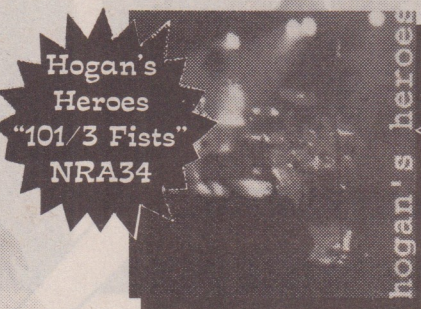
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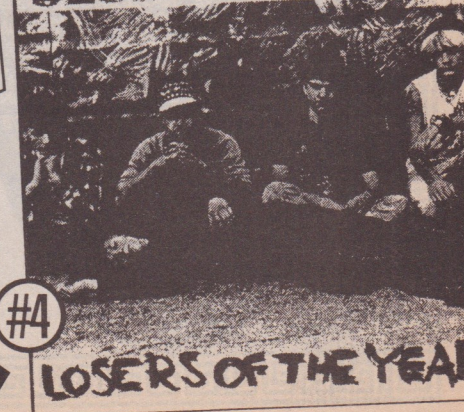
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